THE TEXAS DOCTOR

AND THE

ARAB DONKEY

OR,

PALESTINE AND EGYPT AS VIEWED BY MODERN EYES

BY J. M. FORT, M. D.
Paris, Texas.

CHICAGO:
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
PUBLISHERS.
1893.

TO

MR. AND MRS. A. R. LEVERING AND MR. T. L. ROSE,

FRIENDS AND TRAVELING COMPANIONS,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED;

AND MAY IT EVER RECALL THE SCENES OF OUR COMPANIONSHIP

AND THE REMEMBRANCE OF ONE IN WHOM

NEITHER TIME NOR DISTANCE WILL EVER OBLITERATE

THE RECOLLECTION OF THEIR KINDNESS.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the "Texas Doctor and the Arab Donkey; or, Palestine and Egypt Viewed by Modern Eyes," to the reading public, I deem it unnecessary to include herein a series of apologies for its imperfections; my friends and acquaintances do not ask them, and my enemies (I admit the compliment of having a few) would not accept them, hence I make none.

I do not claim the work to be either a learned or scientific production. I do not claim to be one of Nature's favorites; hence was not endowed with the capacity and necessary qualifications for the production of such a work. I feel assured, however, that the highly cultivated, thoroughly informed reader will not only find food for thought, but appreciate and enjoy the freedom of expression and simplicity of style adopted by the writer in the description of places, countries and peoples.

To the great mass of our people, the bone and sinew of the country; the men who speed the plow, shove the plane, weld the heated iron; the mechanic, the artisan, the mason (both practical and theoretical); the non-sectarian christian, the lover of the bible and of truth, whether found in the bible or out of it; the professional and non-professional; the old, the young, the white and the colored; I request one and all to read the book and judge of its merits and demerits for yourselves.

I heartily assure every reader that he may rely upon the truth of the statements made, and correctness of descriptions given of countries visited, places and people seen on a tour of seventeen thousand miles, in Europe, Asia and Africa, by the writer.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE.
The Start and Voyage — Azores Islands — Storms at Sea — Gibraltar 11

CHAPTER II.
The Rock of Gibraltar — Its History and Wonderful Fortifications 27

CHAPTER III.
The City of Naples — Mt. Vesuvius — Ruins of Pompeii — En Route to Rome 36

CHAPTER IV.
Ancient and Modern Rome — Cathedrals, Monasteries, Prisons, Etc. 63

CHAPTER V.
St. Paul's Visit to Rome — The Appian Way — The Burning of Rome — The Catacombs — Persecution of Christians — Catholicism — From Rome to Brindisi — Island of Corfu — Patras — Corinth — Athens 89

CHAPTER VI.
The Acropolis — The Parthenon — Mars Hill — Temple of Bacchus — The Temple of Mystery — En Route to Egypt — Mohammedan Pilgrims — Alexandria — En Route to Cairo — The Valley of the Nile — Cairo 119

CHAPTER VII.
Donkeys — Street Scenes in Cairo — The Pyramids — Ancient Religions of Egypt — The Sphinx — Mastabas 149

CHAPTER VIII.
Site of Ancient Memphis — Colossal Statue of Rameses II. — The Step Pyramid — The Necropolis of Memphis — The Serapeum — The Tomb of Ti 187

CHAPTER IX.
Heliopolis — The Solitary Obelisk — The Tree of Joseph and Mary — The Bulak Museum — The Pharaohs of Egypt — Mohammed and his Religion 210

CHAPTER X. PAGE.
Tenets of Mohammedanism — Mosques of Cairo — Marriage and Burial Ceremonies — The Land of Goshen — Ismalia — Suez Canal — Port Said.......... 240
CHAPTER XI.
First Glimpse of Palestine — Landing at Joppa — The Valley of Sharon — Ramleth — The View from the Tower — Kirjath-jearim — Mizpah — Ain Karim.......... 274
CHAPTER XII.
Jerusalem — Destruction by Titus — Bird's-eye View of the City — Judgment Hall of Pilate — The Via Dolorosa — The Church of the Holy Sepulchre — Religious Sects in Jerusalem.......... 302
CHAPTER XIII.
Muriston — Mt. Zion — The Tower of David — Tower of Hananeel — Church of St. James — The Palace of Caiphas — The Tomb of the Kings — The Caenaculum — The Wailing Place of the Jews — Degradation of the Present Jerusalem — Mt. Moriah — The Mosque of Omar.......... 331
CHAPTER XIV.
Environments of Jerusalem — The Pool of Gihon — Valley of the Sons of Hinnom — The Alcedama — Hill of Evil Council — Tophet — Valley of Jehoshaphat — Siloam — Pools of Siloam — The Virgin's Fountain — Hill of Offense — Pyramid of St. James — Grotto of St. James — The Tomb of Jehoshaphat — Tomb of Absalom.......... 353
CHAPTER XV.
The Garden of Gethsemane — Tomb of the Virgin — Solomon's Quarries — Modern Calvary — The Plain of Rephriam — Tomb of Rachel — Beit-jala (Zelzah) — Bethlehem — The Church of the Nativity — The Milk Grotto — An Unpleasant Incident — The Pools of Solomon — En route to Jericho — The Brook Cherith.......... 368
CHAPTER XVI.
Gilgal — The Dead Sea — Ford of Jordan — Modern Jericho — Site of Old Jericho — Mt. Pisgah — The Mount of Temptation — Bethany — Tomb of Lazarus — Mt. Olivet — The Chapel of the Ascension.......... 395
CHAPTER XVII.
The Start for Damascus — The Tomb of the Kings — Mt. Scopus — Gibeah-Benjamin — Beeroth — Bethel — Sinjil.......... 425

CHAPTER XVIII. PAGE.
Jacob's Well — Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim — The Remnant of the Samaritans — Shechem — Naboth's Vineyard — Samaria... 447

CHAPTER XIX.
Dothan — The Pit of Joseph — Engannim — Valley of Esdraelon — Valley of Jezreel — Mts. of Gilboa — The Witch of Endor — The Pool of Gideon........................ 475

CHAPTER XX.
Mt. Carmel — Contest of Gods — David's Weakness — Shunem — A Marriage..................... 502

CHAPTER XXI.
Zuleh — Nain — Mt. Tabor — Nazareth — The Church of the Annunciation — Joseph's Workshop — Mary's Well — Gath-hepah — Tomb of Jonah — Cana — Karn-Hattin (Mt. of Beatitudes).. 527

CHAPTER XXII.
Lake Galilee — Tiberius — Magdala — Plain of Genesar — Bethsaida — Capernaum — Chorazin — Lake Merom — Hazor — The Dedara — El Ghazar — Hasbana — Ancient Dan — Cæsarea-Philippi — Anti-Lebanon Mountains............. 551

CHAPTER XXIII.
Plains of Hauran — The Druses — The Plains of Syria — Paul's Conversion — Damascus................................. 577

CHAPTER XXIV.
From Damascus to Baalbec — The Great Temple of the Sun — The Dervishes — Valley of the Litany — Zahleth — Beyrout — Tripoli — The Isles of the Ægean Sea................. 604

CHAPTER XXV.
Patmos — Samos — Smyrna — Ephesus — Chios — Miletium — Ancient Troas — The Dardanelles — The Hellespont — Sea of Marmora.. 635

CHAPTER XXVI.
Constantinople — The Sultan and the Imperial Palaces — The Dogs — The Howling Dervishes — The Bosphorus — The Black Sea — Bulgaria — The Danube — Vienna........... 655

CHAPTER XXVII.
Munich — Royal Palace — Heidelberg....................... 684

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Mayence — The Rhine — Cologne — Brussels — Waterloo...... 689

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Opposite Page
Gibraltar	25
Egyptian Princess	128
Water Mill	143
Soudan African	148
Palestine Plowman	151
Water Carrier	155
Garments of Wealth. (Isa. lii, 1.)	156
Road to the Pyramids	160
Fellahin Village	187
Rameses II	194
Heliopolis. (City of the Sun.)	212
Seti I	222
Steamer in the Suez Canal	271
Dredge Boat	272
Lepers. (Jerusalem.)	342
Amran, high priest of the Samaritans	459
Returning from the Field	464
Mount Tabor	539
House from which Paul was let down in a basket. (Damascus.)	599
Freight Bearer	659
Sultan's Palace	663
Dancing Dervishes	666

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND AND EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

HAVING had a cherished desire for many years to visit other lands and countries, especially the Holy Land, and seeing in one of our religious papers, in the winter of 1890, that a private party was being made up by Elder H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Md., to visit the Holy Land in the following Spring, going via Gibralter, Spain, Italy, Greece and Egypt, returning via Asia Minor, Turkey, the Danube, Hungary, Austria, Bavaria, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, France, England and Scotland; the tour to be managed and conducted throughout by Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son, Tourist Agents, London; I determined to avail myself of this opportunity of visiting these countries and observing for myself the customs, manners and religions of these oriental people. This tour included a whole month in the Holy Land, visiting Joppa, Jerusalem, Shiloh, Bethel, Shechem, Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, Samaria, Nain, Endor, Shunim, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Lake of Galilee, Dan, Caesarea Philippi, Damascus Baalbec, Beyrout, Old Smyrna and Ephesus.

For the sum of nine hundred dollars, prepaid, Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son obligated themselves to furnish the party with traveling tickets, a conductor, who was also an interpreter; hotel accommodations, omnibus and carriage drives, all fees for sight-seeing, and every neces-

sary expense for the return trip, including three meals a day. The tourist agents have established hotels where there were none, and have traveling arrangements with others where they already existed to accommodate all tourists traveling on their tickets. This obligation and agreement was faithfully fulfilled in every particular by these gentlemen.

By agreement, our party, consisting of thirty-two gentlemen and ladies from various parts of the United States, were to meet at the Continental Hotel, Broadway, New York, prior to the 25th day of February, 1891, that being the day we were to sail.

It was expected that we would sail on the Steamship *Bolivia*, one of the Anchor Line steamers. But before leaving home we were informed that our steamer had been changed, and instead of the *Bolivia* we would go on the *Belgravia*, a larger and more comfortable vessel of the same line of steamers.

Upon our arrival in New York we learned that the *Belgravia* would be delayed a few days longer in taking in her cargo, and that we would not leave the city until the 28th day of February.

After adding my traveling expenses to and from New York to the amount paid for my tickets, it increased my actual traveling expenses to something near eleven hundred dollars. All money expended for extra clothing, suitable trunks and valises, kodacs, field glasses, steamer chairs, robes and other conveniences essential to our health and comfort, should be added as necessary items of expense; but this was a matter of individual expenditure. In addition to this various sums were expended in souvenirs, pictures, specimens, short tours not included in the programme; then bakh-

shish (bak-she) and other incidentals too numerous to mention, which upon the whole increased my outlay to something near eighteen hundred dollars.

The morning before we left New York it snowed all the forenoon, accompanied by a cold north wind. We therefore provided ourselves with heavy overcoats and other suitable winter apparel, knowing that it would be much colder out upon the Atlantic than upon the land. I will say in justice to Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son that they paid our hotel bill for the three days delay in starting. The time, however, was profitably employed by the members of our party in making all the needful preparations for our long journey.

At 11 o'clock A. M., February 28, 1891, we went aboard our steamer lying at the wharf in Brooklyn, hunted up our berths, adjusted our baggage in the small rooms allowed us and awaited the departure of the steamer.

I found my berth to be a shelf some two feet wide put up against the outer wall of the vessel six feet above the floor, with a side board ten inches wide making a regular trough. Down on the bottom of this trough lay a thin mattress, two sheets and a coverlid. I called for the steward and asked him if he thought as large a man as I was could sleep with any degree of comfort on such a bed as that; that I would have to get up to turn over.

The steward asked me if I had ever traveled any great deal on shipboard.

I answered that I had not; then said he: "You occupy that bed for a few nights, and then if you wish it changed I will arrange it to suit you."

Regarding this as a fair proposition, I accepted it.

After getting out on the Atlantic I soon learned that had I had any other kind of a bed I would have been rolled out on the floor of my stateroom at all hours of the night, and, instead of sleeping, would have been picking myself up and putting myself to bed all night. So I concluded as long as my bed would hold on to me I would hold on to it.

I had never met any of the party with whom I was to travel before reaching New York, and the first formality gone through with after going aboard was the exchange of introductions. There were in all sixty-five passengers on the vessel bound for different localities in the Old World. Many of their friends came aboard the steamer, and when the moment of starting arrived and the word passed round for all but passengers to go ashore, the handshaking and the tearful good-bye and "God bless you" caused a feeling of loneliness, not to say sadness, to come over me.

I realized that I was a stranger and among strangers. I realized that I was starting upon a long and perilous tour, and I secretly, earnestly and devoutly lifted my heart to God in prayer, committing myself, my family aud my friends into His keeping, praying His blessing upon us all, and if I should never be permitted to see my native and beloved land and the dear ones I was leaving behind again upon earth, to give us a happy reunion in the heavenly Canaan above.

We soon steamed past the Statue of Liberty, which stands at the head of New York harbor to bid "welcome" to the down-trodden and oppressed of other lands, who come to our own happy free country to seek homes among us.

About twenty miles down the bay we cast anchor

and there remained until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when a steam tug came to us bringing the purser and surgeon on board. Leaving the place of our anchorage, we soon passed Sandy Hook and entered the broad Atlantic. Soon after passing Sandy Hook the dinner bell sounded and we all repaired to the dining saloon with the expectation of enjoying a good square meal, the first we were to partake of, floating upon the bosom of the Atlantic ocean. And here I leave them long enough to say: Think of it as you may, in my opinion it requires no little firmness, no little fixedness of purpose and determination to tear oneself from home, family and friends, to encounter the perils of the sea and the dangers of travel by land, even to realize long-cherished hopes and to enjoy the fulfillment of desires long felt.

Our steamer, even before our meal was over, began to roll and toss about, now and then making a sudden lurch as some larger than ordinary wave would come rolling into land from mid-ocean, striking against her iron sides.

This rolling, tumbling, surging, waltzing motion of the steamer soon took away our appetites and disquieted our stomachs within us. The passengers began leaving the table by ones, twos and threes, and so on, till few were left to partake of the after-meal coffee.

In discussing the subject of seasickness, I had expressed the opinion that in many instances its invasion might be resisted, and even after its attack the severity of its symptoms might be mitigated by the exercise of will power; that is, if one would determine not to give way to the disease, that they could either

avoid an attack altogether, or, if it came on in spite of their efforts, it would be much milder by keeping up, going on deck in the cool air and taking active exercise by walking the deck, etc.

I found by expeirence that this, like many other things we doctors theorize about, was a very pretty theory, but it wouldn't hold good in practice; for while I was making a very brave effort and bringing all the *will power* to bear that I could muster, I felt my stomach suddenly turn over; the great fountain of its deeps gave an upheaval, and running to the railing of the boat, I joined the other passengers, to the number of about fifty, in feeding the fish by throwing up the dinner so recently eaten. Some of the elder members of the party thought they threw up things they had eaten before the late war. Be that as it may, I am sure they went to their bunks with empty stomachs, there to be rocked to sleep in the cradle of the ocean.

Seasickness is a disease brought about through an impression made upon the nervous system by the swinging, rocking, oscillating motion of the steamer or sailing vessel. It has no premonitory symptoms, being ushered in suddenly with vomiting; a cool, clammy condition of the skin; pale, haggard expression of countenance, followed by drowsiness or a degree of stupor; general depressed condition of the system; chilliness, accompanied with a dull pain in the back of the head, with a loathing of food or drinks of any kind. These symptoms may last with greater or less severity for one day or for ten or even fifteen days. Some of our passengers were confined to their state-rooms for a week, others for a longer time; a few continued more or less unwell until we reached Gibralter.

It will be remembered we left New York on Saturday, just before noon. Sunday morning was bright and fair, with a brisk, cold northeast wind, making it unpleasant to be on deck. But few of the passengers, therefore, were able to remain on deck long at a time, on account of the cold breeze, which increased the chilliness produced by seasickness, adding to their discomforture.

It is said that Dr. Henry Ward Beecher went over to London on one occasion, and suffered severely from seasickness during the voyage. After reaching London he went to hear the noted Dr. Parker preach. After the sermon the Doctor in his closing prayer quoted from Rev. 21:1. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth and the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. *And there was no more sea.*" To which Mr. Beecher, remembering how he suffered with seasickness, heartily responded: "*Amen, thank the Lord for that.*" So say I. I suffered for five days with this ocean disease, during which time I felt depressed in mind and body.

Monday, March 2d.–Wind higher and sea rougher than on yesterday. Tuesday and Wednesday, a gale, sea running high, wind from the northeast, waves thirty and forty feet high, have been breaking on the bow of the steamer and washing the deck for the last twenty-four hours. As the steamer would rise over a wave the propeller blades would be thrown entirely out of the water, jerking and jarring the vessel at a dreadful rate. Tuesday night, very tempestuous, many of our passengers were thrown from their berths; trunks and satchels were chasing each other over the state-rooms all night. Some of the ladies were badly

frightened, and amid their cries expressed regrets at ever leaving their homes. Wednesday noon, four days out from New York, and have traveled only six hundred miles. Strong head-winds, nearly everybody seasick. I can now comprehend and appreciate the poetic expression, "The voice of many waters." Before leaving home I had thought I would like to see a sharp wind at sea. I wanted to see "old ocean" roused from a calm quiet to a thing of life. I wanted to see the lion shake his mane and roar, but not too loudly, mind you; but now I am satisfied. I never want to be out in another storm at sea. The exhibition of God's power is grand and majestic. You are made to feel your own insignificance, your littleness and your dependence as never before. Unlike the sea gulls, we can not desert the ship and fly to safer shelter under the crags of the rock-bound coast. We must live or die, sink or swim with our good steamer, but, "God is over all." Such were my feelings and such the record made in my notebook on Friday evening, seven days out from New York.

Thursday.—Thursday night and Friday having been pleasant, nice weather, I flattered myself that we were done with storms and tempests, and hoped we would have calm seas and fair sailing during the remainder of our outward-bound voyage at least. But how little we know in this world or ours what a day may bring forth. Could we look into the future as we can over the past, what miserable creatures we would be. Reader, would you lift that veil if you could? I think I hear you make the same response that I made myself: "No! no! God has wisely and mercifully hid these things from us. Let the veil remain as He placed it.

He knows what is best for us and 'doeth all things well.'"

Saturday noon.—One week from New York, distance traveled fourteen hundred miles. Have eighteen hundred yet to travel before reaching Gibralter. The day has been beautiful, with a calm sea.

Sunday evening, March 8th.–This has been a rainy, disagreeable day. Had to remain in the saloon the greater part of the day. Had religious services at 11 o'clock in the dining-room. Most of our passengers were well enough to be present. As night came on, however, the wind rose and we had to contend with a high head wind against us all night, which by ten o'clock in the morning had increased to a gale. The ocean seemed to be angry with itself and everything else that morning. It was lashing, foaming and frothing to a dreadful extent. The waves were rolling high and the white caps breaking in all directions, looking like patches of snowflakes sprinkled on the tops of the monster waves. What a sublime sight! Look over this wild waste of waters! So far as eye can see, or vision reach, one sees a vast, boundless, shoreless, angry ocean. Wave chasing wave, rolling, tumbling, tossing everywhere. It is a wild, reckless, angry storm-tossed sea; sublime, yet terrific.

Our little steamer seemed but a speck floating on the bosom of that immensity of waters. It made me think of good old Noah shut in the ark. "God shut the door." Drifting over an inundated world, this mighty sphere hung trembling like a "single drop of dew, a globe of water in mid-heaven." Upborne by the swell of heaving waters, Noah doubtless felt his frail vessel tremble and quiver in every joint, but that man

of God trembled not. Amid the surging of those mighty waters, "The light of faith shone round his aged form, and his prayerful lips spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love." Were we alarmed? No! Like David we felt that, "The Lord on high was mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea." Not an expression of alarm or apprehension escaped the lips of a single individual of our party during the prevalence of this our second storm, which, setting in Monday morning, the 9th of March, continued with unabated severity until Wednesday morning. Seeing how well our steamer was handled and how gallantly she rode out the first storm, gave us a confidence which served us to good purpose in all our after squalls.

On Tuesday I find the following record in my memorandum made at noon that day: For the last thirty-six hours we have traveled only about forty miles. To-day the steamer has been rocking from side to side so that we could neither sit, stand, or lie down without holding on to some part of the vessel. It was impossible to keep the tableware on the table long enough to eat with any degree of satisfaction. So I find that eating one's meals is a difficult undertaking during a storm at sea.

Thursday evening, the 12th, we reached the Azores islands. The storm had about passed over and as we neared this cluster of seven islands the sun shone out and gave us a picturesque scene. From one of the islands, Pico, a mountain rose grandly and proudly seemingly from out of the depths of the sea four thousand feet high, having its top beautifully tipped with snow glistening in the rays of the evening sun.

About midway up the mountain side floated a belt of light blue cloud, adding beauty to the whole, making it one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes I saw on my whole tour. The Azores islands belong to Portugal and are inhabited by Portugese. Our distinguished citizen, better known as Mark Twain, says: "They are a swarthy, noisy, lying, shoulder-shrugging, gesticulating set with brass rings in their ears and fraud in their hearts."

The largest of these islands is the St. Michael. Collectively they have a population of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand. I must leave my readers to hunt some history of these south Atlantic islands; that is, if they desire to know more about them, as our steamer passed between them without making a halt. When we passed these islands some of our company, and the writer among the number, had sad hearts. When we sailed from New York it was expected, and our itinerary so stated, that we would reach Gibraltar in ten or twelve days. This was our twelfth day out from New York, and some of our families and friends would expect to receive telegrams from us at this time, and we were yet twelve hundred miles from Gibraltar. We knew also that it had been published in our daily papers that there had been violent storms on the Atlantic. Possessed of this intelligence, and not hearing from any of our party, or from the steamer, rendered the suspense, anxiety and fearful foreboding painful in the extreme. But we were powerless to relieve their minds, being far out on the ocean, cut off from all communication with the world for the time being. We could only regret our delay and sympa-

thize with them in their distress and anxiety for our welfare.

After passing these islands we had a comparatively calm sea, pleasant weather, and, upon the whole, a nice voyage until the evening of the fifth day after leaving the Azores. On the morning of the seventeenth from New York we were told that we would reach Gibraltar and cast anchor in the bay some time before midnight. This made all happy, for we were getting tired of being pent up on the steamer and, more than all, it would place us in telegraphic communication with our anxious families and friends at home.

The sun rose bright and clear on this morning of the 17th of March, and our hearts were as bright and warm as the genial rays of the sun. Some of our birds, the sea-gulls, had come out from the rocky shore of Spain to bid us welcome and to accompany our faithful vessel into the safe harbor of Gibraltar bay. Little did we dream that before midnight, instead of resting quietly at anchor opposite the great rock of Gibraltar, in full view of the pretty little city of the same name perched on the west side of the rock, we should be battling with the wind and waves of another and far more terrific storm than any through which we had passed. But such was to be our fate.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we noticed a dark, angry looking cloud hanging over the continent of Africa, seemingly typical of that intellectual and moral darkness which has for so many long centuries mysteriously hung over that benighted land. This and others extending more to the west rapidly gathered, and by five o'clock there burst upon us a tornado more severe and violent than any we had before encountered.

As night approached black, angry looking clouds spread over the heavens, intensifying the darkness and gloom, and increasing to a painful degree our feeling of utter helplessness. The rain came pouring from the clouds till it was like one vast unbroken sheet of water driven by the wind that every moment seemed to grow faster and fiercer. And as it swept across the broad expanse of waters the huge waves came rolling on and on, one moment raising our trembling vessel on their summit and the next plunging it down into the trough between them as though it were going to the bottom of the ocean. Imagine if you can our disappointment. Then add to this the terrors of the tornado in the midst of a darkness broken only by the lightning flash, and you may be able to understand the feelings that filled our hearts on that fearful night when the ocean roared like the voice of God upon the waters. There may be and there is "music in the murmurs of the sea," but there is also terror and dismay in the roar of the mad rushing waves when driven by a merciless storm.

About midnight, when the storm was at its height, when darkness even to blackness enveloped our steamer, the sparkling rays of the starlike lights from the lighthouses situated on both sides of the straits of Gibraltar could be dimly seen.

The captain of our vessel, with a prudence and foresight born of fifteen years experience as a naval commander resolved not to attempt to carry the steamer into the bay under such unfavorable conditions. He therefore turned out to sea, steaming away from the rocky coast, seeking deep water and keeping the bow

of the steamer well against wind and waves, until the storm had spent its fury, which it did before daylight.

Early next morning as the sun was sending its bright, new-born rays over the sparkling waters, we neared the straits of Gibraltar. On the highland of Spain to the left of the straits perched upon a high hill, the most southern point of Spain and Europe, may be seen the old Spanish castle "Tafira," which from a distance seems to be in a good state of preservation. On the African shore, which is lower at this point than the Spanish coast, may be seen an old Moorish castle. On the ramparts of these in the days long gone by the barbary pirates kept watch of ships that would attempt to pass the straits, requiring all such whether ingoing or outcoming to lower their flags and pay tribute; constituting themselves the "lords of this whole watery realm." We wonder if it is generally known "that the very word *tariff* is derived from this piratical robbery, and further, that it originated among the free-booters who plied their nefarious trade along these coasts." Whether it is generally known or not, history establishes the fact.

At the entrance of the straits these two points of land are nine miles apart. But on a bright, clear day, such a day as usually follows a storm at night, and such a morning as that on which we passed between them, they appear much nearer than they really are. There is a perceptible current continually running from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean sea through the straits. I mean by continual that it is not produced by the ebb and flow of the tides of the Atlantic, as might be supposed. The Mediterranean Sea has no



GIBRALTAR.

tide, yet this current flows steadily and evenly on in the interim as well as during the flow of the tides.

As our vessel steamed down the bay we saw a huge rock each moment growing larger and larger, as we drew nearer to it, rising higher and higher out of the water like some huge animal lifting itself up, yet half reclining in its watery bed.

"This mighty rock before us is Gibraltar. This is a unique rock,—unique in position, in picturesqueness and in history."

As we came opposite the little city of Gibraltar, which is built on the western slope of the great rock, we cast anchor near the place where the ill-fated steamer, the *Utopia*, went down with nine hundred Italian emigrants the night before. This vessel had come into the bay during the prevalence of the storm, and in attempting to make a landing was driven by the waves upon the ram of an English man-of-war and sank in three minutes, drowning over six hundred people. Was not this enough to cause our hearts to swell with gratitude to our God for his preserving care over us amid all the storms through which we had passed on this tempestous voyage?

This rock averages three-fourths of a mile in width and is three miles long and fourteen hundred feet in height and located some twelve or fifteen miles from the outlet of the straits or coast line. The peninsula connecting it with the main land of Spain is a low level strip of ground about one mile in length, i. e. east and west, and some one and a half in width. This is termed the neutral strip. Soldiers are kept constantly promenading on each side of this strip of land. The

English soldiers guard it on the Gibraltar side, while the soldiers of Spain guard the opposite side. Even a lady is not allowed to step across the line to pluck a flower, so thoroughly determined are these nationalities that this strip of land shall be held strictly neutral.



CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR was fought over by the Spaniards and Moors for nearly eight hundred years. During this period of time it changed hands or ownership no less than ten times. It was the first ground over which the Moors entered Europe, and the last over which they passed when driven from the continent.

"In the War of the Succession, as it is called, when nearly half of Europe was engaged in war to place one of two contestants on the Spanish throne, England sent a squadron into the Mediterranean under Sir George Rooke, who, after cruising about for a time and accomplishing but little, determined, rather than return and report the cruise a failure, to take Gibraltar. Spain had but one hundred and fifty soldiers in the garrison at the time, although it had one hundred guns and was well fortified. The garrison surrendered after a three days' bombardment, and Spain lost in those three days what she has never been able to regain.

"When Gibraltar was taken by the English fleet it was not taken for England, but in the name of the Arch Duke of Austria, whom England supported as a pretender to the Spanish throne. Had he succeeded in gaining it, Gibraltar would have been turned over to him; but as he was finally defeated, England retained possession of it and holds it to this day.

"The Spaniards realized before a year had passed what a loss they had sustained, and made an effort with a large army and fleet to regain it. They besieged the

historic rock, and at the beginning of the siege five hundred daring Spaniards made an effort to climb the almost perpendicular wall on the east side of the rock in the darkness of night, being piloted by a shepherd boy. Part of them succeeded in reaching the top and concealed themselves until daylight, when they made an attack upon the signal station, killing the guard. They then brought up the rest of the party by means of ropes, ladders, etc., and made an attack by storming the wall of Charles V (so-called because constructed by him). By this time, however, the garrison was aroused, and an English officer who was present thus describes the sharp but deadly strife which followed. He says: 'Five hundred Spaniards attacked the middle hill, but were soon repulsed, and two hundred men with their commanding officer taken. The rest were killed by our shot, or in making their escape broke their necks over the rocks and precipices, which in that place are many and prodigiously high.'

"Although this daring attempt to capture Gibraltar signally failed, the siege was kept up for six months, with a loss of ten thousand men before it was abandoned. No other attack was made during that war, although hostilities were carried on elsewhere for some seven years or more; at the close of which Gibraltar was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht.

"The Spaniards, however, were not yet satisfied to give up this key to the Mediterranean without another effort to take what seems to be, by reason of its location, their own.

"In 1727 they renewed the struggle, and besieged the place with twenty thousand men, which resulted in failure, as before. After this, Gibraltar and the English

garrison stationed there had a rest from hostilities for more than half a century."

Mr. Henry M. Field, in his interesting volume on *Gibraltar*, and to whom I am indebted for the material historic facts brought forth herein, says: "It seems beginning a long way off to find any connection between the siege of Gibraltar and the battle of Saratoga, but one followed the other. The surrender of General Burgoyne, who had marched from Canada with a large army to crush the rebellion of the colonies, was the first great event that gave hope in the eyes of Europe to the cause of American independence, and led France to join it openly, as she had before favored it secretly. Spain followed France, having a common hatred of England with a special grievance of the loss of Gibraltar, which she hoped with the help of her powerful ally to recover.

"England, however, had never been guilty of the folly which might be attributed to Spain of leaving this important and valuable position in the hands of an insufficient army of defense. England keeps it garrisoned with a force of from five to six thousand men, well officered, and has possession, which is about as strong a point in war as in law.

"In June, 1779, Spain severed all communication with Gibraltar, and made preparations, assisted by her ally, France, to renew the struggle to get possession of what she regarded as rightfully her own."

This siege was kept up for nearly four years. At times the garrison was reduced almost to starvation. At one time bread was so scarce that biscuit crumbs sold for a shilling a pound. Half a sheep sold for $37.50, a large hog for one hundred and forty-five dollars, and so on. The besiegers had mounted one hun-

dred and seventy guns and eighty mortars along the shore, and a continued fire was kept up for months at a time, but all in vain. The garrison, commanded by Gen. George Elliot, resolutely defended that which England had entrusted to his keeping, and the subject of capitulation or surrender was never mentioned, much less entertained or considered for a moment. England holds possession of Gibraltar now, and it is said to be one of the strongest if not *the* strongest fortified place in the world.

My apology, reader, for writing so much of the history of Gibraltar as I have is, that I find so few people in possession of these historic facts, and before leaving this part of my subject I must ask your indulgence while I describe as best I can the rock Gibraltar, into which I went and through which I walked, wondered and admired as one of the great achievements of the art of war.

During the Great Siege, as it is called, briefly alluded to above, when the besieger's bombs and shells were flying over the town, bursting in the air, scattering their deadly missiles in every direction, or falling to the ground with terrible devastation, even reaching and twice dismounting the rock gun situated on the very pinnacle of Gibraltar; when every foot of ground was visited by these messengers of death, the besieged felt that their only place of refuge and safety was in the bowels of the earth. Making a virtue of necessity, these galleries or tunnels (for they are just like railroad tunnels, except they have no arches to support the roof, being hewn their whole length through solid rock—the roof is self-supporting), were begun and have since been completed.

In going through these rock galleries, out of reach of shell, bomb or ball, a safe retreat from all danger, I thought what a beautiful illustration of the salvation of the christian—his life hid in Christ. I thought of the hymn,

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

These tunnels are two or three miles in length. They were made near enough to the outside of the rock for side chambers, which are seen every thirty or forty feet. From these port-holes are opened, which not only admit light, but at all of which heavy guns are mounted on carriages, which enable them to swing around in any desired direction. These galleries, or tunnels, as I call them, are built one above another, and in every chamber may be seen a heavy piece of artillery ready to be made to speak in thunder tones at a moment's warning. These guns guard the straits. From a certain land station near the coast, I suppose the headquarters of the commander of the shore batteries, which are built all along the west side of the rock, three miles in length, you can see guns by the hundreds, and among them two one-hundred-ton guns which throw a two-thousand-pound ball eight miles. Running to the signal station at the summit of Gibraltar is a basket railway. The basket, large enough to carry two men, is attached underneath to an endless rope which, running over cylinders at each end, carry the basket back and forth. To what special use this is put I am unable to say.

If Gibraltar were merely a rock in the ocean we could but admire its solitary grandeur. But it is at the same time the strongest fortress in the world, and a day spent in looking over its defenses is time well spent.

For by so doing one can see for himself all the multiplied resources of modern warfare. Not being conversant, however, with the nomenclature and military acquirements necessary to a full and comprehensive explanation of these various and complete works of defense, which seem to have been brought to perfection in this locality, I will call the attention of the reader to some other things about this marvellous rock that may prove to be more interesting. The east side of the rock has no fortification, it being a perpendicular wall of solid rock, reaching from the surface of the water to a height of fourteen hundred feet; it needs no other fortification than that made by nature. This perpendicular wall extends partly around the northern end of the rock which looks towards Spain. On a shoulder of the rock high above the town sits an old Moorish castle built in the eighth century. A picturesque old relic of the medieval ages, built by some invader of the Spanish coast at that period, " here it has stood frowning over land and sea for nearly twelve hundred years."

On the north extremity of the eastern side of Gibraltar, on a small plat of ground but a few feet above the level of Catalan bay, nestles a little settlement of Italian fishermen. This little village reminds one of an infant resting in its mother's arms, and surely Gibraltar protects this little village from the storms that frequent these rocky shores. This great rock is one of the Pillars of Hercules. If you will look north of east over on the African coast across the straits, you will see a mountain taller than its fellows, with the white walls of a village reflecting the evening sun situated on a bench of land upon its side ; the top of the mountain reaching several hundred feet above and in the rear of

the village. This mountain is the Abyla, and the other Pillar of Hercules. This one is sixteen miles from its fellow. The little village you see is called Ceuta. Here Spain has a prison called Teata, where she incarcerates the worst of her criminals.

When we leave Gibraltar bay for Naples, we come back around the south end of the rock of Gibraltar, then run northeast for a time, passing between these pillars and enter the historic sea of the Mediterranean, whose waters wash the shores of three continents.

The little city of Gibraltar, situated as it is on the west side of this mammoth rock, presents a pretty picture to the traveler who approaches it by steamer coming down the bay. The distance from which it may be seen across the blue water of the bay, in connection with the contrast between the size of its buildings and the huge rock in the background, gives to the city and also to the houses a diminutive appearance that will not be gotten rid of until you go ashore and walk its narrow streets. You will have to walk the streets, for they have no sidewalks. They have no room for sidewalks, consequently don't have them.

"Gibraltar has largely a floating population, as motley in race, color, dress, manners and habits as can be found in any city in the oriental countries. Here you will see the African, the Spaniard, the Moor, long-bearded Jews, Turks with their baggy trousers, a mongrel race from the eastern part of the Mediterranean known as Levantines, Maltese, Africans, blacker by far than the blackest of our American negroes, who hail from Timbuctoo." The stranger will meet and jostle against this mongrel set in the narrow streets, and hear but fail to understand their various languages.

Each speaks, but others do not "hear in his own tongue," as was the case with the people who were listening to Peter on the day of Pentecost.

But I see the sun is sinking behind the hills of Spain, and as we must get without the walls of the city before the sunset gun is fired—after which time the gates are closed, and none allowed to leave or enter the city—we had better be making our way through these crowded streets toward the wharf, where we can get a small boat to row us out to our steamer.

Our steamer has had forty or fifty hands employed all day passing baskets of coal from a coal boat anchored in the bay, into the coal house of the steamer. The *Belgravia* was a seven thousand five hundred ton vessel, and consumed from forty to sixty tons of coal every twenty-four hours. She was four hundred feet long, forty feet across the beam, and thirty-eight feet deep; a good sea-going vessel, strong and substantial, but not fast. When the wind was favorable so that she could use her sails, she would make from twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

On our voyage as far as Gibraltar, however, we had had contrary winds, which, instead of increasing, retarded our speed.

But here we are alongside of our steamer. We will climb up these steps which have been swung down alongside for the accommodation of passengers going from and returning on board.

This is a beautiful bay, five miles wide, and ordinarily a secure and safe harbor; but we were informed that the night before, when the storm was at its height, the bay was rougher and the waves ran higher than was ever known before. Such must have been the case,

for as soon as it was known that the *Utopia* had gone down the whole bay was made as light as day, by means of electric lights, and yet, few of her passengers were saved, owing to the inability to use small boats, as they were dashed to pieces against the rock wall that borders the bay, as fast as they were launched. Small boats have been at work to-day picking up the dead bodies of such as come to the surface. The greater number of the bodies of the dead were still confined in the state-rooms of the steamer, however, when we left Gibraltar. How true it is "in the midst of life we are in death," for we know not the day nor the hour when it may be said to us, as it was to the rich farmer: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Our steamer is now weighing anchor, we shall soon be off for Naples. Here we go! How beautiful this little city of the rock looks, with its hundreds of gas and electric lights, throwing their glittering, glistening rays over the rippling waters. Tier after tier of lights rising one above the other like so many glittering stars. But, reader, I will meet you in my next chapter before reaching the city of Naples, where I hope to point out to you many things that will both instruct and interest you.

CHAPTER III.

IT will be remembered we left Gibraltar at night, passing round the south end of the rock and then changed our course and ran between the rock and the African coast, passing between the two Pillars of Hercules, and entered the Mediterranean sea.

The morning of the 19th of March finds us steaming over a calm, smooth sea. The day bright and pleasant, our company all well, cheerful and happy. On the left of our steamer are the snow-covered mountains of the coast of Spain; the dark continent of Africa on our right. Sail vessels are frequently in sight, and we are all enjoying the happy reflection that a few more days will bring our long, tempestuous sea voyage to a close. Hymns of praise and songs of rejoicing are heard floating over the waters of the deep blue Mediterranean, as our passengers give expression to the feelings that fill their hearts to overflowing. All realize the dangers through which we have passed; all feel that a special providence has been over us and that God has graciously spared our lives for some purpose best known to Himself.

Among the mountains along the Spanish coast is one higher and perhaps more pointed than the others, called the "Cat's Paw;" why it is so-called I can not learn, as I could see no resemblance between the peak and a cat's paw, or the paw of any other animal.

March 22d, Sunday morning.—A bright, beautiful day, calm sea. On our left are the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, Sardinia near us. At ten A. M. all the

passengers met in the dining saloon and had religious services. Dr. Wharton preached a most excellent sermon from Acts 20: 24. Services closed with some feeling remarks by Dr. Campbell. We are all in high spirits, expecting to reach Naples early in the morning.

These steamers are kept neat and clean. The decks are washed off nicely every morning, and everything kept repainted. Yesterday the sailors were let down on the outside of the boat, standing on a plank suspended by ropes attached above, washing and scrubbing the painted parts of the vessel. I thought what a risky business that was. A misstep or anything to throw the man off of his balance, and overboard he would go. But upon closer inspection I saw that each one of them had a rope tied around his waist and the other end made fast to some secure part of the boat above. Just so we think God has a cord of love around every christian that keeps them from falling. How often they stumble, how often they doubt and fear, and how often dark clouds intervene and they feel that they are groping their way in this world in doubts and uncertainties. But every now and then they feel the rope tighten. They are reassured that they are kept by the power of God. Hope returns, the clouds are dispelled, and they go on their way rejoicing, praising God, realizing that they are "kept by the power of God through faith."

Monday morning, March 23d, we entered the bay of Naples. The smoking top of old Vesuvius, that has been sending forth fire and smoke, and every few years scoria, for the past eighteen hundred years, has been in sight for some time. This volcano can be seen for twenty miles from almost any direction around it.

The city makes a pretty picture as you approach it from the bay. It is built around the head of the bay, extending back from the shore up the hill-sides, bringing the whole city in full view when seen from the bow of a vessel in the bay. If we include the villages scattered around the bay, all of which are in full view, we may put the population of this place at one and half millions. But our vessel has cast anchor half a mile or more from shore. There are no wharfs here. Vessels are loaded and unloaded by barges, and passengers are brought on board and carried ashore on small boats. There come a dozen or more making for our steamer; and now the steps or stairway is being lowered and the little boats are steering for that side of our vessel, each crew of oarsmen trying to be the first to reach the foot of the stairway. Such scrambling, such yelling, such jargon, I never saw or heard before. I looked at them for a while, expecting to see a general naval fight and a half dozen men drowned or at least knocked overboard. But I soon found that this was their way of doing business. As soon as an officer on board the steamer would let them, they rushed up the stairway and began soliciting patronage for the different hotels and making offers to carry us and our luggage ashore. This much I could understand by their actions, for I couldn't understand a word that was spoken. Only part of the little boats brought the porters of the different hotels. Others came with the expectation of carrying the steerage passengers ashore; for on almost every steamer going out from New York there is a greater or less number of Italians returning to their fatherland. The next day after we left New York, the sailors on board our steamer found an Italian boy,

apparently sixteen or eighteen years old, hid away among some freight in the hold of our vessel. This dead-beat was brought out from his hiding place by the mate, and turned over to the tender mercies of the dining-room steward and cabin-boys, and you may rest assured they made him earn his passage to Naples.

In one of the little boats which came up alongside of our steamer was Dr. Robert H. Crunden, special representative of the firm of Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son, London. Dr. Crunden was the special representative of these gentlemen, and was to take charge of our company, acting in the capacity of conductor, instructor and interpreter, and to carry out in every respect the contract and agreement entered into by them with our party. And let me say just here, well and faithfully did this distinguished gentleman and scholar discharge his duty to the entire satisfaction of every member of the company. The Doctor had reached Naples by railroad from London a week before our arrival, expecting to meet us there at that time, and he, like our families and friends at home, had suffered great anxiety as to our fate until we reached Gibraltar and the news of the steamer's safe arrival had been telegraphed over the country. Dr. Crunden brought with him the necessary number of boats, baggagemen, etc., to convey our party and baggage ashore. We were landed at the custom-house, where we had to go through the formality of having our trunks, sachels, etc., examined by the governmental officers. A few silver coins, however, slyly transferred into the hands of these red-taped gentry usually caused the chalk marks to be placed on our baggage without further examination or delay. Our kodaks were a puzzle to them.

They wanted us to open them and let them see what was in them; this we could not do, of course, as it would have ruined the films and what negatives we had taken; finally I drew a photograph out of my pocket and made them understand, by signs and gestures, that the box, as they took it to be, was a photographic instrument. That satisfied them, and after making their chalk marks on it let it pass.

Passing through the dingy, filthy, custom-house into the street, to reach our carriages, we were besieged by a score of beggars, the lame, the halt and the blind. Although ignorant of their language, in every land and among all people the beggar can make himself understood.

In fifteen minutes after reaching the Washington hotel—having breakfasted on board the steamer—we were driven to the museum, where we were shown the statues of the most celebrated of the Roman emperors and poets. Several priestesses of Isis, a copy of the statue of the goddess Diana of the Ephesians, and many others too numerous to mention, of great beauty and historic interest. But what attracted my attention more than all things else was the marble and bronze statuary, and a host of other articles which had been found and removed to the museum from old Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among the first things that attract the attention of the visitor upon entering this department of the museum are the casts of the human bodies taken in removing the debris from these old cities. These are placed in glass cases and arranged on tables along the center of the rooms. In shoveling the scoria from the rooms and streets, wherever a hole or cavity was discovered the laborers were instructed to

stop the work and report it to the superintendent. The cavity was at once filled with a mortar of plaster of paris and a model or mold taken of what it contained was thus secured. The first and second cases on entering the room contain the model of some men. The third contains the model of a woman who had fallen on her face. This model is so placed that the face may be seen and you can also see how her hair and drapery were arranged. The fourth case, another man. The fifth, models of two women, probably mother and daughter. On the side walls of these rooms are arranged skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, etc. In another case may be seen the skeleton of a man found in September, 1873, in the region of the Stabian Gate. In the next two, models of men. In the next, the model of a dog found in 1874 upon the steps of a door of a house. This model preserves in the impression of the collar two rings of bronze. In one house seven human skeletons were found. In the presses on the sides of the rooms I noticed some human skulls, and among them one with considerable hair on it. In this room you will see several pieces of flat loaves of bread, also dried fruits, such as figs, grapes, dates; also jellies, eggs and egg-shells, and various other eatables; also table-ware, lamps, glasses, candle-sticks, quite a variety of iron tools and cooking utensils, surgical instruments, several cooking-stoves of peculiar make, copper pans, buckets, copper scales and weights, needles and pins, mason's trowels, bridles, etc., etc.

In one of the rooms, among other articles of great interest to be seen is a small square piece of marble upon which is drawn in pencil Niobe grieving for the death of her sons. Also a thin glass vessel containing several

ounces of oil. These were found in the house of Niobe, so-called, a very rich and spacious habitation. Upon one of the walls of this house is a painting depicting the death of Niobe's sons. It represents them on horseback being struck by the arrows of Apollo.

In another room of the museum may be seen a plaster model of a small twig basket, very pretty, a mason's chest, a purse, and the wheel of a Roman chariot.

The bronze statuary taken from old Herculaneum is magnificent. Bronze horses, bulls and other animals, full size ; also a fine lot of porcelain ware which looks as if it had just come from the factory. It is priceless in value.

A visit to this museum and an inspection of these articles which lay buried for so many long centuries can not fail to interest the visitor. But there are many other things to be seen in this beautiful city. In going from and returning to the hotel the visitor will see many novel scenes. Such, at least, as are never seen on the streets of our American cities.

Let me call your attention to some of them. Here is an ox and a donkey hitched to a cart. There goes one with an ox and a pony. See how the shafts of the cart are adjusted above the back of the pony. Here goes a cart with nineteen men in it. If a few of them were to sit on the rear end of the vehicle it would lift that little donkey off the ground. You will notice that they use but few bridle bits ; instead, a bar or rod of iron with a depression in it is fitted to the nose of the horse just above the nostrils. The ends of this rod extend out to three or four inches, and to these ends the headstall and reins or lines, as the case may be, are attached; the rod being held in

position by a strap of leather which passes underneath the jaw, like the curb strap to our bridle bits. There goes a milkman. He has the heads of the cows and calves roped together, and drives them from house to house and draws from the udder of the cow the quantity of milk each customer wants. Does he milk the cows on the street, you ask? Of course! Don't you see that fellow drawing a cup of milk from a cow for that old woman standing near by? Now look, they are having a row. The old woman wants him to deduct from the price for the foam that floats on top of it. He swears he won't do it. I guess he is swearing. He looks angry and is talking loudly and rapidly, and gesticulating with his hands, feet, his head, and, in fact, with his whole body. That's Italian. Here is another dairyman. He is driving a flock of goats around, milking them for his customers in the same way. One of these goats will yield half a gallon of milk at a milking. See their ears. Some of them are nine or ten inches long. There is a smith shoeing a horse out in the street. One man holds up the horse's foot, and another sits on the ground and nails the shoe on. Here are several shoemakers, tinsmiths and other workmen carrying on their business in the streets. This is all new and strange to us. There is an old washerwoman plying her vocation on the street. She has a line drawn from one corner of a house to another, and there she hangs the garments out to dry. Here are four men playing cards on the sidewalk. There is a woman sitting out in the street nursing her child. This looks like a free country. At least everybody seems to be doing just what they please, where they please, when they please, and as they please. I don't

see how they could exercise any more freedom. I guess this is one reason these Italians turn anarchists when they live in our American cities. Our authorities try to make them behave like decent white folks, and not having been raised that way they rebel. But O my! the beggars!! the beggars!!! Old beggars, young beggars, big beggars and little beggars, all ages, all sizes and colors. The well-formed and deformed. The babies even are taught to hold out their little innocent hands and beg before they learn to say "Mamma."

Now let me call your attention to these narrow streets. Very few of them have any sidewalks, and we see every one walking and riding in the streets. If the street has sidewalks they are used just as the street is, i. e., they ride over them, drive their donkeys over them, and use them just as they do the street between them and as they do the streets which have no sidewalks.

Mount Vesuvius is some five or six miles southeast of the city. To reach it we leave the hotel in carriages, each drawn by four horses; and soon after leaving the outskirts of the city we begin a very gradual ascent of the mountain; the lower side of the road being built up terrace-like with stones or broken lava, to bring the roadbed to a level. We take a serpentine route, winding first in one direction, then another, climbing up gradually and slowly, but all the time going up and on and on, slowly but surely.

The carriageway is good, a regular pike, and the scenery grand, gradually increasing in beauty and extent as we ascend the mountain. On both sides of the road are vineyards and fig orchards. The land on the

sides of the mountain is very fertile. The higher we ascend the steeper the ascent becomes. We travel thus, passing the observatory on the way, until we have completed a journey of fifteen miles from our starting-point. Here we come to the railroad station. It is nine hundred yards from the lower to the upper station. This distance is gone over in a small car carrying some six or eight persons at a time. The car runs on one rail and is drawn up by a wire rope or cable and engine, at an angle of from forty to sixty degrees. In some places the angle of the ascent is forty degrees, and at others as much as sixty. While making this ascent we can but realize the danger we are in. If the wire cable should break during the ascent or descent, the car would go thundering down the mountain with almost lightning speed, carrying its occupants to a sure and speedy death.

This mountain is thirty-two miles in circumference at its base, and between four thousand and four thousand five hundred feet in height. It is annually being built up by the overflow and cooling of the lava which it ejects.

From the upper railroad station we are told that it is some one hundred and fifty or more feet to the margin of the crater, and you will find it decidedly the more. This distance you have to walk. It is very steep, and at almost every step you sink down shoemouth deep in ashes and sulphur. When we made the ascent the top of the mountain from near the margin of the crater, for a distance of a hundred yards or more, down its sides, was covered with snow. We were told that to see Vesuvius thus was a very rare sight. If this burning, seething mass of melted stone; this boiling, lashing caul-

dron be a prototype of hell, as described in the bible, as a "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," also as a "furnace of fire," and an "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," and if that be the place in which we are told that Dives was when he lifted up his eyes, "being in torments," and saw Lazarus in the bosom of Father Abraham "afar off," and begged for mercy and a drop of water wherewith to cool his tongue, being "tormented" in a flame; if all this is to be understood literally; if this hell is a burning furnace, a veritable place into which human bodies, after being made "immortal" and "imperishable," are to be cast, and by an unalterable law "fried and cooked" and tormented, and tossed upon waves of unquenchable fire forever and forever, the picture could have been made more perfect, and such physical sufferings vastly enhanced, if such a thing were possible, by representing it as I saw Vesuvius with the beautiful, refreshing snow spread out all around this "miniature hell," upon which the glaring, scorched eyes of its damned and doomed inmates could look and long for, and yet never reach. One had better never have been born if literally and truly such a fate be possible. But such a thought antagonizes and contradicts every attribute of the Deity, and every manifestation of Himself in all the vast domain of the universe. We can rejoice and thank God that no such thing as a literal hell fire is anywhere taught in His word.

I can very well remember when a lad going with my father to church, and every now and then we would hear one of the old-time preachers turn loose for an hour or two on one of his hell-fire and damnation sermons.

They seemed to take pleasure in depicting, with all the powers of an excited imagination, the horrors of the eternally damned in a veritable lake, or seething pit of eternal unquenchable fire; from this smoking pit in which could be seen these poor, helpless, writhing, squirming, ever consuming, yet never consumed victims of God's wrath, in agony and hopeless despair, cursing and reviling each other as a pastime.

I was not a very impressible chap, as one may imagine, but still these horrid pictures made such an impression on my mind as dethroned memory or the dark curtain of death alone can obliterate. I looked upon God as a demon, and hated him, but was afraid to say so, or even to acknowledge it to myself, for fear that he might "damn" me. After the dark curtains of night were drawn around our house, if I went out to Uncle Moses' house (Uncle Moses was one of our servants), I was afraid to go back to the house alone. I could see the devil with his long horns and red, glaring eyes peeping out from behind every tree, or around the house corners. The sighing of the summer breeze was to me the faint echo of the wailing moanings and cries of hopeless despair, which it was said was ever ascending from the parched tongues of its doomed and damned occupants.

God was represented as a monster who delighted in the eternal torment of the creatures of his own creation. Is it any wonder that there are infidels in the world? Is it not rather surprising that there are not more of them?

I have thought proper to write this much in regard to this burning volcano, because so many people have asked me concerning it, and so many in doing so have

directly or indirectly shown that they have been taught and believed that God has somewhere in the great expanse of his universe prepared just such a place as the ever-burning crater of Vesuvius, into which the finally impenitent creatures of the earth and all the creatures of the earth who know not God will be finally cast, and tormented world without end.

In making the ascent to the crater the visitor would do well to employ the aid of an Italian. Some of these poor men are always on hand, and for a small sum will assist him in the laborious ascent. This they do by passing a strap of leather or a rope around their breast with a hand-hold in the end behind. By pulling on this strap it will materially aid you and you will be in a sense assisting the poor by giving them wages for their hire. As you near the smoking crater you will see in every direction around you places varying in size from which smoke is issuing. Some of these places are hot enough to cook eggs. The thought and the question flit across the mind, What if this earth should give away under my feet? Would I have time to say "Lord receive my spirit," as I go down, down, into this awful pit of boiling lava?

You can approach near enough the margin of the crater to look down into it if you select a time when the wind is in the proper direction to blow the smoke away from you, otherwise you might become suffocated, loose your balance and fall in, as one poor man did not long after we were there. If the boiling mass be near the top of the crater you may get a view of it. At times it boils up near the top, then again it recedes far down into the great cavern below. But, reader, you will be an exception as a visitor, if you remain long on

the verge of the crater. The sounds which come echoing up from that abyss below will make such an impression upon your mind as you never had before, and such as you never want made again, and such as will cause you not only to get away, but to want to get away, and that in a hurry. What are those sounds like? you ask. They are unlike anything you ever heard. At least they are unlike anything I ever heard or want to hear. If they were like any other then it would not have been unlike every other. For instance, could this noise, this new noise, be comparable to the low, rumbling, terrible, appalling noise, which is usually the forerunner of the earthquake or tornado, then we might and could say it was like that; but it is not. Is there any resemblance in it in any respect to the human voice? you ask. Yes, I think there is. There must be a resemblance or it would not carry with it or strike you with such overpowering, indescribable and unutterable horror, or make such a wonderful impression upon the mind as to cause you to involuntarily exclaim, Away! away! and go you must and go you will.

Two of the gentlemen in our party had been upon the top of this mountain before we were there, and I wondered why they refused so emphatically to accompany us when we began the ascent. But when we returned they said: "You now know why we refuse to go with you up to the crater." "Do you blame us?" No! no! For I, for one, never intend to stand upon that margin of that crater again, even should I visit Naples again and again.

The crater is from two to three hundred feet in diameter, but this varies. The deposit of lava left by the recedence of the melted mass when it has been

up near the top, or when it has boiled up high enough to run over the edge of the crater, continually contracts or narrows the diameter of the crater; as it increases the height of the mountain when it runs over.

At night the flames may be seen showing up above the top of the mountain. These flames seem to be so enveloped in smoke that they can not be seen during the day.

Mount Vesuvius has two summits. The northern summit is called Somna. This peak has been an extinct volcano from before the memory of man. The other became a burning mountain or active volcano since A. D. 79. On the 24th of August in that year the first great eruption on record took place. On that day the towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum and Stabiae were buried under showers of volcanic sand, called ashes, stones and scoria. Such was the immense quantity of volcanic sand thrown out during this eruption, that the whole country for miles around was envolved in pitchy darkness. It is said by some historians that the ashes fell in Egypt, Syria, and various parts of Asia Minor. After this, Vesuvius continued an active volcano for nearly a thousand years. The fire then died down and appeared to become nearly extinct, and continued so for about four hundred years. In 1506 there was another eruption, and it has remained burning ever since, having eruptions at intervals.

In describing the eruption that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, a very authentic author states that "after an interval of extreme heat and drought the whole plain was shaken as in an earthquake, with a sound of subterranean thunder, and a roaring agitation of the air and sea; at the same time

a torrent of smoke and flame, accompanied by showers of stone, burst from the crater, darkening the sun like an eclipse. Suddenly a column of black ashes rose perpendicularly into the air, hovered like a cloud, and fell, and in its fall overwhelmed the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae. The dark cloud of smoke and ashes carried dismay even to the walls of Rome. The darkness which sank down upon the city terrified the inhabitants to such a degree that many of them threw themselves with their families into ships bound for Africa and Egypt; imagining that Italy was about to atone for its sins by enduring the uttermost wrath of the gods. This memorable event, as before stated, occurred August 24, A. D. 79."

It has been written and handed along down the centuries since the occurrence of that sad event, that the eruption was sudden and unlooked for, and that these unfortunate cities were overwhelmed without warning. I am of the opinion, however, that this is erroneous. If such had been the case, comparatively few of their thousands of inhabitants would have succeeded in making their escape. As it was, however, in uncovering Pompeii, not exceeding a hundred, if indeed that number, of human skeletons and casts have been obtained. These volcanic eruptions are usually preceded by agitations and noises of a threatening character. I have no doubt but that in this instance the previous intimations were of such a nature as to have fully apprised and forewarned the inhabitants of their danger and induced the greater part of them to seek safety in flight.

Now I will take you twenty-five miles by rail to old Pompeii, one of the cities that were covered to the

depth of from ten to thirty feet above the housetops by the first eruption of this, the now burning summit. This walled city contained at that time about thirty thousand inhabitants. But few of these, however, comparatively speaking, were buried beneath the rain of ashes and lava.

Although the location of the city was discovered as far back as 1748, no persevering efforts to remove the debris and expose the ruins were systematically made until the present century. It is now, however, almost wholly uncovered, and all the ashes except in a comparatively small portion of the city have been removed without the city walls.

The city or town, as you may be pleased to call it, was three-fourths of a mile long and half a mile in breadth; the streets narrow and the houses compactly built, and only one and two stories high, the greater number of them being only one story. As was the case with all the old Roman towns and cities, it was surrounded by a strong rock wall from eighteen to twenty feet high and twelve or more in thickness, and contained a requisite number of gates. But little, if any, of the wall was injured by the overflow, and the injury done the houses appears to have been produced by the superincumbent weight upon the roofs, crushing or smashing them in. The streets of the old town are narrow, usually twelve or fifteen feet in width, and paved with slabs of hard blue limestone. The sidewalks are not more than two and a half or three feet in width. The curbstones supporting the sidewalk are from ten to twelve inches in thickness and are worn down several inches in the center by footmen, converting them into troughs. In fact the wear of these hard

stone pavements which in many instances are cut down by the chariot wheels to a depth of from three to five inches; the wear of even the stone fountains by the lips of people who drank at them and where they rested on their arms while drinking, all go to prove that Pompeii was an old city at the date of its destruction.

It is interesting to wander through this old town, to walk its streets, and go through the houses where these rich proud old Romans lived so many centuries ago. Evidences of wealth and splendor can yet be seen in the style and interior finish of their dwellings. Many of them were spacious and richly decorated with carvings, statuary and fine frescoe paintings, etc. Very many of the floors of these houses are made in fine mosaic. In the house of Darius M. Cassi may be seen in the pavement a mosaic representing three doves drawing a string of pearls from a casket. In a large room of this house was found the magnificent pavement in mosaic representing a battle between Alexander the Great and Darius, which we had the pleasure of seeing in the museum. In this same house was found the skeleton of a women having a gold ring on her finger with her name, Cassia, engraved upon it.

The house of the tragic poet, as it is called, was a noble structure, and contained many fine paintings and monuments of art. Near the entrance in fine mosaic is a dog chained, and near him the words: "Cave canem," beware of the dog. This is the house that Sir Bulwer Lytton in his "Last Days of Pompeii" selected as the house which the hero, Claudius, was preparing for the reception of his bride, Ione. In the house of Caius Sallust was found a bronze group representing Hercules conquering the stag. From

the mouth of the stag flows a jet of water. On the wall is a picture representing Diana nude at a bath, in the moment when she is surprised by Actaeon, who is attacked by two savage dogs. Nearly all these houses were built on the same general plan. The house was entered through a vestibule, on the side of which were niches where the household gods were kept. After passing the vestibule you enter an open court in which was generally found a fountain and more or less statuary. The family and servants' rooms were built around and opened into this court. In some instances after passing through this court you passed through either another vestibule or an arched doorway leading into another open court or garden beautifully decorated with flowers, shrubbery, and statuary. In some of these gardens large earthenware wine-casks of the proprietors have been left in the position in which they were found. These old Romans were fond of their wine and knew how to make it, keep it, and drink it.

The temples of their gods and their public buildings of every description were large, well constructed, and ornamented in the style of the times. The temple of Zeus was one of the largest and the most magnificent structures in Pompeii. The civil forum, where the people assembled to talk over public affairs or, as we would say in this country, to discuss political questions, where games were played, and where they held their public meetings, was large and handsomely decorated with statues of the gods. The forum or open court was surrounded on three sides by limestone columns of the Doric order with statues placed between the columns. It seems to have been damaged by the earthquake of

63 A. D. and was being rebuilt when submerged, as some of the columns show that they were being rebuilt but not completed when the eruption occurred. A statue of Mercury was found in the temple of Mercury. The temples of Apollo and Jupiter may be seen and recognized as temples of these gods.

In the excavations made in the years 1881-2 the street of the twelve gods was brought to view. At the entrance of the street, on the right, was painted the twelve favorite gods, viz.: Vesta, Diana, Apollo, Ceres, Minerva, Jupiter, Juno, Vulcan, Venus, Mars, Neptune, and Mercury. These may also be called their greatest divinities. The temple of Isis was also destroyed by the earthquake of 63.

In September, 1881, was found eighty cups of earthenware, many of which were adorned with figures, others with bas-reliefs and flowers. The pulverized red clay for manufacturing these cups was also found. It has been thought that the ancients were not acquainted with the use of stone coal, but it was ascertained in this pottery that the manufacturer of these cups used it in the manufacture of his wares. Old Pompeii had its mills, bakeries, soap factories, its taverns, theaters, barracks for gladiators, public markets, a leather manufactory, one fuller's shop, and a dyer's house, several bath-houses, where separate apartments are set aside for ladies, and an amphitheater where plays were enacted and gladiators fought, capable of seating twenty thousand spectators. The arena, four hundred feet long and one hundred and fourteen wide, had a stone wall some three feet in height around it, and ontop of this an iron railing with the bars set on end. This was made high enough to prevent the wild fero-

cious beasts from leaping over when let out of the artificial caves or iron cages in which they were kept. These caves were built of stone and run back from the arena far enough, and were made large enough, to hold as many animals as they desired to keep on hand at one time. There may be seen also a cave or rock room, the entrance opening on the arena, into which the bodies of the dead gladiators were dragged.

The Herculaneum gate of the town, the gate through which the street passed leading to Herculaneum, was situated on a hill. The gateway and walls adjoining are in a good state of preservation. The gateway had three openings, one in the center for chariots, and smaller ones on each side for footmen. The street leading from this gate is called the street of tombs, on account of the tombs on each side of it, where there are some eight or ten tombs. Some of these have very handsome tombstones with name, date of death, official position, etc., of the deceased engraved upon them. To the left of the gate is a kind of guard-house erected with open front, built in the city wall for the purpose. In this was found the skeleton of the Roman soldier whose duty it was to guard the gate. His skeleton was found buried to a great depth, but at his post, showing that he made no effort to escape, but died at his post of duty as became a Roman soldier.

Some excavations have been made at Herculaneum, and, as stated, some beautiful bronze statuary, porcelain ware, etc., recovered. To what extent the excavations have progressed I am unable to say. This place was buried to a greater depth than Pompeii, and there is now a very pretty Italian village called Resina built over its location. I would invite the reader to visit

the Roman Catholic cathedral, St. Januarius, and see the decorations of its interior, which are beautiful, rich and magnificent, far beyond my powers of description; but it is my purpose to call the reader's attention to some things exhibited in this church, further on. I therefore pass it by for the present. I will close my remarks upon Naples by saying that we must remember that Naples, as Rome, is in Italy, the home of Roman Catholicism unmasked and undisguised. And in this city and its environments there are something near four hundred Catholic cathedrals, costing millions of dollars. Much of it is raised doubtless as was the case in completing St. Peter's church at Rome, by the sale of indülgences. Reader, do you comprehend what all this means, that is, "the sale of indulgences?"

Let me give you the language of a celebrated peddler of these wares, the notorious Tetzel: "Indulgences," said he, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts. This cross," pointing to a red cross which he held in his hand, "has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. Draw near and I will give you letters duly sealed by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall all be forgiven you.

"Indulgences," continued Tetzel, "save not the living alone; they also save the dead. Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, and ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends who cry to you from the bottomless abyss, 'We are enduring torment, a small alms would deliver us. You can give it and will not.' The very moment," continued he, "that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest"—a money chest he had in his peddler's wagon—

"the soul escapes from purgatory and flies free to heaven. Oh senseless people and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day heaven is on all sides open. Do not refuse to enter. This day you may reclaim many souls, etc., etc."

"These peddlers of indulgences purchased them of the Pope by as good a bargain as they could make, and then, after the mode of traveling peddlers, they disposed of them in retail to those who dealt in such articles of commerce; each indulgence, of course, bearing an adequate premium. The madness of superstition could be strained no higher."—"Historv of Romanism," by John Dawling, D. D.

When we reach Rome I shall have occasion to speak of this iniquitous fraud, this base system of deception, this pious robbery, again. The bible teaches us that God alone has power to forgive sin. That God, manifest in the person of Christ, offered himself as a propitiation for sin. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." If our heavenly Father had seen fit to delegate the power to forgive sin to a few men and made them the mediators between Himself and sinful men, where arises in the great plan of redemption the necessity for the death, burial and resurrection of Christ, whom we are told laid down his life, not to reconcile God to man, as the sacrifices offered by all prior priests had been made, but to reconcile man to his God by the implantation of his law in their hearts.

I do not propose, however, to write a theological book. I therefore leave the reader to look up these things at a more convenient season.

Before leaving Naples we will take a nice boat ride on

the bay, as we are here to see for ourselves how these people live, what they do, and how they do; to learn by personal observation the political, social and religious status, not only of this people, but of others with whom we may commingle on our journey. We will, therefore, go across the bay to Sorento, distant twenty miles, a nice summer resort where the wealthy citizens of Naples retire from the busy marts of the city and enjoy the sea breezes and quiet of a seaside residence during the hot months of summer. The scenery here is charming, and the salubrity of the air makes the place a favorite resort. This lovely little retreat is situated on a plateau of land at the base of the mountains, some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the waters of the bay which lie spread out before it. The town is composed in the main of magnificent hotels, surrounded by orange and lemon groves, and beautiful gardens filled with every variety of tropical flowers and fruits, handsomely laid out and decorated with statues of illustrious Italians. The mountains in the rear afford interesting walks and picturesque scenery. From their heights the whole bay, dotted with sail-boats, and the city of Naples and its contiguous villages, are spread out before you and come within full view.

The town which is built up to the bluff bank of the coast has some interesting manufactories in it, though they are conducted on a small scale and the work all done by hand. It is entered by a tunnel, which is lighted by holes cut through its arched roof, leading from the boat landing up to the village. This tunnel is some four or five hundred feet in length, perhaps more; and although the degree of

ascent is not very great, one will become quite fatigued before reaching the end. Here may be seen Italian women carrying building stone, baskets of sand, large boxes of oranges and other heavy burdens on their heads up the steep ascent or unloading barges, beginning at sunrise and closing their day's work at sundown. For this, if they have lost no time from work during the day, they are paid twenty cents. What wages are paid to the men, you ask? Stout, able-bodied men are paid twenty-five cents per day for a full day's work, and they are glad to get employment even at these low wages.

God does not pour out his blessings and bestow all the good things of life upon one people or in one locality. On the contrary, he sends the rain upon the just and the unjust alike. While Italy is blest as a country with picturesque scenery, snow-capped mountains, and lovely valleys, clear blue skies and a delightful climate, fertile soil and all that the lavish hand of nature could do to make it one of the most desirable locations to be found for the habitation of man, still man has seen fit to plant, foster, and propagate a religion in Italy which has for ages kept that people in poverty, ignorance and superstition, that to be deplored in this day of gospel light and liberty needs only to be seen and heard. This religion claims to be that taught by Christ, the high priest who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Apollus says, Hebrews 2:17: "Wherefore in all things it behooves him to be made like unto his brethren that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in all things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." In answer I

would say to Brother Apollus, why all this, and what was the necessity of all this if a priest, a mere man, in many instances a licentious, wicked man, has the power to forgive sin? If I mistake or misrepresent these religionists, tell me what all these confessionals I see in their churches mean? What is that old woman in rags and tatters whispering in the ear of that clean-shaved, sleek, fat priest, through a hole prepared for the purpose in their wardrobe, like confessionals? She is confessing her sins and misdeeds, and that old sinner, for a consideration, promises to forgive them.

We now go by rail one hundred and sixty-two miles to Rome. The road runs through a beautiful level valley. We have the Mediterranean on our left and the Apennine mountains on our right. During the winter and early spring this range of mountains is covered with snow. You see this valley is almost one unbroken vineyard. The young olive trees are topped and wire-stretched from one to another, making trellises for the grape vines to run upon. Where the ground in these olive groves is not occupied with the grape, it is sown in wheat or barley. Every foot of soil is utilized and made subservient to the production of some article of diet or of commerce. The mountain-sides in many places are terraced and planted either in grain, olive, or the grape. You will observe farm-houses are more frequently met with here than in some other countries. Every now and then you see a mountain stream leaping down the mountain side, forming a succession of lovely cascades, which add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scenery. As we near Rome spurs of the mountains approach nearer the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and frequently our train plunges

into a dark tunnel, upon coming out of which, however, our eyes are gladdened by seemingly a brighter, more beautiful and enchanting scene than before. Is not this a correct illustration of our journey through life? Life has its tunnels through which all must pass, tunnels in which the light of joy and happiness is shut out. Even our God seems to hide his face from us. Tunnels of sorrow, tunnels of afflictions for a time wither the soul and dry up every fountain of joy and happiness; every ray of light seems shut out from the soul, all seems dark, dismal and gloomy, and did we not believe that soon we shall pass through the tunnel and come out into a brighter, happier day, purified as by fire, sorrow like a shadow would follow us all the days of our pilgrimage here upon earth. But God in his mercy and love lifts the clouds of sorrow from our hearts and makes the sunshine brighter than before the storm. "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."



CHAPTER IV.

ROME, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, with its three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is situated in an undulating volcanic plain that extends a distance of about eighty-five miles north and south between the Apennine mountains and the Mediterranean sea, and is about twenty-five miles in width. The city is built on both sides of the Tiber, which is the largest river in the Italian peninsula. The greater portion of the city, however, lies on the left bank of the river. The general direction of the river through the city is from north to south, but it makes several large curves in this distance. Twenty bridges span the Tiber, connecting the city on its banks; others are projected. The river is, upon an average, about sixty-five yards wide, with an average depth of twenty or twenty-five feet. The navigation of this river is now insignificant. The buildings of the city are in the main heavy stone structures three and four stories high, the streets wide and well paved, with wide, substantial side-walks. It may be classed as a nice, substantially built, modern city, possessing all the conveniences of street cars, electric and gas lights, water-works, etc.

Rome is regarded as an unhealthy city, and, judging from its topography and environment, I am sure intermittent and other malarial fevers prevail to a greater or less extent during the summer and autumnal months. We read of what Rome was in bygone centuries and think of what it is now, and we involuntarily exclaim:

"Can this be Rome? Rome, once the proudest of all proud cities, the oldest city of Europe? Can this be Rome?" And we are forced to answer: "No, this is not Rome. Rome has passed away and this is but her shadow left to remind us of the site of the most powerful city of antiquity, and to teach us what great changes time can effect." For Rome once held the highest eminence to which a city can attain, and now she has fallen, in some respects, to the lowest depth to which a city can fall. "The contrast," says one author, "is as great as though she had fallen like one of the fallen angels; from the highest part of the vaulted heavens, to the deepest depth of Hades."

The building of Rome was begun seven hundred and fifty-three years B. C. by Romulus and Remus, twin brothers. It has been contended by some historians that the story of the foundation of Rome by Romulus and Remus was purely legendary, and in part it no doubt was, and the legend of the twin brothers appears to have arisen from the proximity to Rome of a kindred town, called Rumaria, somewhere near Rome. This is a question I do not propose to discuss, however, as there are creditable authorities on both sides of the question. It has truthfully been said that Rome is the city of heroes and patriots. Here lived and died Horatius, Scipio, Marius, Pompey, the imperial Cæsars, and a host of others whose names are imperishable.

At one time Rome was sixty miles in circuit, surrounded by a lofty wall which is now in ruins. Then it was the most powerful, populous and magnificent city on the face of the globe. It is now greatly diminished in splendor and population. Yet it still has many monuments and statues of its departed glory, and many

buildings of unsurpassed splendor. It is some of these old ruins and her magnificent buildings that I wish to visit again and describe to the reader. In doing so I must confine myself to a few only of the many, for the whole city is filled with them. One of the objects of attraction in Rome, and one which strikes the stranger with wonder and amazement, is the great Catholic cathedral called St. Peter's church. It is the first object which the tourist hastens to visit.

In visiting this church we cross the Tiber on the bridge of St. Angelo, the finest bridge in Rome, built by the emperor Hadrian, A. D. 136. The parapets are decorated with ten angels bearing instruments of our Lord's passion. In 1668 the statues of St. Paul and Peter were added by Pope Clement IX. As you drive across this magnificent bridge you see just in front of you the tomb or mausoleum of Hadrian. The bridge was built by this emperor to connect his tomb with the city, and leads direct to it. This tomb is a circular structure, rather unique in appearance, two hundred and forty feet in diameter, height one hundred and sixty-five feet. It was once encrusted or veneered with marble, of which covering no trace now remains. Around the top stood numerous statues in marble.

From Hadrian to Caracalla, all the emperors of Rome, together with their families, were interred here. When the Goths under Vitiges besieged Rome in 537 A. D. the tomb was converted into a fortress, and the statues on the summit were hurled down on the besiegers.

This old castle served for a fortress during several ages. Its first cannon were cast out of part of the bronze taken from the roof of the Pantheon, which

will be described hereafter. Hadrian erected his mausoleum outside the walls of the city, which were erected by Aurelius. After the Romans successfully resisted the attacks of the Goths, and since that period, it has constituted the citadel of Rome, and is commonly called the castle of St. Angelo, on the possession of which the mastery over the city has always depended, St. Peter's church, the Vatican, and other important buildings, were erected on this Vatican hill, as the locality is called. This hill, two hundred feet above the plain beyond it, was never recovered as part of the city in ancient times, and was not enclosed in the Aurelian walls which surrounded the city, at the time Hadrian erected his magnificent mausoleum, as above mentioned. It was once covered with the gardens of the emperors. Caligula constructed a circus here and erected the obelisk, as an ornament to the area, which now stands in front of St. Peter's church and in the center of the plaza, which will be described hereafter. This circus was the scene of the races instituted by Nero, and also of his revolting cruelty to unoffending Christians in the year 65 A. D.

At the end of the same century Gregory the Great, while conducting a procession to pray for the cessation of the plague then raging in the city, "beheld the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword above the mausoleum, in commemoration of which Boniface erected a chapel on the summit, which was afterwards replaced by the present bronze statue of the Archangel Michael in the act of sheathing his sword. Many other statues of men and horses ornament the parapet wall."

After crossing the bridge we turned to the left and

soon reached the piazza in front of St. Peter's church. This open elliptical space in front of the church is enclosed by imposing colonnades. The area enclosed is three hundred and seventy yards in length by two hundred and sixty in width. Each of the colonnades contains four rows of columns of the Doric order, seventy feet in height; resting on these columns on the interior of the circle is a wide frieze handsomely carved. On their roofs are placed one hundred and sixty-two statues. They form three covered passages, the central of which has space for two carriages abreast, and alone cost near a million of dollars. It is said that the building of these colonnades was suggested by the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Isaiah, which reads as follows: "And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day time from the heat, and for a place of refuge and for a place of covert from storm and rain."

On entering this plaza the visitor views these four rows of lofty pillars sweeping off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. "The effect is not only striking, but beautiful. The immense piazza or plaza forms a fitting approach to St. Peter's, the largest and most imposing church in the world." In the center of the plaza stands an Egyptian obelisk which was erected by the emperors Caius (Caligula) and Nero. It was one of the obelisks brought from Heliopolis, near Cairo, where its mate now stands. It has the following inscription on it in the Latin language, "To the divine Augustus, son of the divine Julius, and to the divine Tiberius, son of the divine Augustus." It is one solid piece of granite one hundred and thirty feet high. Two perpetual fountains, forty-two feet high, one on each side of the obelisk, play

in the air, their waters falling in sheets round the basin of porphyry prepared to receive them.

Reader, I confess my inability to describe in detail this wonderful building which stands upon the sight of Nero's circus, where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom. That you may have a more correct idea of its colossal size, its grandeur and magnificence, its imposing appearance and cost, I have used in the following pages the best authorities to be found, who endeavor to convey an idea of it by descriptions of its various parts, which the reader must put into one grand whole to appreciate.

" Raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending three hundred and eighty feet in length and towering to the elevation of one hundred and forty-eight feet, you see the majestic front of the church itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind and above it rises the matchless dome. Two smaller cupolas, one on each side, add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

" Five lofty portals open into the vestibule, which is four hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, sixty-six in height, and fifty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic, and bas-reliefs, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine the Great, and the other of Charlemagne.

" Over the outside entrance of the vestibule is a relief of Christ giving the keys to St. Peter. Inside the vestibule is Giotto's celebrated mosaic, representing our Lord sustaining Peter when he was about to sink

whilst walking on the water of Galilee. The upper parts represent in relief our Savior and the Virgin, and below these Saints Peter and Paul. Below these again the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul."

"Five portals give access to the edifice which faces east. When you enter this church you enter the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art. It expands in magnificent perspective before you. Advancing up the nave you admire the variegated marble under your feet and the splendor of the golden vault overhead, the lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches, with their statues and the arcades with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches.

"When you enter this grand hall you will look, wonder, and admire; but your astonishment will be greater when you reach the foot of the altar, and standing in the center of the church you contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you. Then lift your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious height of four hundred and forty feet, extended like a firmament over your head and presenting in glowing mosaic the companies of the just, and the choirs of celestial spirits. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed, when compared with its stupendous magnitude, but of greater boldness when considered separately. Six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels. All these inferior or smaller domes, like the grand central dome itself, are lined with beautiful mosaics. Many of the masterpieces of painting, which once graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics that retain all the tints and

beauties of the originals unimpaired on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars that border the chapels all around and form a secondary order. The variegated walls are in many places ornamented with festoons, wreaths, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of the different pontiffs. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church of exquisite structure, and form a very conspicuous feature in the ornamentation of this grand temple.

"Below the steps of the altar, and of course some distance from it, at the corners on four massive pedestals, four twisted pillars fifty feet in height rise and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole is ninety-five feet from the floor pavement. This brazen edifice, for so it may be called, was constructed of bronze stripped from the dome of the Pantheon, and is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel or network and veiling of the chair of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the chair at an elevation of seventy feet.

"Under the high altar of St. Peter is the (reputed) tomb of that apostle, the descent to which is in front where a large open space leaves room for a double flight of steps. The rails that surround this space above are adorned with one hundred and twelve cornucopiæ which support as many silver lamps, kept burning in honor of the apostle. Upon the pavement of the small area enclosed by the balustrade is a leaning statue of Pope Pius VI. by Cordova. The interior

dimensions of this church are as follows: Length, six hundred and thirteen feet; height of nave, one hundred and fifty feet; breadth of nave in front, eighty-seven feet; and at the back behind the tribune, seventy-eight feet; length of transept inside, one hundred and fifty feet; from floor to top of dome, four hundred and thirty-five feet."

Every available space of the interior of this immense church is filled with sculpture and paintings by the most celebrated masters of these arts. To the right as you walk down the immense hall we see an old bronze statue, doubtless an old pagan idol, seated in a chair which is called the statue of St. Peter, whose big toe is worn at least half off by being kissed by the devout Catholics who visit the church. I regard this old pagan statue or heathen god not only as an insult to the memory of brother Peter, but an insult to the intelligence of the 19th century; for on its repulsive countenance can be read the clearly defined features and expression which characterize the untutored heathen and barbarian, and brother Peter was neither.

In this church they have a chair which it is claimed was the bishopric chair of St. Peter, whom Catholics declare was the first bishop of Rome. They claim that he was bishop of Rome for twenty-five years. Now, so far as the scriptures inform us, there is no reason to believe Peter ever was in Rome, unless we understand in the salutation 'The church that is at Babylon saluteth you,' mentioned in the 13th verse of the closing chapter of his first Epistle, really to mean imperial Rome. The majority of early christian writers agree, however, in the opinion that Peter came to Rome just before his death, and was there crucified.

In the year 58 or 59 A. D. we hear of him traveling with his wife. He is not spoken of as being at Rome in 62, when Paul went there a prisoner, nor does Paul mention him as being there during the two years he was prisoner in that city.

It is estimated that St. Peter's church cost sixty million dollars, and the colonnades semicircling the piazza before described cost near one million. The area covered by this church is eighteen thousand square yards, while that of the cathedral at Milan is ten thousand, St. Paul at London nine thousand three hundred and fifty, St. Sophia (Mohammedan mosques, Constantinople, eight thousand one hundred and fifty; and Cologne cathedral, seven thousand four hundred square yards. It costs thirty-five thousand dollars per annum to sweep and keep this church in decent order. St. Peter's church was consecrated by Pope Urban VIII. on the 18th of November, 1626, on the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the day which St. Sylvester is said to have consecrated the original church, founded by Constantine on the site of emperor Nero's circus, which was torn down to erect the present edifice.

Now, reader, in the foregoing description of this far-famed cathedral, I trust I have impressed your mind with its magnitude and its imposing grandeur; yet to realize this to its fullest extent it must be seen, studied, and compared to other buildings and objects, for it is only by comparison that its immensity and architectural beauty can be fully realized. Rome, as you know, is intensely Catholic, and has many, very many, magnificent, costly cathedrals, to some of which I will carry you before we leave the city, as many of them

are associated with events of which I must speak and which can not fail to interest you.

It is admitted that St. Peter's is the largest and costliest church edifice in the world. So we can say of the Vatican that it is the largest palace in the world. It is located near the anterior court of the old church of St. Peter's, which was torn down in 1506 A. D. to erect the present one, as before stated. The palace now possesses twenty courts and is said to comprise eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons and private apartments. In my lectures I have stated the number of apartments in the Vatican to be eleven hundred, for so some authorities state it, but I find reliable authority for putting the number at eleven thousand. This seems almost incredible, yet facts are facts, and when we consider what power and wealth was for so long a time in the hands of the Pope of Rome, nothing seems incredible to be accomplished by time, patience, perseverance and unlimited resources. This is the home of the popes, but by far the greater number of the apartments are occupied by collections of paintings and statuary, a comparatively small part of the building being set apart for the papal court. This building, having been added to by different architects in various eras, has no systematic design, but looks more like a large factory than a palace for the vice-gerents of God. The Vatican contains the largest as well as the most celebrated works of art in the world; and if the reader ever visits Rome I would advise him or her to spend all the time possible in visiting the galleries of the Vatican, for no pen or words can convey a correct idea of the magnificence and the wonderful works of

art which are found in them, and which can be seen in no other galleries in the world.

Reader, come and we will now visit one of the old buildings of ancient Rome and the best preserved one among them. In fact, it is the only ancient edifice at Rome which is still in perfect preservation as regards the walls and vaulting. I refer to the Pantheon, which is a large circular edifice originally designed by Agrippa to form the conclusion of his extensive thermæ (warm baths) which were intended for public use only, and with which it was intimately connected. The ruins of the original building of which the Pantheon was a part may now be seen in its rear. It is one of the noblest and most perfect productions of that style of architecture specifically denominated "Roman" in existence. The interior is approached through a porch or portico one hundred and ten feet long and forty-four deep. The roof of this portico is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns forty-six feet high and five feet in diameter. The main building is one hundred and forty feet in diameter and one hundred and forty-two feet high. The walls are of hard burned brick twenty feet in thickness and were originally covered with marble and stucco. It was built by M. Agrippa 27 B. C., a relative of King Agrippa before whom Paul plead his own cause. The height and diameter of the dome are the same, being each one hundred and forty feet. The interior is lighted by a single aperture thirty feet in diameter in the center of the dome. The surface of the walls is broken by seven large niches in which were placed the statues of the gods. In 1609 the Pantheon was consecrated by Pope Boniface IV. as a christian church under the name of St. Maria ad

Martyrs, and in commemoration of the event the festival of All Saints was instituted ; first, on May 13th, but afterwards changed to the 1st of November. Victor Emanuel II lies buried in the second recess to the right of the high altar, and Raphael in the first chapel on the left. The half of this building in which Victor Emanuel is buried belongs to Italy, and the other half to the Roman Catholic church. The remains of very many noted artists, both sculptors and painters, lie buried here.

We next visit the Colosseum; originally called the Amphitheater of Flavian, or the Flavian Amphitheater. This was not only the largest, but one of the most imposing structures of ancient Rome. It was completed and dedicated by Titus, A. D. 80. It was built by captive Jews after the fall of Jerusalem when besieged by Vespasian and Titus. When perfect, the Colosseum was four stories high ; the first story, built on the Doric order of architecture, was thirty feet high ; the second, Ionic, thirty-eight feet; the third, Corinthian, thirty-eight feet; the fourth, Corinthian, forty-four feet high. The long diameter is six hundred and fifty-eight feet, the shorter, five hundred and fifty-eight feet; height, one hundred and fifty feet. This immense building was constructed of blocks of white concretionary limestone held together by iron clamps. Tufa and brick also entered into the inner works. The entire structure, immense as it was, was veneered inside and out with Parian marble. Although only about one-third of this gigantic structure now remains standing, the ruins are stupendously impressive. Notwithstanding that for a long period it was used for a stone quarry for obtaining material for other build-

ings, still an architect of the last century estimated the value of the material still existing at one and a half million scudi, or, of our money, two and a half million dollars. For five hundred years this theater was the great resort of the inhabitants of ancient Rome. "Which on its public shows unpeopled Rome and held uncrowded nations in its womb." (Juvenal.)

There were eighty arches of entrance, and it held one hundred thousand people, and could be emptied in ten minutes. Such was the order kept and the regulations observed, that there was no confusion. How different from the construction of the theaters and hotels of the present day, where thousands of people not unfrequently lose their lives for want of ready means of escape from burning buildings.

Surrounding the basement area or arena, as we would call it, at several places were constructed passages leading out under the seats of the audience to caverns in which wild animals were kept and cared for. Let me show you here this long passage which has been opened. You see it is above the ground floor, and below this passage was a great drain which could be closed by floodgates. This was for letting off water after the naval fights. On the right of this drain, but at a lower level, were two of the dens for wild animals. They are about twenty-five yards long and five yards wide. If you will notice, on the floor of these dens holes were mortised in the rock which were faced with bronze; these were evidently sockets in which metal posts were set to which the animals were secured. Condemned men and early christians were frequently devoured in the arena by these ferocious animals, for the amusement of the populace of Rome. The arena was

constructed with two floors. The upper one, which was covered with sand, was used for gladiatorial fights, and so arranged that it could be elevated by machinery above the heads of the spectators, and by a system of water-works water let in on the first floor or basement floor of the arena, in which naval fights occur. I do not mean that these gladiatorial fights or naval battles were *sham contests.* On the contrary, let me say, for the benefit of young readers of these pages, that they were *fights to the death.* We are informed that Commodus, who ascended the imperial throne A. D. 180, had an underground passage constructed through which the dead bodies were dragged, to clear the arena preparatory to other contests. When the Colosseum was completed and inaugurated, gladiatorial combats were continued from day to day for one hundred days, during which five hundred wild animals and men were killed. These gladiators prided themselves upon their prowess in hand-to-hand and short sword combats, with each other and with wild animals. When with each other, if an opponent was wounded and cut down, upon a certain sign being given by the audience the victorious gladiator withdrew from the arena and left his fallen foe to his fate. If, however, no sign of mercy was shown he was pierced through with a sword or javlin, and his dead body removed from the arena, as above stated.

It is no wonder the Roman armies were regarded as invincible, when we reflect that their young men were trained up to witness and engage in such pastimes of cruelty and bloodshed; all the refining, elevating emotions and promptings of their better natures being smothered down and crushed out by the cultivation of the baser, more cruel and tyrannical passions which

fitted them for war, treason, cruelty and oppression. Is there any age reported by historians in which the mere mention of its rulers condemn, as that recalled by the mention of Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitelius, and which sank at last under the hideous tyranny of Domitian? The Colosseum, when in perfect order, was such a massive, stupendous edifice, and being the pride and glory of the inhabitants as well as the symbol of the greatness of Rome, gave rise in the eighth century to a prophetic saying of the pilgrims:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand. When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall, and when Rome falls with it shall fall the world."

But the Colosseum has fallen, and Rome has fallen, but the world stands, and will continue to stand until God in his own good time shall send an angel or archangel to proclaim that time shall be no more. Byron calls the Colosseum "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

To the southwest and near the Colosseum, between the Caelian and Palatine hills, spanning the triumphal way which here joined the sacred way, stands the triumphal arch of Constantine, one of the best preserved structures of the kind in Rome. This arch was erected in A. D. 311, when Constantine declared himself in favor of christianity, and after his victory over Maxentius, near the little river Cremera, about nine miles from Rome. Maxentius lost the day after a bloody conflict, and in endeavoring to enter the city by the Milvian bridge was precipitated into the Tiber, where he perished. Constantine was received at Rome with acclamations, and became the first christian emperor of Rome. This arch spans the Appian way, where it

leaves the city, and was dedicated by the people and senate of Rome to commemorate the victories of the first christian emperor. To make this arch they removed reliefs from the arch of Trajan and built them into an attic which they erected upon the arch of Isis, re-dedicating the conglomeration as the arch of Constantine. By walking around and inspecting closely, the reliefs which refer to Trajan can be readily distinguished from those of Constantine, as they are representations of his victories over the Dacians. Over on the opposite side of the street from the Colosseum and a few hundred paces northeast of it we come to a cathedral called St. Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter in Chains). This is not a large cathedral when compared to St. Peter's and some others in Rome, but it is handsomely decorated and contains some interesting works of art.

On the right of the high altar is the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. Two twists of his hair represent horns. Moses is represented by tradition or some writer as a "horny man," or that his flesh or muscle was hard like horn. The artist in this statue carries out the idea in a literal sense and makes his statue as above stated ; with this exception, it is a magnificent piece of work. In fact, it is regarded as Michael Angelo's "masterpiece of sculpture." Here, it is said, are preserved the chains with which St. Peter was bound, hence the name of the church. Here in the confessional built by Pope Pius IX. are the tombs of the seven Maccabees. Here may be seen also some beautiful and celebrated paintings by the old masters. From the front of this church, by taking a narrow street leading to the left, we soon come to an entrance, a gate, on our left; this was the entrance to the Emperor Nero's

golden house. Reader, let me here give you a short description of this celebrated house as handed down to us by historians, that you may have a more correct idea of the fabulous wealth and extravagance of the ancient Romans.

"Suetonius, in his 'Life of Nero,' says Nero completed his palace by continuing it from the Palatine to the Esquiline hills, calling the building at first only 'the house of passage' but afterwards, when it had been destroyed by fire and restored again, he gave it the name of his 'golden house.' Of its dimensions and furniture, it may be sufficient to say this much: the porch was so high that there stood in it a colossal statue of himself one hundred and twenty feet in height, and the space included in it was so ample that it had triple porticoes a mile in length. Within the area enclosed was a lake surrounded with buildings, which had the appearance of a city. Within this area also were wheat-fields, vineyards, pastures and woods containing a vast number of animals of various kinds, both wild and tame. In other parts it was entirely overlaid with gold and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The supper-rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceiling inlaid with ivory were made to revolve and scatter flowers, while they contained pipes which shed perfumes upon the guests. The chief banqueting room was circular and revolved perpetually night and day, in imitation of the motion of the celestial bodies." Upon the dedication of this magnificent house Nero said in approval of it "that he had now a dwelling fit for a man to live in." Nothing now remains of this thing of beauty and folly except a small part of the original pavement.

Reader, we will now visit the church or cathedral of St. Giovanni in Laterano, "the mother and head of the cathedral churches of the city and of the world." This church was founded by Constantine, and takes the name of Lateran, from its occupying the site of the palace of Plautus Lateranus, the senator who suffered under Nero." This was the residence of the popes from the time of Constantine down to the migration to Avignon, a small city in France where Clement V. took up his abode in 1309, and where the popes continued their residences until 1377, when Gregory XI. returned to Rome. The old palace was much larger than the present, and included the sanctum sanctorum chapel. After a great fire in 1308 it lay in ruins, but in 1586 these were removed and the new palace erected by order of Sextus V. A part of this palace was set apart for the heathen and christian antiquities which could not be put in the Vatican or the Captoline museum for want of space. Here may be seen many beautiful works of art, both in sculpture and painting. But it would hardly pay the visitor to leave the Vatican or Capitol museum to visit it. This splendid church contains many chapels with their altars and is decorated with many celebrated paintings, statues, and some fine mosaics, the Gothic tabernacle above the high altar containing the sculptured heads of St. Paul and John. This is a fine piece of workmanship of the 14th century. In a building near this church we see the Scala sancta (a stairway composed of twenty-eight marble steps), said to have been brought from Jerusalem where it formed the stairway to Pilate's house, by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. The Catholics tell you "by ascending these twenty-eight steps on your knees,

saying a prayer while on each step, a thousand years indulgence or exemption from purgatory is secured to those who believe it. Unfortunately, being one of the incredulous, I could not avail myself of this liberal offer. But many, yea, thousands upon thousands do believe it, for the steps were crowded from bottom to top with the "credulous," while I remained there a looker-on. I found it as Dickens said: "The sight was ridiculous in the absurd incidents inseparable from it. To see one man with an umbrella unlawfully hoist himself with it from stair to stair, and a demure old lady of fifty-five looking back every now and then to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed."

Martin Luther had reached about halfway up the ascent of this stairway when he suddenly stood up, turned about and walked down. He said that a voice had whispered to him "The just shall live by faith."

At the top of the stairway is the "sancta sanctorum," a room which is only open to his Holiness the Pope, who alone can officiate, and to the canons of the Lateran for adoration on Palm Sunday. As I came out of this church I saw posted on one of the stone columns of the door a notice of indulgences for sale within. So many years indulgence for such and such prices. Now, if I believed in the doctrine of purgatory as do the Catholics, and did I further believe that exemption from the inconveniences and unpleasantness of a habitation in that unhealthy region they call purgatory could be purchased so easily from the boss agent, I would make a strong effort to take a little money with me when I left this world to see if I could not drive a better bargain with his Satanic Majesty or

whosoever has a title to that domain, than with his agents here.

Here on a certain occasion, that is, on the feast of the Assumption, the sacred picture "Acheirotopeton" (this long unpronounceable word meaning, "made without hands") is exposed to view. "The outline of this picture is said to have been drawn by St. Luke, and before he commenced applying the coloring or filling it in it was found finished by invisible hands."

Now, reader, if you make up your mind to believe all the miraculous stories which were told me and which I must tell you, well and good; but if, on the other hand, you prove to be one of the incredulous or skeptical, as I confess I was, you must take them for what they are worth and deplore the ignorance, superstition, and idolatry which shroud and darken the intellectual and moral being of this priest-ridden people. They are made to believe that they are not capacitated to read and understand the plain simple truths of the Bible, consequently are not allowed to read it for themselves, but must take it second-hand. They must believe, teach, and practice what a designing priesthood tells them it teaches, and be content therewith. I am sure if I could believe that by going up twenty-eight or even one hundred and twenty-eight stone stairsteps on my knees I could procure exemption from purgatory or any other physical suffering for a period of one thousand years, or even half that time, I would start at once and go back to Rome. I would willingly undergo another five or ten days of seasickness, and risk the peril of storms at sea, and be found climbing those steps as soon as I reached the city. But, reader, I propose to believe or disbelieve as I choose the

wonderful stories told me in regard to many things and places shown me while traveling through these countries; and I allow you and every other reader of this book the same privilege. I only give them to you or tell them to you as they were told to me. It will teach you what one hundred and seventy millions of human beings say, and what they believe, and what their leaders or spiritual advisers (priests) teach them to be sacred truths.

Near the Lateran church is a piazza or open square, in the center of which is an obelisk of red granite originally erected in front of the temple of the sun at Thebes, in upper Egypt, by King Thothmosis III., B. C. 1590. It was brought from Thebes by Constantine in 357 and was first erected at the circus Maximus. In 1587 it was found there in three pieces, and in 1588 was erected on its present site. This is the largest obelisk known, being one hundred and four feet in height, or with the pedestal one hundred and fifty-three feet, and weighing about six hundred tons. From this plaza we can enter the baptistry; this was for a long time the only baptistry in Rome. Tradition says Constantine was baptized here in 324. Other baptisteries and oratories and other buildings now surround the plaza.

I now ask you to go with me to a favorite spot of Shelley's, of which he wrote, "Among the flowering glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which are extended in ever winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in air." So Shelley wrote and so it was when he wrote; but alas! how changed. "From the beautiful grounds which once surrounded the public baths of Caracalla,

flowering trees have been plucked up, and even the wild flowers and verdure have been scraped from the walls, now to a great extent in ruins, bringing to light; it is true, the beautiful mosaic pavements, and enabling the visitor to form a more correct idea of the magnitude and beauty of this once magnificent and wonderful edifice. These glorious ruins standing intact before us display in the clearest and most complete manner the skeleton of this once wonderful structure." These public baths were begun by the Emperor Caracalla, a cruel, heartless despot whom the historian Dio Cassius informs us had his own brother Geta assassinated, not even sparing his brother's children, in order to become sole Emperor of Rome. He was made Emperor A. D. 211, and began the building of the baths called after him in 212. The bath-rooms covered an area seventeen hundred and twenty feet in length, and three hundred and seventy-five feet in width. In the center was a large rotunda capable of accommodating with a swimming bath sixteen hundred persons at a time. This large room was paved with mosaic and is pretty even now. Around and connecting with the rotunda was a series of chambers in which the bathers were oiled, shampooed, etc. Beyond these was a grand hall enclosed with pillars and a portico, in which were performed the athletic exercises. Adjoining this were the ladies bath-rooms. On one side of the athletic hall was a fine art gallery. In another direction we find another large warm bath-room, and adjoining this at the corners, four hot bath-rooms. In the sweating room the hot air was let in underneath a false floor through piping. The mosaic floor in the rotunda or swimming room has sunk down considerably, but with this exception

the old ruins are in a fairly good state of preservation and compares throughout with the parts I have described. This immense thermæ was surrounded by pleasure grounds, gardens of rich foilage, flowers, porticoes, summer houses, etc.; inclosing an area of one hundred and forty thousand square yards, or nearly a mile square. The ruins of some of these grand colossal old structures look more like the works of nature than the works of man, and are indices of what proud old Rome was in the days of her glory and renown. Adjacent to the old Roman forum, which was near the middle of the city, a prison was built (Livy says) by Ancus Martius seven hundred and fifty years before Christ, "in order," he says, "to suppress by terror the boldness which the vicious assumed from hence, and which gained ground continually." Servius Tullius added a lower cell called Tullianum, which was nineteen feet long, nine feet wide, and six and a half feet in height. Prisoners who were to be starved to death or to be strangled were "cast into prison" by being thrust down into the lower prison through an aperture or central hole in the floor from the prison above. These prisons, for they were increased until they were many in number, were hewn in the solid rock which underlies the city, as we dig or hew out cisterns.

I will now take the reader to one of these, which we will find under the chapel of the Crucifixion, in the church of St. Giuseppe-dei-Falegnami, for the church is built partly over the prison. From the sacristy a flight of modern stone steps leads down into the lower cell. This is the prison in which we are told Sts. Peter and Paul were chained while prisoners in Rome. Near the top of the stairway you see an indentation in the

tufa stone carefully guarded by iron bars, which they say was caused by the jailor beating Peter's face against the rock. Poor Peter, he must have had a hard face indeed, as hard as he is represented as having in the pagan god, called his statue, of which I have spoken. In the center of this cell there is a spring or shallow well. The Roman Catholic tradition is that this fountain miraculously sprung up here when Saints Peter and Paul had converted their jailors, in order that they might have water with which to baptize them. They also show you the stone pillar to which they are said to have been chained. On one side of this prison, which is a square room hewn in the rock, is a closed doorway which evidently communicated with another prison. Communicating with these prisons is an underground passage leading into the Cloaca Maxima (large sewer), through which the bodies of the dead prisoners were dragged to be washed into the Tiber.

We will now go out on the Appian way, passing through the central opening under the arch of Constantine, six miles to the church of St. Sebastian. St. Sebastian was one of the early christian martyrs. It is said that he secluded himself in a cloister, having only a small window through which he was fed by his friends, with no furniture or article of any kind in the room except a wooden cross. After two years of seclusion, penance and prayers, it is said the "cross spoke to him." Hence he was canonized by the Roman Catholic church. St. Sebastian was martyred by being shot to death by archers. The church, six miles from Rome on the Appian way, was built to his honor and memory, where his remains are interred. Under the altar of this church you are shown a slab of

stone with foot-prints chiseled into the stone the depth of half an inch. We are told St. Peter, becoming alarmed at the way things were going in Rome, determined to leave there and escaped from the city at night. When he had reached this point on his journey he was met by the Savior, and commanded to return to Rome and remain with Paul. It is said these foot-prints were made by the Savior while standing in front of Peter in the Appian way. The tracks shown in the slab of stone, which is placed securely in a glass case beneath the altar, looks as if the pattern given to the stone mason was that of the big foot of a negro or of an Italian priest.

Had I taken you to the church of St. Januarius while at Naples you would have been shown, for a consideration, some of the blood of the martyr, which they say miraculously liquefies three times a year; that is, on the first Sunday in May, September 19th, and December 16th, and for several successive days. The time required for the liquefaction of the blood, which is kept in a vial, depends upon the readiness to contribute and the amount of money contributed by the excited multitudes which always fill the commodious church to overflowing on these occasions. The poor ignorant dupes are made to believe it a veritable miracle. Here, too, they show you the skeleton of a child who I suppose was three or four months old. They say it was asked "How many is God?" and the little innocent held up three fingers, thereby indicating that God is triune, for which it was martyred. Had St. Januarius known how much money his blood would be the means of bringing his church the presumption is he would have died better satisfied.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS told that there were as many as three hundred or three hundred and fifty Roman Catholic churches in the city of Rome, a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. These churches cost from half a million to several million of dollars each. The common people of Italy are extremely poor, and for the most part very illiterate.

The landscape scenery of Italy is picturesque and beautiful. The soil is very productive, but the peninsula is too small to give employment to its overcrowded population, hence the offscouring of this country is being poured into America and other new countries.

When Paul came to Rome, he came from Melita (Malta) in an Alexandrian ship bearing an ensign of "Castor and Pollux," and landed at Puteoli, where he found some brethren who desired him to remain for a few days with them. It is not clear, however, whether he tarried with them or not. He says: "And from thence when the brethren heard of us they came to meet us as far as the Appii Forum." Forum Appii was a town of Volsci, beyond Ariccia, forty-three miles from Rome. It is mentioned by Horace in describing his journey to Brindisi as, "stuffed with sailors and surly landlords." It was there that the canal passed through to the Pontine marshes. "Suetonius" tells us that "Claudius Drusus erected a statue of himself wearing a crown, at Appii Forum." From the Appii Forum it is thirty-four miles to the three taverns or three shops. It was a "mutatio" or halting place,

which was nine miles from Rome. The Emperor Alexander Severus was buried here. The railway from Rome to Brindusium crosses the old Appian way a mile further on, that is, ten miles from the city. It will be observed from the above that some of Paul's brethren went as far as forty-three miles out on the Appian way to meet him, and others nine miles, that is, to the Tres Tabernæ (three taverns). This Appian way was the great southern road from Rome. It led through Capua to Brindusium, now called Brindisi, which, in the old days, as now, was the port for the East. The railroad from Rome to Brindisi runs over very nearly the same ground that this old road did. It was first made a regular roadway 312 B. C. Some writers say, however, that there was a roadway going as far as Capua before Appius Claudius built the Appian way. It was against the law for the Romans to bury their dead within the city walls, and when the privilege was granted in any individual case it was regarded as a great honor. It was their custom, therefore, to bury their dead on either side of the principal roads leading from the city. Cicero says: "When thou hast gone out of the Capua gate and beholdest the sepulchers of the Calatini, of the Scipios, of the Servilii and of the Metelli, canst thou deem the buried inmates wretched?" The Appian way was lined with temples, villas and tombs for miles out of the city on both sides.

St. Paul came to Rome in 62 A. D. and on the 9th of June, 64, just two years, or within a few days of that time, was crucified with Peter. At least the Catholics claim that Peter was crucified at the same time and place.

In the history of the Emperor Nero we learn that in the tenth year of his reign, A. D. 64, Rome was almost wholly destroyed by fire. Of the fourteen districts into which the city was divided, four only remained entire. The fire originated at that part of the circus which was contiguous to the Palatine and Cœlian hills, and raged with the greatest fury for six days and seven nights, and after it was thought to have been extinguished it burst forth again and continued for three days longer. Nero appears to have acted on this occasion with the greatest liberality and kindness. The city was supplied with provisions at a very moderate price, and the imperial gardens were thrown open to the sufferers and buildings erected for their acccommodation. But these acts of humanity and benevolence were insufficient to screen him from the popular suspicion. It was generally believed that he had set fire to the city himself and some one reported that he had ascended to the top of a high tower in order to witness the conflagration, where he amused himself by singing the "Destruction of Troy." Nero's guilt, indeed, is expressly asserted by Suetonius and Dio Cassius. Tacitus, however, says he was not able to determine the truth of the accusation. In order, however, to remove the suspicion of the people, Nero spread a report that the christians were the authors of the fire, and numbers of them accordingly were seized and put to death; their execution serving as an amusement for the people. Now, reader, listen to the cruelty of this brute Nero who had his brother assassinated in his mother's arms, and afterwards consented to his mother's death.

Some of these christians were covered with skins of

wild beasts and torn to pieces by dogs, others were crucified, and some were smeared with pitch and other combustible materials and burned in the imperial gardens in the night. "Whence," says the historian, "pity arose for the guilty though they deserved the severest punishment, since they were put to death not for the public good, but to gratify the cruelty of a single man."

I do not stop here to argue the case of Nero's guilt or innocence. For, whether guilty or not guilty of the accusation, his conduct in charging others with a crime of which they were certainly innocent and having them put to a cruel, shameful death, simply to screen himself from suspicion, showed a want of manhood and a baseness in keeping with his whole life. This circumstance in all probability led to the Apostle Paul's condemnation and crucifixion. For prior to this it is evident that from an expression in his letter to Philemon where he says, "but withal prepare me also a lodging, for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you," that he expected to be acquitted, knowing full well that as a Roman subject he had done nothing worthy of death. Some who have searched and brought all the light possible to bear upon this event have come to the conclusion that St. Paul had stood his trial before Nero and had been acquitted of the matters whereof he was accused by the Jews, and that he fell an early victim to the Neronean persecution inaugurated immediately after the burning of Rome.

The burning of Rome has connected the name of this emperor with christianity for all time to come. This event precipitated the era of martyrdom. Whether

Nero was guilty of causing that great conflagration or not, it is certain he was suspected of it by his contemporaries and accused of it by the excited, impoverished, houseless and desperate multitude. "Historians agree that his head had for years been full of the images of flaming cities," that he used to say that Priam was to be congratulated on having seen the ruins of Troy. It is further said of him that just before his flight from the city, he meditated setting fire to Rome again. It was said "that when some one had told him how Gaius used to quote the phrase of Euripides, "When I am dead sink the whole earth in flames," he replied, "Nay, but while I live." It seems that Rome, like all oriental cities at that day, had been built up with narrow, crooked streets, and it was said that Nero wished to destroy it that he might have it rebuilt with wider and straighter streets and more magnificent houses, that he might claim the privilege of changing its name from Rome to Neropolis (whether this be true or not I know not). Is it not strange to what depths of crime and infamy men's ambition will sometimes lead them ?

A few miles out of the city on the Appian way we visited one of fifty or more catacombs which surround the city. These singular burying passages and chambers are usually built of tufa. They consist of long, narrow underground galleries cut with moderate regularity, some three feet in width, straight down into the earth. The dead are buried in vaults cut in the sides of the wall. These galleries are occasionally widened out into chambers, which are used for family burial places. These chambers belong to certain families, and here we generally find an altar where religious services are held "for the dead." The corridors running from

chamber to chamber are used for the burial of the poor. When the sides of the corridor had been filled in with the bodies of the dead, it is cut deeper and the sides again filled and then again sunk deeper and so on until many of them reach a depth of thirty or forty feet. Others are cut at right angles to these, making a perfect checkerboard of corridors and chambers far down in the bowels of the earth; the roofs of these corridors and chambers being left far enough below the surface of the earth to be self-supporting. I saw many bible scenes rudely painted and frescoed on the walls of these corridors, and on the slabs of stone with which the graves or lengthwise receptacles for the bodies had been closed. After permission was granted to christians to bury their dead in their churches, very many bodies were removed from the catacombs and transferred to the churches. In making this transfer, the Catholics claim in many instances miraculous preservation of bodies from decay and decomposition, and other miraculous interventions of providence in connection with the dead, especially the martyred christians. To go down thirty or forty feet into the earth, and wander along these narrow passages, lined on both sides with the remains of the long past dead, the pale flickering light of a few tapers falling here and there on ghastly skeletons, make one realize that he is walking the streets of what in all reality is a "city of the dead." These singular cities of the dead are entered by a long flight of stone steps which leads you to the bottom of these deep galleries, where the remains of thousands of silent dead sleep in their lonely, gloomy cells, until called forth on the great day of the resurrection.

These catacombs began to be formed at the beginning

of the third century, and it is said that they were used as places of refuge by the christians during the inhuman persecutions through which they passed in the early days of christianity. We will now visit the cemetery and church of the Capuchins, an order of monks. But if you are afraid of dead men's bones, I advise you not to go, as you will see enough bones here to supply a button factory for a decade of years. Doctors are not afraid of dead men's bones; therefore, I did not hesitate to make a visit to this curious monastery. The most interesting part, the cemetery, is beneath the church and entirely above ground, and lighted by a row of iron-grated windows without glass. A corridor runs along beside these windows and gives access to three or four vaulted recesses or chapels of considerable breadth and height, the floors of which are consecrated earth brought from Jerusalem.

"When one of this order of monks dies, it has been their custom from time immemorial to take the longest buried skeleton out of the oldest grave and lay the newest slumberer therein." The brotherhood regard it a precious privilege to be allowed to rest after death in this holy ground; thus each of the good friars in turn enjoy the luxury of a consecrated bed. This is attended, however, with one serious drawback, that is, he may have to get up long before daybreak to give his bed to some other fellow." The arrangement of the unearthed skeletons strikes the visitor with peculiar interest and astonishment. "The arched and vaulted walls of the burial recesses or rooms are supported by large pillars and pilasters made of the thigh and skulls of these prematurely resurrected skeletons. In fact, the entire structure has the appearance of being made

of bones. The knobs and embossed ornaments of this strange architecture are represented by the vertibræ of the spine, and the more delicate artistic decorations by the small bones of the hands, wrists and ankles." While to an ordinary visitor these grotesque rooms look ugly and to a degree repulsive to an old physician, however, they are not without interest, as they excite in him an admiration for the ingenuity shown, and the artistic success accomplished in this queer way. On some of the skulls we see inscriptions setting forth the monks to whom they belong, when and where they died, etc. The greater number of the skulls are bare, but you see some with patches of skin and hair on them, and some the entire skin and hair has withstood the "moulding influence of time and earth damps." On these the skin is yellow, dry and parched, which makes the owner look hideously repulsive. In the side walls of this curious place are niches in which are placed skeletons of monks, some standing, others sitting, dressed in the brown habits they wore in life with hoods on their heads. "One reverent father has his huge mouth wide open, and looks as if he had died in the midst of a tremendous howl which he may have expected to reverberate and re-echo through vast eternity." As a general thing, however, these fleshless, frocked, and hooded reverend paters seemed to take a more cheerful view of the situation, and grinned with "ghastly smiles" at the visitor as though it was all a joke. I am glad they are able to look upon this novel procedure as they seem to do, for I am sure if they are satisfied others ought not to complain. The hungry thousands around them lose nothing by their continued

show of existence. Their angular, hollow, bare-boned frames show that they are not consumers at least.

Perhaps records have been kept and preserved, and the Capuchin monks we find here may know just how many dead comrades have contributed their skeletons, and through just how many years they have been thus liberal to build up these "great arches of mortality" it should be interesting to know. But I guess it is one of the things they do not make public, and we shall never know. I would like to know, however, all the same, but as I don't belong to the order and have no aspirations to have the framework or bony parts of my body dressed up like death with a nightgown and cap, to be looked at and commented on by the curious, I suppose it is one of the many things I shall die ignorant of.

Before leaving Rome I ask the reader to go with me to the church of St. Paul, or the chapel of Sts. Peter and Paul. A relief over the door represents these two apostles taking leave of each other. The superscription says: "In this place Sts. Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom. And Paul said to Peter, 'Peace be with thee, foundation of the church, shepherd of the flock of Christ.' And Peter said to Paul, 'Go in peace, preacher of good tidings, and guide of the salvation of the just.'"

"The first church built by Constantine to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Paul was destroyed by fire July 15, 1823. Its restoration was immediately commenced and it was reopened in 1854 by Pio Nono." It is one of the finest churches in Rome. You can not help being charmed with its beauty. "It is one vast marble hall, three hundred and ninety-six feet long and

two hundred and twenty feet wide and one hundred in height. The plan and dimensions of the present building are about the same as the original. Eighty corinthian columns forming the nave are reflected in the marble pavement. A grand triumphal arch separates the nave from the transept." On either side are statues of Sts. Peter and Paul. Around the church above the pillars are portraits of the popes in mosaic. The altar canopy is supported by four magnificent alabaster columns given the church by Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The base of the pillars supporting the altar canopy, and the altars at each end of the transept, are malachite given the church by the Czar of Russia. The front of the church, which is toward the Tiber, was uncovered but a short time before I saw it. The front is of beautiful mosaic, which has taken thirteen years to complete, and is said to be the finest production of the Vatican manufactory. The mosaic in the gable represents various scriptural scenes. A rock occupies the center, from which flow the four rivers of the Apocalypse. On the summit of the rock is the lamb supporting the cross. The cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem are on each side of the rock, whilst flocks of sheep are seen between palm trees, said to be symbolic of the apostolic college. Below these Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel typify the Old Testament. The whole triangle of the gable is beautifully bordered with the same mosaic work representing fruit, flowers, foliage, etc. Reader, does the wealth bestowed upon these cathedrals, their magnificence and splendor, seem to you as it did to me to give an air of respectability to the superstitious, idolatrous, ritualistic worship conducted within them?

"Prudentius," who saw the original church in its glory, described it thus:

"Imperial splendor all the roof adorns,
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden pomp, the vast circumference.
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might circulate the beams of morn.
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood
Of Parian stone, in fourfold ranks disposed;
Each curving arch with glass of various dye
Was decked. So shines with flowers the painted mead
In spring's prolific day."

This description applies with equal truth and precision to the present grand and beautiful building.

You had as well be singing psalms to a dead horse as to preach Protestantism to these Catholics. The Catholics are far more successful in making proselytes from the ranks of Protestantism than we Protestants are in making proselytes from their ranks. And why? The reason of this is obvious. First, they claim their system of religion to be "Christianity," and it is not often that you can persuade men to forsake one Christianity for another. The second reason I give is, that Protestants furnish them the material out of which to make Catholics by patronizing their institutions. We give them control of our children and they sow the seeds of their ritualistic system of religion in their young, vigorous, fertile brains which grow with their growth and in due time brings forth an abundant harvest. When I hear a Protestant religionist censuring or abusing the Catholics, and at the same time contributing his means to assist them in building up their institutions, if not directly patronizing them, it reminds me of the poor inebriate cursing the whisky that makes him drunk.

I was in Rome during Easter week. These immense cathedrals were crowded day and night. At the

request of old brother Taylor, a Baptist missionary, from whose church we were returning one night, I and one of the ladies of our company went into one of the three or four hundred Catholic churches which adorn that city. The crowd and jam was so great that we were glad to get out alive. Our brother Taylor whom, I am informed, the Baptists have kept in that Catholic city for the past fifteen years, has a little mission church there. I heard the then pastor of the church, a brother Eachetto, preach a sermon in Italian to a very small congregation, including the families of brothers Taylor and Eachetto; they had a membership of twenty-two. I make no comment on these facts. They are facts as I learned them, and they speak for themselves. The Catholics well know how hard it is to remove first impressions, consequently they rear their children in the bosom of the church, and their religious teaching and training becomes a part of their very being, so thoroughly interwoven with their education in all other respects which go to make up their individuality, that it would be like tearing a tree up by its roots to tear out these fixed principles and supplant them by others.

Then, again, to a large class of mankind a ritualistic religion seems to be more acceptable than a spiritual religion which induces to purity of life and conduct. The anarchist who believes and is taught that for a few shillings his sins, even to murder, can be forgiven by one who claims that this power has been transmitted to him, is not likely to exchange his religion for a religion that says, "Thou shalt not kill." I for one believe these things are all in the hands of a good and wise God who in the spiritual and in the physical

world doeth all things according to his own wise purposes.

Reader, I have not taken you to Palatine hill, the place where the palaces of the imperial Cæsars were erected. The place where Romulus founded the city, around which he built a wall. To do so would extend this part of my subject to too great length, and it would be uninteresting unless you could see for yourself the various objects and localities pointed out. The same may be said of the old Roman forum which has been excavated, exposing many interesting localities. I must call your attention to the grand pillar erected in the forum of Trajan, in commemoration of the Emperor's conquest of Dacia. Trajan's column is constructed entirely of marble, the shaft of which is eighty-seven feet high; if we include the pedestal, it is one hundred and forty feet high. The shaft is eleven feet in diameter below and ten at the top. When first erected it was surmounted with a statue of the Emperor. Around the column runs a spiral band three feet wide and six hundred feet long, covered with reliefs of scenes from Trajan's war with the Dacians. Comprising, besides animals, machines, etc., upwards of twenty-five hundred human figures from two to two and a half feet in height. In the interior of the column is a staircase of one hundred and eighty-four steps ascending to the top. The height of this splendid column at the same time indicates how much of the Quirinal and Capitoline hills had to be leveled or cut down in order to make room for the Basilica Ulpia which was erected in the forum, and on the north side of which this pillar stood.

It is related of this emperor that when he endeav-

ored to buy the property on the summits of the Quirinal and Capitoline hills with a view of having their hills leveled down, that the owners, like the people of our country, when their lands are wanted for railroads or other public purposes, valued their property so highly that he declined purchasing, and set laborers at work and had the earth removed in baskets until their houses were being undermined to such an extent that they concluded to dispose of them at reasonable rates. An emperor of Rome could do this in Rome at that time, but a railroad corporation could not do it in America at any time. This is one of the ten thousand differences between a monarchial and a republican form of government. In the excavated forum the foundation of the four rows of columns which ornamented the Ulpia church may be seen. Trajan lies buried beneath this grand pillar which was named in his honor. I looked with intense interest on the locality where the centurion Virginius is said to have plunged his knife into the heart of his daughter Virginia, saying: "This is the only way left, my child, to keep thee free and unstained." Then turning to the decemvir Appius Claudius, holding up the knife dripping with the heart's blood of his own daughter, exclaimed: "On thee and on thy head be the curse of this innocent blood." This historical event is too well-known to repeat in full. Suffice it to say that this doting father plunged the dagger to the heart of his child and laid her a corpse at his feet, rather than to see her sacrificed to the brutal passions of a superior Roman official to be made his slave and concubine. All honor to such a father.

Many other ancient monuments are to be seen in

this old city, but time forbids our visiting them. I have shown you such as are most interesting to the visitor.

It is five hundred miles from Rome to Brindisi. This distance we travel now by rail, changing cars at Capua. These cars are not constructed like the cars in our country, nor are they as comfortable. They are divided into what they call carriages by partitions running across the cars. Each carriage seats from eight to ten passengers, who sit facing each other, the seats being arranged like the seats in our ordinary road carriages. The car doors open on the sides of the car, one on each side of the carriage. When a train leaves a depot the doors of the carriage are bolted on the outside and the passengers compelled to remain seated until the next depot is reached. The signal for a train to pull out from a depot is given by an official stationed at the depot ringing an old croupy bell. Their eating stations are poorly provided with servants, and a traveler unacquainted with the language of the people through whose country he may be passing can not afford at these stations to stand back or sit still and wait until he can by signs and otherwise make himself understood. On the contrary he will have to pitch in and help himself to whatever he wants and as much of it as he thinks he can devour. It matters not if the proprietor demurs, shakes his head, stamps his foot and gesticulates wildly. He may be giving utterance to blessings or curses, and if you say hard things back it is only an offset. Neither of you can understand what the other says. I found it quite a comfort while traveling in strange lands to be able to say saucy things

to people and run no risk of being whipped for my impertinence.

That part of Italy lying between the Apennine mountains and the Adriatic sea is a lovely country. The railroad runs along near the Adriatic, the sea being frequently in sight. From the mountains to the sea this vast plain, comprising thousands of acres of fertile valley land, is filled with olive groves, vineyards and orchards of pomegranate, fig, almonds, etc. Scattered over the olive groves are rock houses shaped like hay stacks, in which are olive presses for pressing the oil out of the ripe fruit. Many of the olive trees in these groves are a thousand or more years old. The hearts of many of them have rotted out, leaving the shaft or body of the tree nothing but a large shell. To strengthen them, the farmers have built rock walls around the trunks, and stone columns but a little distance from the roots of the trees to support the larger and heaver branches. Grasses or small grain can be grown in the olive groves without injury to the trees and without materially lessening the yield of grain, as the olive trees are pruned closely annually and the area of shaded ground materially lessened thereby.

The prunings of all fruit trees are taken special care of and burned into charcoal, to be used in their cooking stoves. The farm-houses in Italy are generally built of stone two stories in height and covered with tiling. You see a variety of grape here, which is pruned down annually to within ten or twelve inches of the ground. This is one of the most desirable countries to be found, but overpopulation, bad government, a large standing army, and Romanism keep the masses in the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance.

Brindisi is a town or city of forty thousand inhabitants. It is located on the best harbor on the Italian coast. Large vessels can come up alongside the wharf and load by means of staging, as they do at our wharves. When I was in Brindisi, large quantities of olive oil and wine were being exported. The new crop of almonds was retailing at from twenty to twenty-five cents per bushel, and other fruits at proportionate prices. It is here as it has been ever since we landed in Italy, we are besieged by a horde of beggars.

Here the old Appian way terminated, and just out of the city may be seen the old fortifications which guarded this entrance into Italy.

From Brindisi to the island of Corfu, in the Ionian sea, is twenty-four hours run. Corfu is a lovely island, with a population of seventy-five thousand; although the island is only seventy-five miles in circumference. The little city of the same name is built from the water's edge up the slopes of the hills, and spreads over considerable space. Many of its residences in the suburbs of the city are surrounded by orchards and gardens of orange, lemon, and other tropical fruits. The little picturesque city of Corfu, which we had the pleasure of riding over, has a population of some fifteen or twenty thousand. The inhabitants, at least a large proportion of them, seem to be very poor. Fruits grown on this island are of superior quality and flavor, and so abundant that to the visitor they appear remarkably cheap. Fifteen hours run, after leaving this beautiful fruit-producing island, sitting like a little queen in the midst of its watery realm, brought us to old Patras in southern Greece, situated on the coast of the gulf of Patras, an old, quaint city, with a population of forty

thousand. Patras is a manufacturing city, everything being made by hand; that is, they use no machinery. The streets are narrow, crooked and filthy and without sidewalks. One of the first things we noticed is that the pride, which has always characterized this people, clings to them, even in extreme poverty, for, although poverty shows his grim face in the streets, in the houses and in the workshops, yet we find no beggars. Men, women, and children are poorly clad, and have a care-worn expression. The women were dressed in faded, tattered gowns, and the men in old clothes of various make-ups. The greater number, however, cling to the old Greek costume, the short plaited skirt reaching to the knees, short pants with full hose and slippers. Poor as they are, they are too proud to beg. The contrast between Italy and Greece, in this particular, was very striking. In Italy you are annoyed on every hand with beggars. Able-bodied men and young healthy-looking women, when out of employment, have to beg or starve. The few beggars we met in Greece were usually old decrepit men or women or such as were afflicted.

Reader, if you will accompany me in a stroll around the streets of old Patras, you will see some of the customs of these people which may be new and interesting to you. See that fellow with a pole across his shoulder, with halves and quarters of mutton and kid hung to each end. That is the way they serve the people with meats. He travels along the streets, going from house to house, selling to each housekeeper as much as wanted. In other words, it is a portable meat market. Here is a carpenter's shop where they make, among other things, coffins for street parades. You see these shal-

low coffins, made of thin, light boards. Here are some finished for sale. They are covered with bright material of different colors, gaily trimmed. The dead are shrouded in purple and laid in one of these coffins; oranges or other fruits are put in the hands and laid alongside the corpse. In this manner the dead are carried along the streets on the shoulders of men who head a procession. You may see one or more funeral processions before you leave the country. See that old market woman spitting on her eggs and wiping them with an old, dirty cloth to clean them. You see just over there out in the streets a rude, primitive machine for twisting and lapping thread.

Here you see them packing currants in boxes for shipment. The currants are heaped up in a large pile on the floor of the packing room. A lot of barefooted men and women stand in the boxes (one person in each box) and pack the currants as they are shoveled in by other laborers. "Are their feet clean?" you ask. You can see how they wash them and judge for yourself. Each one walks up to a bucket (all go to the same bucket of water, mind you), sticks first one foot into the water and shakes it and then the other, and then steps into the box. You see they are regular "footwashers" after a fashion. See how the people gather around us and follow us from street to street. Doubtless we are as great a curiosity to them as they are to us. But it is time we were going to the depot if we expect to go to Athens to-day, for, you remember, it is one hundred and seventy-five miles from Patras to Athens.

From Patras the railroad coasts along the gulf of Corinth. In some places the Pindus mountains run up

to the gulf, but the greater part of the way before reaching the isthmus the route runs through a very fertile valley from five to twenty miles in width, every acre of which is in a high state of cultivation, being planted in olives and currants, which are the staple products of Greece. Here and there we see some fields of wheat and other small grain. Now and then we see small flocks of sheep attended by shepherds. The soil is a very light grey, and after being once plowed and planted is cultivated altogether with the hoe. In this valley we first saw the one-handled plows. They were being used by both men and women. The farmhouses all seemed to be built of stone concrete or sun-dried brick, and covered with tiles as in Italy, and consequently are fire-proof. You never see here where a house has been burned down.

Just before reaching the isthmus of Corinth we come to a little village and a station called Corinth. Some half mile or three-quarters to the right of the station is a high hill on a level plateau of ground; on this hill once stood the old city of Corinth and the church of Corinth. It was once a famous city of Greece, commanding, by its position, the Ionian and Ægian seas, and holding, as it were, the keys of the Peloponnesus. "At one time it was the seat of wealth and of the arts, while the rest of Greece was sunk into comparative obscurity and barbarism." Its origin is, of course, lost in the night of time, but history assures us that it already existed long before the siege of Troy, which occurred 1184 B. C. So, reader, while we are looking at that high hill, now bare of trees and verdure with only a few scattering stones here and there, remains of old edifices which were built by the Romans,

we are looking at the location of what was once the proudest and most celebrated city in all Greece, and where once was located a church to which Sts. Paul, Peter and Apollus preached.

Let us recall a few of the historical incidents associated with this old place. "The Corinthians were the first people to build war galleys, and the earliest naval battles of which we have any account were fought by their fleets. The art of painting and sculpture, more especially that of casting bronze, attained to the highest perfection at Corinth, and rendered this city the ornament of Greece until it was stripped by the rapacity of a Roman general."

The tombs, in which had been deposited many handsome bronze vases and other works of art, were desecrated and ransacked by the Roman colonists (a Roman colony having been established there after the destruction of the city.); many of them were taken to Rome and sold at enormous prices. When the Romans defeated the Corinthians, or Achæans, as they were then called, in a general engagement and entered the city, it was given up to plunder and finally set on fire and its walls razed to the ground, so that scarcely a vestige of the great and noble city remained. Polybius, who witnessed its destruction, says that he saw Roman soldiers using the finest paintings as boards upon which to throw dice and for playing draughts. All the men were put to the sword, the women and children sold, and the most valuable statues and paintings removed to Rome.

It was, however, subsequently rebuilt by the Romans. Julius Cæsar not long before his death sent a numerous colony there, by whom Corinth was once more raised

from its state of ruin. It was already a large and populous city and the capital of Achaia, when Paul preached the Gospel there for a year and six months. It is said: "After these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth, and he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them." Acrocorinthus is a high hill which rears its summit far above the hill we see, and upon which the city was built. This hill can be seen from Athens, a distance of forty miles in a straight line. It is one of the finest objects in Greece. On the summit of this hill was erected a temple of Venus, to whom the whole of the hill, in fact, was sacred. Plutarch relates that Alexander the Great, when at Corinth receiving the congratulations of all ranks (on being appointed to command the army of the Greeks against the Persians) missed Diogenes among the number. He was unacquainted with his eccentricities, and being curious to see one who had given so signal an instance of his haughty independence of spirit, Alexander went in search of him and found him sitting in his tub in the sun. "I am Alexander the Great," said the monarch. "And I am Diogenes the Cynic," replied the philosopher. Alexander requested that he would inform him what service he could render him. "Stand from between me and the sun," said the cynic.

Paul founded a church at Corinth during the year and a half he remained here preaching, and it was to these brethren his letters recorded in the 1st and 2d Corinthians were written.

A few minutes after leaving the station (Corinth) we crossed the isthmus of Corinth across which a canal is now being cut connecting the gulf of Corinth

and the gulf of Ægina. The canal will be four miles long. After crossing the isthmus the railroad track is cut into the side of the mountains which form the northern coast of the gulf of Ægina until we reach Megara, one of the handsomest little cities of Greece. Here we run into a beautiful valley which extends beyond Athens and widens out into the valley of Marathon.

I must apprise the reader that what I have to say in describing the views seen at Athens, especially as to dimensions, style and description of architecture, etc., etc., has been selected from the most reliable authorities, and I have made these descriptions as brief as possible, realizing that they would be unsatisfactory to the reader who has studied the extent, beauties and magnificence of these ancient structures as they once existed, and further realizing they would but poorly acquaint the young reader of these pages with their imposing grandeur, but hoping thereby to excite in the minds of such readers a desire for a more thorough knowledge of them, which may be found in other works.

Reader, it is not of ancient Athens, the celebrated capital of Attica, that we have to talk, for that would take us back 1550 before the christian era, the time the ancient city is said to have been founded. There was a distinction made between part of the ancient city situated on the high rocky hill and the other part which was subsequently built in the valley below. The first settlements were made upon the hill and called Acropolis, or the "upper city," where the parthenon and other splendid edifices afterwards stood. The buildings in the plain where eventually Athens stood were called the "lower city." Nothing remains upon the

hill at this time except the ruins of the magnificent buildings which at one time were the ornament of the city and the pride of the Athenians. "This people have been admired in all ages for their love of liberty, their courage and for the great men that were born among them; perhaps there is not one single city in the world that can boast of so large a number of illustrious citizens, both in military achievements and in the walks of civil life in the same period of time, as in the city of Athens." Here lived the poet, the artist, the philosopher and the historian. Athens now has a population of eighty-five thousand. It is a well built city and all the modern part has good, wide, well-paved streets, nice parks and beautiful buildings; but, like other cities in this part of the old world, it has its narrow, dirty streets and shabby buildings. The country around the city is mountainous and barren, and affords but little timber, and is thinly clad with scanty vegetation. The valley lands are productive, but they do not appear to be very extensive in area. Doubtless they owe their productiveness to the large amount of fertilizers used by the agriculturists. The Acropolis on which the city was first built, as stated above, was separated from Mars hill by a wide cut made perhaps to increase the extent of perpendicular bluff sides of the hill as a means of easier defense, or to give a level foundation for the wall by which the Acropolis was at one time surrounded.

This hill is the natural center of all settlements in the plains around. It is a rocky plateau of crystalline limestone, rising precipitously to a height of several hundred feet. "It was the seat of the earliest Athenian kings, who here sat in judgment and assembled their councils. At a later period the judicial and pop-

ular assemblages were moved to the lower portion of the city and the Acropolis was devoted solely to the gods, and was covered with the most magnificent temples the world ever saw.

The Parthenon, the most perfect monument of ancient art, occupied the highest point of the Acropolis, "towering above all of its neighbors." It excelled all other buildings of ancient Athens in its plastic embellishments and the brilliancy of its various colors. But little of these, however, can now be seen among the massive ruins of the Parthenon remaining. The present structure, the ruins of which we now see, was erected in the time of Pericles; *i. e.*, about 450 B. C., to take the place of an older temple. The year the Parthenon was begun can not be definitely ascertained, but some idea of the length of time it must have taken to build it may be gathered from the fact that it included sixty-two large and thirty-six small columns and fifty life-size statues (which were used in the decorations), a frieze five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, three and one-half feet wide, with ninety-two Metapes or interspaces, and a figure of the goddess Athena thirty-nine feet high. The platform upon which the column stands is two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and one hundred and one feet broad. On this rise stood forty-six Doric columns, forming the outer framework of the temple. Eight of these are at each end and seventeen on each side, counting the corner columns twice. These columns are thirty-four feet in height, the lower diameter six feet three inches, the upper, four feet ten inches. These columns are all fluted, each having twenty flutes, which diminish in width, though not in depth, as they approach

the capitol. The crowning glory of this superb temple was the unequaled sculptures with which it was adorned by the chisel and under the direction of that master sculptor Phidias, whose plastic work has never been surpassed.

It may not be uninteresting to know what this work was, and how it was done. The central figure or portion of the material used was wood. On this the figure, was modeled in some plastic material, and this in turn covered with plates of ivory and gold. From the most authentic calculations made the value of the precious metals used in making the goddess Athena amounted to fifty-two thousand dollars. This goddess Athena was regarded as the guardian of the city, and with other deities had their shrines in the Erichtheon, a smaller, but, if possible, a handsomer, temple than the Parthenon itself. The original external form of this temple can still be traced in the present ruins, but the temple, like the Parthenon, has undergone numerous vicissitudes, being used at one time as a christian church and at another as the harem of a Turkish Pacha.

The main building of this temple was sixty-five feet long and thirty-seven feet wide, and stood upon a basement raised three steps, each step being ten inches high and thirteen in width. The columns supporting the roof were twenty-three feet high. The portico of the Maidens was a part of, or attached to, the last named temple. The roof of this portico is supported by six figures of maidens larger somewhat than life, standing on a parapet eight feet high. These figures are regarded as perfect in form, of an "elevated and vigorous beauty, full of the spirit of youthful grace and vitality."

The Propylæa, the most important secular work in ancient Athens, is the gateway leading to the sacred precincts. It is constructed entirely of fine marble from Pentelicon mountain. This structure was begun 437 B. C., and completed in five years, *i. e.*, as far as it ever was completed. This portal was the brilliant jewel on the front of the conspicuous rocky coronet of the Acropolis. It rivaled the Parthenon in the admiration of the ancients, and as one observer truthfully says, "even now, when time and the destructiveness of men have done their worst, we recognize in its noble design the bloom of eternal youth." The imposing structure consists of a central gateway and two wings, occupying the whole upper west side of the Acropolis. About forty steps from this structure is a large platform cut into the rock, upon which it is thought, stood the colossal statue of Athena Promachus (fighter of the van). This magnificent bronze statue was executed by Phidias of spoils of Marathon. This figure of the goddess was sixty-six feet high.

Near the base of the Acropolis, on the north side and near the west end, the theater of Bacchus was located. This theater or, as it is usually called, temple of Bacchus, may be properly regarded as the cradle of the dramatic art of Greece. This is the place in which the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes first excited delight and admiration. The old stage, in the front of which are reliefs of statues which seem to be bent under their burdens, is in a fair state of preservation. The seats were partly excavated in the solid rock of the hill and sweep around in front of the stage in a semi-circle, with a radius of one hundred and fifty feet. The seats rise in tiers one

above another, and are divided by narrow aisles, as our theaters are at the present day. The seats were formed of blocks of stone. The front, now consisting of chairs, made of Pentilic marble. It would seat thirty thousand people. From the theater of Bacchus, running west on the lower terrace of the hill in the form of a colonnade (we will find one somewhat similar at the site of old Samaria in Palestine), is the so-called Stoa Eumenia, five hundred and thirty-four feet in length, one side of which was formed by the arched wall in front of the masonry supporting the terrace above, or the upper terrace. This colonnade, which I took to be fifty or seventy-five feet in depth, extended from the temple of Bacchus to the theater of Dionysus, or the Odeion, and was divided lengthwise by a row of columns. The basement of the columns may be seen in situ. The Odeion theatre is the loftiest and most conspicuous among the ruins at the base of the Acropolis. This theater was built by Claudius Herodus Atticus, in honor and to the memory of his wife. The stage of the theater was one hundred and sixteen feet long and twenty-six feet deep; at the back of the stage is a massive wall pierced by three doors. The auditorium was two hundred and sixty feet in diameter and accommodated six thousand people. The seats rise one above another on the rocky slope of the Acropolis. These seats were all covered with Pentilic marble, and, unlike other ancient theaters, the whole was covered in with a magnificent roof of cedar. The roof has been destroyed, but the remainder of the building is in a fair state of preservation.

"The Acropolis, once covered as it was with magnificent temples, then unequaled in grandeur, beauty

and artistic design, was filled with statuary deities of unsurpassed workmanship and elegance. Its capacious theaters where dramatic art had its origin, its colonnades and other wonderful structures of equal elegance, have been for ages the wonder and admiration of the world; the theme of oratory and the burden of song. It is even now sublime in its ruins, and we can but look upon this historic hill and regret that its glory has forever departed."

About seventy-five steps to the north of the second bend and near the west end of the Acropolis is the rocky hill, which in ancient times bore the name Areopagus, or Mars hill. The entire hill seems to be one solid rock, totally destitute of soil. The northeast end is precipitous, and the highest part of it. From this part it slopes off gradually to the plain below. From this elevated point the entire city of Athens is in view. Platforms may be seen hewn in the rock in all directions as sites for the ancient altars, statues, etc. A flight of rude steps was cut in the rock as a means of ascent. They are now in a state of ruin.

"The ancient court of the Areopagus, consisting of venerable and eminent Athenian citizens, exercising supreme jurisdiction in all cases of life and death, held its sittings on this hill above the spring of Eumenides."

The market place of the ancient city lay on the north side of this hill. It was here that St. Paul in the spring of 54 A. D. delivered that memorable sermon of which we have an account in the 17th chapter of Acts, as follows: "Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoicks, encountered him and some said, What will this babbler say? Other some, He seemeth to be a setter-forth of strange gods: because he preached

unto them Jesus and the resurrection. And they took him and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know, therefore, what these things mean. Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." This I admit is the authorized version, but does he not mean that they were "in all things mindful of the divine or unseen influence?" It would seem to me that this was the meaning, from the following verses, to-wit: "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown god. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

"God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, etc."

Reader, on our way from Mars' hill to the hotel we passed the Theseum, the best preserved edifice, not only of ancient Athens, but of the whole of ancient Greece. It is an oblong building surrounded by columns. Its age and preservation are all that makes it of any interest.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT, reader, there are other ruins of noted things of the past which we must visit. Here is the temple of the Olympian Zeus or Jupiter, described by Aristotle as "a work of despotic grandeur." The original temple on this site dates back to the earliest period of Athenian history, although it was not finally completed until the days of Hadrian, that is, in the beginning of the second century A. D. The level plateau upon which this temple stood was artificially formed on the steep slope of a hill. The temple was originally constructed with one hundred Corinthian columns, five and one-half feet in diameter and fifty-six and one-half in height. On the north and south sides there were forty of these columns arranged in double rows, and eight at the ends. It was the largest Greek temple known, measuring on the upper platform three hundred and fifty-three feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-four in breadth. The enclosure around the temple was six hundred and seventy-six feet long and four hundred and twenty-six broad. The temple contained a statue of Jupiter and a statue of Hadrian. The area contained also a great number of Hadrian's statues, he being worshiped as the founder of the Pan-Helenic or national feast connected with this temple. All that remains of this grand, imposing structure is now represented by fifteen of the large columns standing in situ on the open plaza. Just across the street from where this huge temple stood is now a small, unpretending Protestant church (Presbyterian, if I mistake

not), and the only Protestant church except the English church in the city. Over the doors, written in Greek, it says: "The gospel is preached here every Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M. Pews free." This little church looks lonely in this city of eighty-five thousand inhabitants, where they have several hundred fine Greek Catholic churches.

Out at the foot of the hills in rather the outskirts of the city you find the Stadion, the scene of the Panathenean games. "It was built by the statesman and orator, Lycurgus, a patriotic, art-loving, and yet frugal ruler, who not only made extensive improvements in the way of public buildings, but filled the arsenals and harbor with materials of war, and, it is said, still left the public treasury full." The Stadion was built about 330 B. C., and was formed by the artificial expansion, or widening out, of the head of a hollow that runs up to the foot of the hills. Seats were made sweeping around three-fourths of a circle on the slopes of the hills, leaving an arena six hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and nine broad. As far as can now be seen there were about sixty rows of seats, accommodating fifty thousand people. As in the temple of Bacchus, the lower tier of seats were marble chairs. Some historians say that a rich Athenian gentleman, Herodes Atticus, of Marathon, who erected the Odean theater, provided the entire Panathenean Stadion with marble seats.

"Up to this period, Athens had continually progressed in external splendor. Thousands of people from every land poured into the city to attend the philosophic schools and gymnasia. It was also regarded as the

'mother of arts and eloquence.'" It was, as it were, the university of the ancient world.

We will leave the city in a carriage and take a run down to the gulf of Eleusis, some fourteen or sixteen miles distant, and take a survey of the remains of the old temple of "Mystery." Eleusis is now a poor, fever-haunted village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly Albanians. The widespread notoriety of Eleusis has grown out of the mysterious religious worship of "Demeter." The Eleusinian mysteries were regarded as symbolizing the highest and holiest feelings of mankind, but we will speak more of this after we have seen the ruins of the old temple. The "sacred way," as it is called, begins at the Dipylon, or "double gateway;" this gateway derives its name from the fact that, unlike all the gates of Athens, it possessed two entrances, an outer and an inner, separated by an intervening court. Outside the gate we find a number of tombs on each side of the road, just as we found them outside the walls on the Appian way at Rome. The designs sculptured on some of these tombs are not only beautiful, but give expression to sentiments and feelings very touching indeed. On one, a lady was bidding her husband and children farewell, shaking hands with them, as though she realized she was going on a long journey. Another lady was giving her box of jewels to her husband, in the presence of family and friends. The expression of the countenances in these groups was an index to the feelings which filled their breasts. One large, handsome tomb was crowned with a statue of a bull, life-size, in the act of making a charge. I suppose the tomb was that of a warrior. These tombs were in a wonderfully good state of preservation, con-

sidering they had been underground for thousands of years; the earth, or debris, surrounding the excavations being twenty or more feet higher than the excavated parts (they having been excavated only in recent years).

On the road to Eleusis we passed a place where the high rocky bluff approaches so near the gulf as to leave only a road wide enough for a carriage to pass. This is called Daphne Pass, a pass very similar to the Thermopilæ. Before reaching Eleusis we pass on our right a beautiful salt water lake comprising an area of seven or ten acres, which doubtless receives its supply of water from springs issuing from the hills in its rear, as the surface of the water in the lake is some three and a half or four feet higher than the water in the gulf, from which it was not more than one hundred yards distant. In this lake in ancient times the priests of Euleusis alone had the right to fish.

To the right of the entrance to the modern village lie the ruins of the gateway to the ancient precincts. Passing a large cutting in the rock at the lower part of the present village, we reach the plateau on which stood the great "Temple of the Mysteries." "The portico of Philon, in front of the southeast side, is one hundred and eighty-three feet long and thirty-seven feet deep, and was formed with twelve Doric columns, with two others behind those at the corners. The interior of the temple was one hundred and seventy-eight feet long and one hundred and seventy feet wide, and contained forty-two columns, disposed in six rows. Two other smaller temples adjoined this " and the entire ruins which you see in all directions around you show that there stood there in the days long gone by one of the oldest and grandest of the Grecian temples." Classical

history informs us that this, the most celebrated of all the religious ceremonies of Greece, was founded 1350 B. C., upon an old legend which relates that "Demeter," in the course of her despairing search for her daughter Proserpine, who had been carried off by Pluto, arrived at Eleusis in the guise of an old woman and was hospitably received into the household of King Keleas. This kindness the goddess repaid by giving some seed corn (wheat) to Triptolemos, the son of the king, and teaching him the art of husbandry. The memory of this inestimable gift which raised men from the roving state of hunters and shepherds and rendered them capable of uniting in a well ordered community was celebrated twice a year at the "greater" and "lesser" Eleusiana. None but the initiated or the "mystic" were permitted to take part in the ceremonies. Persons of both sexes and all ages were initiated, and once being initiated, to neglect this sacred part of religion was regarded as a heinous crime. This neglect constituted one of the gravest accusations which lead to the condemnation of that wise philosopher, Socrates."

The ceremony of initiation into this order was as follows: "The candidates, crowned with myrtle, were admitted by night into a place called the mystical temple. As they entered they purified themselves by washing their hands in holy water, and received for admonition that they were to come with a mind pure and undefiled, without which the cleanliness of the body would be unacceptable. After this, the holy mysteries were read to them from a book made of two stones fitly cemented together, and then the priest propounded to them certain questions, to which they readily

answered. After this, strange and fearful objects presented themselves to their sight. The place often seemed to quake and to appear suddenly resplendent with fire, and immediately to be covered with gloomy darkness and horror. Sometimes flashes of lightning appeared on every side, at other times, thunder. Hideous noises and howlings were heard, and the trembling spectators were alarmed by sudden and dreadful apparitions. This was called initiation. When these ceremonies were ended a word was uttered by the officiating priest, which implied that all was ended and that those present might retire. This ceremony was regarded as a profound secret, and if any one revealed it it was supposed that he had called divine vengeance upon his head, and it was unsafe to live in the same house with him; such a wretch was put to an ignominious death. The most conspicuous feature of the festivals, which were celebrated twice annually, *i. e.*, in March and September, and were thus synchronous with the revival and decay of nature, was the solemn torchlight procession that left Athens on the evening of the fifth day and passed along the sacred way to Eleusis. The details of the ceremonies, etc., connected with the mysteries are now in a great measure lost beyond recall; but our most reliable authorities state that the doctrine taught in the mysteries was a faith which revealed to them hopeful things about the world to come, and which, not so much as a condition, but as a consequence of this clearer light, this higher faith, made them better citizens and better men. Cicero was initiated into the order, and has recorded that it taught its devotees "not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope."

The ancient writers are full of the praises of the Eleusinian mysteries, of the advantages of the initiated, or of being permitted to participate in the ceremonies, claiming that it secured to them the favor of the gods while living, and brighter and more cheerful hopes in death.

Reader, let me call your attention to the little shrines with glass fronts containing pictures of the virgin and the infant Jesus, with burning lamps placed in front of the pictures stationed every few miles alongside the road as we come. These are placed by the side of the roads in the country for the convenience of the devout Greek Catholics, that they may call a halt and worship the holy virgin at these shrines while traveling, without having to visit the cathedrals. You see also another strange sight to the American Protestant, that is, these representations or effigies of Christ nailed to the cross, erected here and there, along the railroad tracks and other highways all over this Catholic country. While the Roman or Latin Catholics predominate in Italy, you see the Greek Catholics have their fetters of steel equally as firmly riveted upon this people.

Now let me call your attention to this distinction in the old ruins of Athens and Rome, and also in the people. In Rome we found many or nearly all the old buildings made of tufa, concrete, etc., and veneered inside and out with thin marble slabs. Here in Athens they were constructed entirely of blocks of beautiful marble, and in addition to this the architecture is of a higher grade, more taste and elegance showing a higher order of refinement. Another striking difference observed is the better condition and appearance

of the laboring classes. Another thing you could not have failed to notice : It seems that soldiers do police duty when any is done, for you see all manner of indecencies and outrages unblushingly perpetrated in open daylight on the streets seemingly unnoticed, and uncared for by even the better classes of the citizens. Even Mars hill is used as a place of private resort.

Reader, with your permission we will leave this subject for the present and prepare to be off to Piræus, at which point we expect to take shipment to Egypt. You will see some lovely olive groves and vineyards on the way, and notice that the road we travel is constructed on the foundation of one of the old long walls that once connected Athens with its harbor, distant six miles. What a proud, independent people these Greeks seem to be. The women are very handsome, and carry themselves with an ease and grace which an American fully appreciates. You will observe that I have left out of my description of the ruins of old Athens and Rome many things which we saw, and which interested us very much indeed, but we must not weary those who are not familar with them for the sake of our readers who are, as there are other sources from which they can learn all the particulars of these monuments of grandeur and glory which crowned these cities in the centuries long past. To me it has been a great pleasure to wander over the places, the descriptions and the fables and legends connected with which constituted so many of my hard lessons when a schoolboy.

Well, here we are on board the Russian steamer *Behera*, at Piraeus, the ancient as well as the modern port of Athens. And here we find some six hundred steerage passengers (Mohammedans en route to Mecca).

You see they are of every hue, from fair to ebony black, while the majority are of a light copper color; some of them are genuine thick-lipped flat-nosed Africans. They have tents spread over the upper rear deck; these are the harems where they keep their wives and concubines while en route. I am told one of these fellows has three women in that small tent or harem, another five in a somewhat larger one, and in that large tent which is about eight feet wide by twelve or fourteen feet long there are fifteen women. You will notice they don't laugh and talk as much as our women. If you had that many American women shut in a harem like that it would not be two hours until they would organize themselves into a Woman's Rights Convention, or a W. C. T. U., or a Sewing Bee, or an Aid Society, and have a committee out here collecting money for some kind of an enterprise.

You see mats, blankets and thin mattresses spread upon the deck in every available space, and the men sitting upon them with their feet doubled under them like so many tailors. Remember, these are oriental people, and, as we will find before leaving their country, are entirely different in their habits, manners, customs, dress and religious belief from the people of our own country. See what a wonderful contrast is here presented, a contrast applicable to nations as well as to individuals. You see the ladies of our country mixing freely with the gentlemen, their fellow travelers, enjoying themselves in social conversation, in reading aloud, in entertaining the gentlemen with music, and engaging together in every social enjoyment common among our people, while the gentlemen pay them every respect and attention, regarding it as a pleasure to do their

bidding, holding them in high esteem, regarding them as by far the better part of humanity, treating them under all circumstances as worthy not only of confidence and esteem, but of superior consideration and respect. Who but the heathen or barbarian can doubt their purity, their fidelity, their constancy, and our indebtedness to them for the early impressions made by them upon the opening bud of youth, which develop into those high and noble qualities of manhood which characterize the civilized christian nations?

We have an Egyptian princess on board. She is from Constantinople on her way to Alexandria, to attend an entertainment to be given by the Khedive. Her Highness is seasick and confined to her stateroom. It appears that the ever restless sea is no respecter of persons. It makes all sick alike, the high, the low, the rich, even the millionaire; the poor, even the pauper; no matter of what nationality, no matter of what race or of what color, nor what their previous condition, all alike come under its baneful influence and settle promptly this claim made upon all by the restless waves of both sea and ocean. But, reader, let me again revert to the contrast in the condition and appreciation of women that is here presented to us. In all the christianized countries where the social status of women is the outgrowth of the christian religion, inculcating refinement, culture and advanced civilization, all of which grow out of a belief in, and a practice of, the teachings of Christ, as given us in the New Testament, women are placed upon a plane of social equality with man. The Bible being of God, woman takes the position which God designed her to occupy. The Turk and Arab have a man-made bible, and women take



Egyptian Princess.

the status in which it places her. The Mohammedan bible or Koran, enunciated by Mohammed and compiled by Abu Beker, Mohammed's successor, allows every man four wives and as many concubines as he chooses. You see he pens them in his harem as we pen sheep. They are regarded as chattels. The men marry them and divorce them at will, and when they appear in public they have their faces closely veiled.

You now see another sight you perhaps never saw before. The Mohammedans are saying their noonday prayers. They first remove their sandals, wash their hands and feet, spread down a carpet or rug, turn their face first to Mecca, then to the right, that is, look over the right shoulder, then over the left. They do this to salute Munkar and Nekar, the names of the good and bad angels which they believe are ever with them to record their good and bad deeds. The Mohammedans believe they are accompanied by these angels through life, and that they remain by their side one night after death. Their bible (the Koran) requires them to pray five times a day. Their strict adherence to this religious duty under all circumstances, regardless of environments, has caused some one to give expression to a certain degree of admiration for their fidelity in the following lines:

"Most honor to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them everywhere.
Who amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in thronged bazaar,
In stranger lands however far,
However different in their reach
Of thought, in manners, dress or speech,
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mecca turn their humble head,
And as if blind to all around,
And deaf to each distracting sound,

In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to his presence soar,
And in the pauses of the prayer
Rest as if wrapped in glory there."

Before we have gotten through our travels in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, etc., we will have opportunities of observing the truth of this in every particular. You see now on this rolling deck they

"Quietly their carpet spread,
To Mecca humbly turn the head,
And as if blind to all around, etc."

Don't you see that old black ugly negro there, dressed so that you could not tell whether he was a she, or she was a he, so far as the dress would indicate the sex? But we know it to be a man, because the women are all in the harems. Now you see him going through his devotions while his traveling companions all around him are engaged in various ways, some eating, others talking, others smoking, and a large number stretched out full length on their scanty bedding. Nothing short of a stroke of lightning could stop that fellow or make him waver in the discharge of his duty. If a hissing serpent were within six inches of his head, or if the alarm of fire, or an order to "man the life-boats, we are sinking" be heard, that man would finish his devotions before he moved. I say this because Omar, second caliph after Mohammed, was engaged in prayer when he received a fatal stab from a fire worshiper, but the historian tells us he completed his devotions before leaving the spot. All Moslems follow this example. Nothing deters or distracts them from a faithful discharge of duty.

You see after saluting the recording angels he puts his thumbs to his ears and spreads out his hands; he then places his hands to his waist in front and rather

to the left side, then he places them on his thighs, bending forward, then he assumes the erect position, then he bends forward again, placing his hands upon his thighs as before; after this he kneels and puts his face upon the floor, then raises his body up, continuing on his knees, and again puts his face to the floor, after which he rises to his feet. It would seem that they repeat a certain portion of the prayer in each new position, as they retain each position about the same length of time. "The uniformity and regularity of their motions and prostrations remind one of the movements of well drilled soldiers." Now we see twenty-five or thirty all going through their bowing and genuflections at the same time.

The prayer usually repeated by the Mohammedans in their daily devotions is the first chapter or Sured of the Koran; it reads as follows: "Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the King of the day of Judgment. Thee do we worship and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, not of those against whom thou are incensed, not of those who go astray." These people regard this prayer somewhat as christians do the Lord's prayer, and repeat it often in private and in public. Their hours of prayer are at daybreak, mid-day, about an hour before sunset, at nightfall, and about one and a-half hours after sunset. I will find time and place to tell you more about this further on. Just now I want to call your attention to that group of four eating out of the same vessel. See how they twist off pieces of thin-baked bread and twist it so as to make it somewhat the shape of a spoon. Every fellow dips this into the bowl of

gruel or porridge, or whatever it is, and eats with a relish. They are truly "sopping with each other in the dish." When the dish of gruel is too hot to be eaten they cool it by fanning it.

Reader, you ask me what route and what course we are now traveling? Piræus, you remember, is situated on the eastern coast of the Saronic gulf, opposite the island of Salamis. We have been traveling a southeast course, and the many beautiful islands through which we have passed belong to the group called the Cyclades. Many of them are little more than barren rocks, but are inhabited by fishermen; the larger ones are productive, and are inhabited by husbandmen.

This is quite a little run we have had; it is something over five hundred miles from Piraeus to Alexandria, but those of us who had to contend with the winds, waves and storms of the dreaded Atlantic are prepared to call this a nice, pleasant voyage. And now, as we come in sight of Alexandria, on the Egyptian coast, our Egyptian princess has condescended to show *herself and her eyes*, for the eyes are all of her face that can be seen, the balance being covered with a veil. It looks odd to me, and I suppose it does to you, reader (as you are going this trip with me), to see a pretty, nice-looking young lady being waited upon by a tall, lean, lank, rawboned, black, African man. He is both a eunuch and unique man. I suppose this is the fashion in her country, and, you know, women will follow the fashions, let them be what they may, and it is right and proper in them to do so. A woman out of style had as well be out of the world. I copy the following description of the princess from my notebook: "She is of medium size, dressed in black, her

dress made something like a loose wrap, of fine material; complexion very fair, hair and eyes black; her features (as well as can be seen through a thin veil) seem to be regular, and would be called pretty. She looks to be not more than eighteen or twenty years old; has a fresh, girlish appearance." But here come the little boats to take us ashore. Among them are four very fine ones, lined and cushioned with velvet, and rowed by slaves in uniform. Three of them have Mohammedan women in them, an escort for the princess. The boat in which the princess goes ashore is richly and handsomely trimmed and decorated, and rowed by ten handsomely uniformed but barefooted negroes. All four of the boats have nice, tasty awnings to protect the inmates from the heat of the sun, for we will find it quite warm here, although it is only the 1st of April.

Of course, you noticed how these Arabs are dressed; those big, loose pants with the seats coming down below the knees looking as though they had their yellow legs stuck out at the corners of a meal bag, and their long, loose gowns, like our dressing gowns, coming down to the knees, some of them reaching to the ankles. All wear slip-shod slippers or sandals on their feet, and fezes or turbans on their heads."

Now, reader, here we are at the Abbot hotel in old Alexandria, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, one of eighteen cities founded by Alexander the Great, 300 B. C. The present city, however, does not occupy the same site as the old ; but little of the old city is left to mark the locality where it stood. "The first inhabitants of Alexandria were a mixture of Egyptians and Greeks, to whom must be added numerous colonies of Jews, transplanted thither in 336 to 320

and 312 B. C. to increase the population of the city. It was they who made the well-known Greek translation of the Old Testament under the name of Septuaginta or the Septuagint."

We will find but few things here to interest us. The first to which we will go is Pompey's pillar. This pillar is of red granite from Assuan, which is seven hundred and fifty miles up the Nile, above Cairo, near which place is found the only quarry where this peculiar species of granite is to be found. It is a mixture of red, blue and white, admits of a high polish and makes a handsome shaft. This pillar has withstood exposure to the elements for many centuries, and looks like it could stand as many more without injury. The height of the column, including the pedestal and Corinthian capital, is one hundred and four feet. It is about nine feet in diameter below and eight above. It is well proportioned and so located that it makes a good appearance. "This handsome column does not derive its name from Pompey the Great who was murdered on the Egyptian coast, having been defeated by Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia. He sought an asylum in the territory of his wards, but on landing in Egypt was slain at the instigation of Ptolemy. The most reliable historians state that it derives its name from the Prefect Pompeius, who, according to the inscription (on the column), erected it in honor of the "Unconquered Diocletian, the defender of the city of Alexandria." There is no ground for supposing that this column once bore the brazen horse, which the citizens are said to have erected as a token of gratitude to Diocletian. After that emperor had besieged Alexandria for eight months and had destroyed the water works, he at length

took the city and slew the usurper, Achilleus (according to the popular story); he then commanded his soldiery to massacre the seditious populace until their blood should reach his horse's knees. His horse soon after stumbled over a dead body and wetted his knees in human blood, whereupon the emperor was pleased to regard this as a sign that the unhappy citizens had been sufficiently chastised. Out of gratitude, particularly to the horse, they are said to have erected the brazen horse which was known as that of Diocletian. That the horse did not, however, occupy the summit of the column is proved by an ancient illustrated plan of Alexandria, in which Pompey's pillar is represented with a figure of a man on top. The inscription, moreover, indicates that the column was erected by Pompeius II, whose prefecture did not begin till A. D. 302; whereas, the defeat and death of Achilleus took place about 296. The column has, therefore, no connection with the story of the brazen horse, but was probably erected chiefly in commemoration of a gift of corn (wheat) presented by Diocletian to the citizens during a period of scarcity

Now, reader, I have given you the history of this magnificent column as it is given by the best authorities upon this subject. Alexandria, from a historical standpoint, is an exceedingly interesting city, but there are but few things here now worthy of our attention. Caracalla, emperor of Rome A. D. 211, visited Alexandria during his reign, and having attracted all the male population capable of bearing arms to one spot he caused them to be massacred. This was done to weaken their powers of defense. It was here that the Saracens, at the command of Caliph Omar in A. D.

642, burned the largest and most valuable library then in the world. It is said he asked if there was anything in the library which was not found in the Koran. If so, he said, it ought to be burned. And if there was nothing in the library but what could be found in the Koran it ought to be burned. Some historians say a large part of this valuable library was burned during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar, but the fact is this loss was replaced by the library of Pergamus which Anthony presented to Cleopatra.

Mohammed Ali improved Alexandria by constructing a canal one hundred and twenty miles in length. By means of this canal fresh water was conducted to the city from the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It also afforded the means of irrigating the adjoining lands, and connected Alexandria with the Nile and the rest of Egypt. The work of making the canal was begun in 1819, employing no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand laborers. Cleopatra's needle, which vied with Pompey's pillar in general interest as a monument of antiquity, was presented to the city of New York by Khedive Ismail, and is now a prominent feature in Central Park. A companion of this that lay by the side of Cleopatra's needle covered in the sand for centuries now adorns the Thames embankment at London. Both were brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria.

Before leaving this city with whose history many distinguished men are associated, I will call your attention briefly to three: Apollos, who at one time was regarded by some as a greater preacher than St. Paul or Peter, and who, it is now believed, wrote the book of Hebrews, was born at this place. "John Mark, a

bright young man, preached here, whom God inspired in after years to write one of the gospels." Then it is said Alexander the Great, who founded the city and gave it his name, although he died in Babylon, was removed here for burial. He was the man of whom it was said, "at the age of thirty-three, having conquered all known nations, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer." John Mark about the same period of life was giving the world a mathematical problem which has never been solved: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This is a question which eternity alone can answer. There is no doubt but that Alexander was great in human exploits, nor is there any doubt but what Apollos was "mighty in the scriptures." Alexander shed rivers of human blood, Apollos "turned many to righteousness;" which did the world the greater good?

Reader, we will not consume any more time at this place, as we will find many more things new to us, and of more interest, in traveling across the far-famed valley of the Nile, than we can find by riding over this old city. So we will be off to the depot. There is no country in the world that is furnishing us with more interesting history of the long ages past than the country we are now in. "There is no people in the world whose history is traceable to so remote a period as that of the people in whose country we now propose to spend a short time." It is true, this history was a sealed book to other nations for many long centuries, but it was chiseled in stone, burned in clay, or written on leather or scrolls of papyrus, and much of it lay buried beneath the sand of the desert, hermetically sealed, and preserved in such a

state of perfection as to challenge the admiration of all who are permitted to behold it. How far back in the annals of the past this history carries us, is a question which has not yet been authentically answered, for the whole book has not as yet been found; but year by year new items and new facts are being brought to light, and the links of the chain are being put together slowly, but surely, and we hope and may reasonably expect before many more years the earnest, indefatigable laborers in this field of science will be able to give to the world a complete volume, containing a connected history of this wonderful people, reaching back to a period of time that now seems almost incredible. In truth, when compared by the standards of Jewish and Christian chronographers, the remote dates with which Egyptian chronology now deals seems unreal, particularly when compared with the conjectural date of the creation, which date, however, is acknowledged to be in a great measure conjectural, for inspiration tells us that "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth," and no man knoweth when that beginning was. There is no data given by which man can fix a period of time from which to estimate or even approximate the cycles of time that intervene between the beginning and now. The beginning is but a point marked by the finger of God on the unending cycle of eternity. God says, "In the beginning;" who knows what that means, or to what it refers? It may mean the beginning of time, as time relates to this earth, or it may mean the beginning of his omnipotent creative power, when he spake into existence the elements of the world "without form and void." The answer I find to this and many other mysteries which

are all around, about, and in us, is "that hidden things belong to God; revealed things to us and to our children."

When we come to speak of Egypt we can but repeat the language of Herodotus who said 456 years before the christian era "that Egypt contains more wonders than any other land, and is pre-eminent above all countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." That is equally true now. You see and wonder, but find it hard to describe.

From Alexandria to Cairo is one hundred and fifty miles. The width of the Nile valley varies from ten to thirty-six miles. Our route, therefore, does not go straight across the valley, but we go a southeast course, which carries us up the Nile a hundred and fifty miles or more above its outlet into the Mediterranean.

We find the following prophecies standing recorded against the ancient Egyptians: "Egypt shall be the basest of kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations. The pride of her power shall come down and they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be wasted in the midst of the cities that are wasted. I will sell the land into the hand of the wicked, I will make the land waste and all that is therein by the hand of strangers. And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

These prophecies have been construed by some as referring in part to the land of Egypt. I differ with them in opinion, however. Every clause of the prophecy refers to Egypt as a nation. The tribes of ancient Egypt were consolidated into a nation four or five thousand years before the christian era by Menes, and Egypt was one of the most prosperous and cultivated

nations of the earth for thousands of years before these prophecies were uttered. To Egypt as a nation the predictions have been faithfully and literally fulfilled in every particular. Egypt as a nation has been debased, nor can it ever exalt itself again among the nations. Its glory has forever departed. The pride of her power has come down, fallen, crushed, and will forever remain so, and they as a nation, as a people, are desolate. And her cities shall be wasted. Where is Thebes? The jackals have their dens amid her majestic columns and beneath her sacred altars. Where is Memphis? Buried from thirty to forty feet beneath the mud of the Nile, not only dead, but buried, and its site so far lost that one hundred years ago its grave was not known. The birds sing merry songs from the palms that wave their feathery foliage over the grave of this once renowned city. Where is Heliopolis, the city of the Sun? Where Bubastis? Where Tanis? Buried beneath the sands of the desert. Owls hoot over the palaces of the Pharaohs, and the summer breezes sing requiems through once renowned temples. It is true that no prince has sat upon the throne since Ezekiel's prophecy was fulfilled.

Egypt, as the nationality referred to, has fallen and will only exist in the history of the past. But as a country, its resources are untold. Though a small country and poorly tilled, yet its exports amount to ninety millions of dollars annually. Its area of cultivable lands has remained unaltered since the remotest antiquity and comprises only about eleven thousand three hundred and fifty square miles, as given by one writer, and five thousand five hundred geographical square miles, as given by another. The difference must

be in their way of computation, and not in the area of arable land.

It has one of the most magnificent bodies of land in the known world, the only valley whose river irrigates and fertilizes it annually so that age has never impaired its productiveness.

"The valley of the Nile from Khartoum to the Delta, although from its great length (fifteen degrees of latitude) necessarily possessing great varieties of climate, forms one unbroken tract of country, the fertilizing soil of which is brought down by the Blue Nile from the Abyssinian mountains."

The inundations of the Nile are therefore dependent on the rainfall among the Abyssinian mountains. For that which falls in central Africa is more constant and uniform in quantity, being regulated by the influence of the trade-winds.

The annual rise in the Nile varies only a few days from year to year in its advent. The rise always begins about the first of June and swells slowly until about the middle of July, when the rise becomes more rapid. Towards the last of September it comes to a standstill and remains so for about two weeks. Then it rises again and reaches its highest level, some time about the middle of October, after which time it gradually subsides, slowly but steadily for a time and then more rapidly until it reaches low water-mark.

This annual excess of water is not allowed to overflow the banks of the Nile and spread itself over the valley as it gets higher and higher, as rivers usually do in our country. On the contrary, it is conducted into a vast network of reservoirs and canals, and distributed as required. Special engineers superintend

these canals and reservoirs, keeping them always in order and directing the distribution of the water. In January, February and March the fields from which the water has been drained gradually dry, the river reaching its lowest level the last of April or first of May.

Reader, while we are being carried over this favored land at the rate of forty or fifty miles per hour, you will notice that every mile or so we cross one of the canals referred to, and as far as eye can reach you see every acre of land producing an abundant harvest. While we are looking at this lovely valley and enjoying the sight of many new and novel things to be seen nowhere else, I will tell you something more about this strange land.

In the time of Herodotus (450 B. C.) a depth of sixteen cubits or twenty-one and a half feet of water in the Nile was sufficient for irrigation. When at Rome we saw a statue of the goddess of the Nile in the Vatican represented as surrounded by sixteen children, each child representing a cubit rise of water in the river. The depth of water now necessary to inundate the lowlands or such as are irrigated by the rise of the river is twenty-three cubits two inches, or forty-one feet two inches. These figures apply to the river at Cairo. A single cubit more is apt to cause terrible devastation by inundating that portion of the valley lying between the Damietta and Rosetta rivers (outlets of the Nile below Cairo) and other lands which are destined for the autumn crop; while a deficiency of two cubits causes drought and a famine.

These inundations not only saturate the ground sufficiently for the remaining moisture to admit of the



WATER MILL.

ripening of the crops without additional irrigation, but a stratum of mud several inches in thickness is deposited by the water. The ground is seldom prepared for sowing by being plowed. The seed is scattered or sown over the ground while it is still soft and moist, and pressed into it by means of a wooden roller, or beaten into it by paddles, or trodden in by oxen. This planting of the winter crop is done at different times of the season. The higher up the valley you go the sooner in the season the water subsides and gets later as you go down. In upper Egypt seed-time begins as early as the middle of October; in central Egypt, *i. e.*, from Sin to Cairo, at the beginning of November; in the Delta about the end of December. The winter crop, which is the largest crop grown in this country, consists of bearded wheat, barley, clover and beans.

It is estimated that there is some four and a half million acres of land in central and lower Egypt which are above high water-mark; that is, the water can not be turned on them from the reservoirs, and to be made available for agricultural purposes the water necessary for its irrigation has to be raised by water-mills.

These mills are exceedingly rude affairs and consist of one large horizontal wheel, which turns another perpendicular to the first, over which a rope or band runs with wooden or clay buckets attached every two or three feet, which bring up the water and, as they pass over the wheel, discharge it into a prepared reservoir. They are made on the same principle as that by which water drawn from a cistern with an endless chain with tin cups attached.

These mills are erected on mounds of the requisite elevation to conduct the water into the reservoirs. There are more than fifty thousand of these water-mills in this valley giving employment to one hundred thousand persons, and requiring two hundred thousand workstock to keep them running. Yonder you may see some men raising water with a basket made of rushes of oblong shape, two ropes are attached to its ends. It is made broad and shallow, somewhat the shape of a tray. The men stand on either side of a narrow ditch leading out from the canal, each holding an end of the ropes. They swing the basket between them, dipping it into the water, and by a dexterous motion pour it into the reservoir or irrigating ditch.

The rain-fall in central Egypt averages about one and a half inches per annum, an amount wholly insufficient for making crops.

The summer crops are much more varied than those of winter, comprising maize (Indian corn), rice, sorghum, cotton, ramie indigo, lentels, peas, etc.

Throughout the whole of Egypt a period of four months elapses between seed-time and harvest. The lands are owned by the government and the tillers of the soil are life-time renters.

Besides the articles mentioned above there are many other farm products grown in Egypt, such as hemp, tobacco, castor beans, poppies (for the manufacture of opium), most all kinds of garden products, also dye stuffs. Henna is used in Egypt and Palestine by the peasant women for dyeing their nails, the palms of their hands and soles of the feet a yellowish red.

It is now March, and we see the fellahin (tillers of the soil), as they are called, harvesting the winter crop.

You see them cutting the wheat and barley with the old-fashioned reaping hook or sickle. Some are pulling it up by the roots. They load it on donkeys and camels, and in this way carry it to market. They have no wagons—they would not know how to use them if they had. This people carry on their farming operations and till the soil with the same implements their forefathers did five thousand years ago. They have what they call the Norag, or threshing sledge, which consists of a kind of sledge resting on a roller provided with sharp semicircular pieces of iron and drawn by oxen or buffaloes. This sledge crushes the stalks and ears and sets free the grain or seeds. The grain is then freed from the chaff by winding, as I have seen done in this country in my boyhood days.

Reader, you say you see no farm-houses, or cribs, or barns scattered over this fertile valley. No, but you see every now and then a village built upon some elevated piece of ground. These tillers of the soil or fellahin live in these villages. Their houses are built of sun-dried brick which in time melt and crumble down. Soon another is erected on the site of the old, and that is what makes the mounds or elevated plateaus of land upon which the villages are built. You must remember this process of building and re-building on the same locality has been going on for thousands of years. Many of these mounds cover ancient cities and temples. Their houses are covered with old pieces of matting, straw, dirt, sorghum stalks, etc.; every family having only one room with a single door and a small square window put high up in the wall. They have no furniture of any description, neither table nor bedstead. They sleep on the floor of the hut

on a mat, sheep or goat skins, or some old, worn-out garment.

Wood, in Egypt, as it is in Palestine, is very scarce, and the peasants have to use the excrement of animals for making fires to cook with. The fire is built in the middle or to one side of the room, and a hole left in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The poorer peasants' mode of living is poor indeed. The staple of his food consists of a peculiar kind of bread made of flour of sorghum seed; wheaten bread being eaten alone by the wealthier classes. Sometimes this sorghum flour is mixed with bean flour, which gives the bread a greenish color. Next in importance in the bill of fare is broad beans called "ful." Their supper, which they regard as the principal meal of the day, usually consists of a highly salted sauce made of onions and butter or of onions and linseed oil; into this sauce they put various kinds of herbs. When eating, each member of the family dips into the wooden bowl pieces of bread held in the fingers, and eats with a relish. The milk of the buffalo, goat or sheep is also an article of food both in town and country. The milk is churned by being put in a goatskin bag and hung up and turned about to agitate the milk.

The population to Egypt is about seven million, or about four to six hundred to the square mile, and is, therefore, denser than that of most European states, and composed of the following ten different elements: First, the fellahin (singular fellah), the "tillers" or "peasants," form the bulk of the population and may be regarded as the sinews of national strength. Second, the Copts, the legitimate descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Third, the Bedouins, a name

applied to the roving or nomadic Arabs. They differ materially from the village dwelling Arabs and from the fellahin, who usually called themselves "sons of the Arabs." Then there are a great many sub-divisions of the Beduins. Then there are the Arabian dwellers in towns who are manufacturers and shop-keepers, servants, donkey attendants, coachmen, etc. Fifth, Berbers Berberi, singular; Barabra, plural. The word denotes, "non-Egyptians, to be unable to speak or speak imperfectly." The Berbers of North Africa and the town of Berber in South Nubia doubtless have the same origin. Sixth, negroes. This element of the Egyptian population was first brought into Egypt as slaves. They are distinct from and are wholly unmixed with the other elements. Seventh, Turks. The difference between the Turks and Arabs is one of locality. The Turks come from the northern provinces of Turkey and the Arabs from the southern, just as our northern brethren are called "yankees" and the southern people called "rebels." Eighth, the Levantines; a link between the various classes of dwellers in Egypt and the visitors to the banks of the Nile is formed by the members of the various Mediterranean races known as Levantines, who have been settled here for several generations. Ninth, Armenians and Jews. The Armenians are generally a bright, intelligent people. Many of them are weathy goldsmiths and jewelers, and they often hold important government offices. The Jews are readily recognized by their peculiar cast of features and their red hair. Most of them are from Palestine, but recently many of them have imigrated from Wallachia. All, or nearly all, of the money changers whom we see sitting in the streets of the oriental cities, as well as the

wealthiest merchants in Egypt, are Jews. Tenth, Europeans. The number of Europeans in Egypt is about eighty thousand, comprising Greeks, Italians, French, English, Austrians and Germans.

The Fellahin are a medium-sized people, they never grow fat, and are a dark copper color. They keep their heads shaved and for dress wear long shirts, indigo dyed, nothing more; in hot weather, less. They are Mohammedans.

The Copts are a smaller and a fairer complexioned people than the Fellahin. They are distinguished from the latter by their darker clothes and dark turban. They are classed as Christians.

The Bedouins, as the name implies, are a restless, roving people who live in tents made of black goat's hair cloth. They are of somewhat darker complexion than the peasant Arab, and dress in the long-bodied loose trousers and long gown. They are Mohammedans.

The Negroes are coarser or larger featured and far uglier than the negroes here, and blacker than the blackest. Many of them remain in slavery through choice. They are Mohammedans.

The Levantines are almost white, apt to learn, and are largely employed as shopkeepers, clerks, etc. They are Latin and Greek Catholics.

You see, reader, that of the seven millions of the population of Egypt at least six million are Mohammedans. But as we are now drawing near Cairo, we will resume our conversation after reaching our hotel.



Soudan African.

CHAPTER VII.

NOW, reader, here we are in the city of the Caliphs, and before we go out for a ride let me read you this little piece of history: "When Egypt was conquered by Cambyses, 525 B. C., the Babylonians are said to have founded new Babylon on the site now occupied by old Cairo, and during the Roman period that city became the headquarters of one of the three legions stationed in Egypt. In A. D. 638 New Babylon was captured by the general of Caliph Omar, and when he started on his victorious progress toward Alexandria he commanded the tent he had occupied during the siege to be taken down; as it was discovered, however, that a pigeon had built her nest upon it, the general ordered the tent to be left standing until the young birds should take wing. After the capture of Alexandria, Amru, Omar's general, requested the Caliph to allow him to take up his residence there. Omar refused to accord permission, as Alexandria appeared to him to be rife with elements of discord, and, moreover, too far distant from the center of the conquered country to be suitable for his capital. Amru accordingly returned to his tent, around which his adherents encamped. A new city thus gradually sprung up, and the name of Fostat continued to be applied to it in memory of its origin."

Under the Fatimite sovereigns of Egypt, who reigned from 961 to 1170 A. D., the modern city of Cairo was built adjacent to the old. Cairo now has a population of about four hundred thousand. It is situated on the right or east bank of the Nile, about nine miles above

the point where it divides into the Rosetta and Damietta arms. It has been styled "the jewel on the handle of the fan of the Delta." The city covers an area of eleven square miles, and on the east side of it the Mokattam hills rise to a height of six hundred and fifty feet, forming the commencement of the eastern desert. The city was originally built some distance from the river, and Bulak was its harbor, but it has now extended so far west that it reaches the bank of the river and includes Bulak. It is now the largest city on the continent of Africa, and one that interests the traveler as much as any city in the world.

Before going out on the streets let me say to you that you thought yourself besieged by beggars in Naples, but I can assure you that they were not a circumstance to what you will have to contend with here. Here you will hear for the first time the word "bakhshish," which will be sounded in your ears by every Arab man, woman and child with whom you meet, no matter where you go. It is usually pronounced "buckshee," and means "Give me something." So you had as well learn to say "Ma fish," "There is nothing," or "Allah ya tik," "May God give you," now as any time, for either one of these answers usually silences them. But you will find them like flies, when you get rid of one two come to take its place.

Wherever you meet with Arabs, you are sure to be annoyed with beggars. More, you will learn to appreciate and to have a sympathy you never experienced before, for the poor little donkey. You will find that it is smaller and swifter, more docile, patient, and persevering than the European donkey, and wholly unlike our own donkeys. Here you see him bearing all



Palestine Plowman.

manner of burdens, in fact he is the Arab's wagon, wheelbarrow, fruit carrier, go-cart, wood-carrier, vegetable carrier. All the vegetables, fruit, etc., brought to market in this city of four hundred thousand people are brought in the main on the backs of donkeys. Occasionally you see a camel loaded thus. You saw him as we were coming from Alexandria, with a good cart load of clover on his back, covering the little imp from his ears to the root of his tail, with one or two Arab boys on top of that to hold it steady. Whole families ride him, eat with him, sleep with him, at least he stays in the room with the family. When I was in Cairo, I saw a peanut roaster fixed on a donkey's back, and being driven around distributing hot roasted nuts to customers. You also saw the donkey and buffalo cow yoked together, drawing one of the forked stick plows, called "Lisan." What we would call the beam is made about six feet long and attached to the yoke. The upright to which we attach the plowshare is shod, instead, with a three-pronged piece of iron. I have seen them using this plow without the iron point. To the other end of the upright beam a single handle is attached. These rude light plows penetrate but slightly into the ground; in fact, they do but little better work than could be done with one of our iron tooth harrows. They use no lines on the plowstock, nor do they guide the team by teaching them the meaning of "gee" and "haw," as do our plowmen. They urge the team on and guide them with the goad. When the Arab wants his team to go to the right he pricks the near or left-hand animal with the goad, and *vice versa*.

I have seen baskets made of rushes swung across the donkey's back like saddle-bags and each end filled

with Arab children, and, as it is a custom among the Arabs to use asses' milk, the donkey is both a wet and dry nurse for the Arab mother. I know the donkey is not handsome nor his voice melodious. I know also that he can make more noise to the square inch than any animal I ever saw, except a colored preacher. I also admit that he is as stubborn as an obstinate woman. I saw some Arab children one day trying to get one of these little animals down a steep bank to the water. Some pulled and others pushed, but go he wouldn't. Finally two Arab women came to the help of the children. They all pulled and pushed, but the donkey sat down. It was no go. Finally one or two men joined in and by a united effort they got him to the water's edge. The donkey backed his long ears and said, in language easily understood: "Well, you have gotten me here, but I defy all the Arabs in Egypt to make me drink." For all this, if I had to live in Egypt or Palestine and be a woman, a donkey, or a a dog, I would first be a dog and then a donkey, and never a woman, God pity them. But I have seen this little patient animal beaten and cuffed about, overburdened and abused in so many ways, and yet so docile, uncomplaining and cheerful under it all, that I have come to the conclusion that he has far more merit than he gets credit for.

One of the first things you will hear when you go down on the street will be the donkey boys. Perhaps a dozen or more will surround you, each extolling the merits of his own donkey, "good donkey." If you are taken for an American, the boy will be shrewd enough to tell you his donkey is named "Yankee Doodle." Some of the streets of old Cairo are still unpaved, and

are too narrow for carriages. In fact the narrow lanes (for they are not worthy of being called streets), between the rows of houses, are so very narrow that there is hardly room for two riders to pass. In many of these old streets the projecting balconies of the upper stories (with their gratings) nearly meet. These upper stories are used for harems, where the women are penned in.

We will now see what makes Cairo so interesting, romantic and novel for the visitor. It presents scenes and incidents, barbarous and civilized, which forcibly strike and interest even the most indifferent. Here we see people of all nations, with their varied manners, customs and dress, and hear as great a diversity of language, perhaps, as was heard at Babel.

The traffic in the street, called "Muski," is so great, the street being rather narrow, that the long string of men, women and animals, of walkers, riders, and hacks of every description, looks like an interminable procession; a truly motley company. Now while looking, listen. You hear the cracking of the drivers' whips, the ringing of bells, the jingling of money (the money changers sit out on the street corners as of old), the braying of donkeys, the moaning of camels, the barking of dogs, and the yelling of the donkey boys.

The donkey boy runs along behind the donkey, giving him a pretty severe rap with his driving stick every few yards, and yelling "Ya-a-ar" at the top of his voice. He hits him first on one side, which careens him over to one side, and then he has to hit him on the other side to straighten him up.

The various cries of street venders and other persons who transact their business on the streets, the warning shouts of outrunners of coachmen, and the

cry of the Sakka, or water carrier, with his goat skin of water on his own or his donkey's back, all combined, produce as discordant a compound of sounds as can well be imagined, but better appreciated when heard than when imagined. You remember when Elijah went up on Mount Carmel and prayed for rain, after sending his servant the seventh time, the servant reported that he saw rising out of the sea a little cloud "like a man's hand," that Elijah said to him, "Go, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot and get thee down that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the meantime that the heaven was black with clouds and wind and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode and went to Jezreel and the hand of the Lord was on Elijah and he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

Now you see it stated here that Elijah girded up his loins. Doubtless this was done with a belt wrapped several times around his waist, such as you see all these Arabs here and in Palestine wear. Again it is said, "he ran before Ahab, *i. e.*, before Ahab's chariot, to the entrance of Jezreel." How long has it been since that occurred? Answer. Nearly two thousand eight hundred years, and yet this custom of having a runner to go before chariots or carriages is still kept up by these people and can be seen at any and all times here in Cairo.

It was some twelve or fourteen miles from Carmel across the valley of Esdraelon to Jezreel; it was during a hard rain, and the soil of Esdraelon is red and sticky when wet, something like the prairie soil of Texas in that particular. So you see it was no easy task performed by Elijah.



Water Carrier.

Let me call your attention to the water carriers; although Cairo has its water-works and could easily supply every house in the city with water, still the old custom of retailing water from goat skins is kept up. The carrier has his bag of water on his back and a shallow tray suspended from his neck, in front on which he carries several drinking cups or brazen saucers. They offer a draught to every passer-by, for which they are paid a small copper coin of the value of about one-fifth of one cent. Some of these carriers use five-gallon earthenware jars instead of goat skins suspended on their backs, from which they dispense water. This water is brought from the Nile, an instance of laborious work and poor pay. Many of the streets are sprinkled by these carriers; the water in skin bags being carried on their own or the backs of donkeys.

The cry of the fruit and vegetable venders when interpreted is curious to the stranger. The commonest expressions are, perhaps, "Allah yehawwinheh ya lemun" (God will make them light, O lemons; *i. e.*, he will make the basket light by enabling the vender to sell them). Another expression is, "Asal ya burtukan asal" (Honey, O oranges, honey; *i. e.*, sweet as honey).

From a very early period it has been customary for the Arabs to distinguish their different sects, families and dynasties by the color of their turbans or head-gear. The green turbans form the badge of the "Sherifs," or descendants of the Prophet Mohammed. The green turban is also frequently worn by the Mohammedan who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. The "Ulama," or clergy and scholars, usually wear a very wide and evenly folded turban of light color,

wrapped several times around the fez, or brimless skull-cap.

These turbans are usually made the length of the body, in order that it may be used as a winding sheet when the owner dies. The wearer, knowing it will be thus used, is thereby often reminded of death. The Copts wear blue turbans and the Jews yellow, and other Moslem citizens have theirs dark colored.

The women of the poorer classes wear nothing but blue gowns and veils. Their ornaments consist of silver or copper bracelets, ankle rings and ear rings. They tattoo their chins, arms and chests. Now and then you will meet one with nose rings. These, however,are more fashionable in upper than in central Egypt. Many of the Egyptian women color their eyelids and eyelashes and the nails of their fingers and toes with henna, a brownish-yellow tint, as before mentioned.

When equipped for riding or walking the streets the better classes wear a silk cloak, generally light-colored. This with the burko, or long veil, covering the whole face except the eyes, reaching nearly to the feet, constitutes their outdoor dress. The married women wear the habara, a kind of mantle consisting of two breadths of black, glossy silk. The wealthier classes when riding in carriages are usually attended by eunuchs. Among other customs we may as well mention here that the mother carries her child astride her shoulder or her hip. It is no uncommon thing to see the little coons sitting astride their mother's shoulder, with their head resting on the head of their mother's, sound asleep.

Out of the four hundred thousand population of Cairo, between eighty and eighty-five thousand are Europeans, who have built up the modern part of the



Garments of Wealth.

Isa. 52-1.

city in modern style, *i. e.*, with nice substantial edifices; wide, well-paved streets, parks, etc. On some of the streets in Cairo you would think you were in New York or Chicago, and by walking a few blocks it would bring you to another portion of city that would make you think you were in another and an entirely foreign city, so great is the contrast in the new or modern and the old parts of the city.

The bazaars (small shops) you will find inferior to those of Damascus or Constantinople, but superior to the bazaars in Jerusalem. In all these places the articles offered for sale are manufactured in the shop or bazaar where offered, and it is interesting to the traveler to see these artisans work with their very primitive tools. For instance, you will see the carpenter plying his trade without bench, vise, rule or auger. When dressing a board he holds it steady by sitting on one end while dressing the other. For boring holes they use an iron spike fastened in a circular piece of wood, which is turned by means of an instrument resembling a fiddle bow. The blacksmith and silversmith use a bellows consisting of a conical bag made of goat skin, which is open at the larger end, where it is provided with wooden handles, the other end terminating in a tube, usually a piece of an old gun barrel which runs under a small mound of clay to the fire. The handles of the larger end of the bag are adjusted so that the large end of the bag is opened and closed rapidly, thus forcing the air out through the tube. The lathe of the turner is equally as rude and primitive. It consists of two upright pieces of wood; between these the piece of wood to be turned is secured on the end of two nails. The piece is then turned back and forth with

a stringed bow used with one hand, while the chisel is held with the other hand and the toes.

These bazaars as you see, consist of narrow, dirty streets, or rather lanes, covered in with awning with narrow shallow shops opening into the street on each side; the floors being about two feet above ground. The proprietor sits upon the floor, with his goods and chattels in reach of him on all sides. "In this city one sees a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism," one conglomerate mass of all the elements which go to make up the nations of the Orient.

There are some places in the neighborhood of Cairo which we must visit, as they possess such an historic interest that we can not afford to pass them by. We must visit the pyramids, Heliopolis, Sakkara, and the Bulak museum at least. There are other places we would like to visit, but time forbids, as we have a long journey before us yet and will see many things about which I must talk to you. So tomorrow morning we will ride out and see the pyramids, as everybody has heard of the pyramids, but comparatively few have seen them. It has been said "that everything fears time, but time fears the pyramids." They are the most wonderful monuments of human industry and enterprise known to mankind.

From Cairo out to the Gizeh group of pyramids is a magnificent drive. The road crosses the Nile on the great iron bridge, which is four hundred and twenty yards in length and fifty-five in width. It was built by a French company. The road is thrown up and for



ROAD TO PYRAMIDS.

several miles out is shaded by a row of trees on either side whose branches meet overhead and form a beautiful shaded archway. It is about one and one-half hours drive to the slope of the elevated plateau upon which the pyramids of Gizeh stand. This plateau gradually ascends from east to west. The east and north ends of it are very steep in places, it extends nearly a mile from east to west and about three-fourths of a mile from north to south, and rises some seventy-five or one hundred feet above the level of the Nile valley. This plateau is the margin of the Libyan desert. The pyramids extend along a line of twenty-five miles in length, and include five groups, namely, the Abu Roash. Among this group is the remains of one made of Nile mud. This group, however, presents but little attraction and is not worth visiting.

The pyramids of Abusir, the ancient Busiris, are located some eight miles southeast of the group we visit.

The Sakkara; there are eleven in this group. The Dahshur, consisting of two of large size and two smaller pyramids of limestone and two made of brick, together with the remains of others, all of which are at a considerable distance from each other. One of these stone pyramids is three hundred and twenty-six feet in height and two hundred and thirty-four yards on its sides, nearly as large as the Great pyramid. These and the Gizeh are all near the Necropolis or old burying-place of ancient Memphis, and all of them can be seen from the top of the Cheops, as the Great pyramid is called.

But here we are nearing the foot of the hill or plateau upon which stand the pyramids. You see the

Bedouins coming to meet our carriage. Now you will see the yellow-legged scamps,—for they have on nothing but a long shirt,—throw sand before the carriage with the hope of getting the driver to employ them to scotch the wheels and otherwise assist him in getting up the hill, for it is quite a long steep pull for the horses.

Well, here we are at the foot of the Great pyramid, and there is the Sphinx that you have read about and seen pictures of ever since your schoolboy days. Don't you remember seeing pictures of the pyramids and the Sphinx in the geography you studied when a child? And here are dozens of Bedouins, all of whom want to be the favored ones to assist us in getting to the top of this immense pile of stone. Out of this motley crowd we must select three apiece, for it is not safe or prudent to undertake the ascent without their aid, and even with their assistance we will find it a laborious undertaking, and will wish a dozen times before reaching the top that the ascent could be made by an elevator. But before we begin the ascent, suppose we sit here in the carriage for a time, and I will tell you something about these wonderful structures.

The name pyramid, according to some authorities, is derived from the Egyptian word "Pi Rama," meaning "the mountain;" others think it derived from a word meaning "wheat;" and another, meaning "measure." Some Arabian historians claim that the pyramids were used by Joseph to store away the grain that served the Egyptians during the seven years of famine. I think the first explanation the best of the three and perhaps the correct one. As you sit here and look at this pyramid you find it difficult to realize its immensity. It

doesn't look to be as large as it really is. I suppose that is on account of its wonderful proportions. This one is called Cheops, after its builder. The authorities upon the subject say that it was built by Khufu or Cheops.

In a recent article in Harper's magazine by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, home secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, she says that the explorations and excavations made at Bubastes within the last few years have resulted in finding an inscription fixing the date of Khufu's reign at 4206 B. C. We are therefore looking at a monument which has been standing, just as you see it, over six thousand years. The Egyptians call it "The glorious throne of Khufu." The pyramid you see just over there about a hundred paces from this one is not so large. It is said by the same authorities to have been built by Khafra, or "Cephron," a brother of Khufu, about 4150 B. C., and the third one by Menkaurao, or "Mycerinus," 4100 B. C. These immense structures were continually being erected by the kings of Egypt down to about the time of the Pharaohs.

"After that, the kings, as well as their subjects, seem to have preferred rock tombs or mausolea above ground."

Herodotus, who wrote about 450 B. C., as before stated, says "that the stone of which this pyramid was built was brought from the quarry which we will soon visit across the Nile. More recent authorities say they were brought from up the Nile. He further states that one hundred thousand men were employed for three months annually in quarrying the blocks of stone and transporting them to the river; another one hundred thousand ferried them across, and yet another one hundred thousand conveyed them to the base of the

Libyan hills; that it took ten years to construct the road over which they were carried; that the road was one thousand and seventeen yards in length, sixty feet in width, and its height in the highest place forty-eight feet, and that it was constructed entirely of polished stone."

Diodorus Siculus, who wrote in the last century before Christ, says: "It is said that three hundred and sixty thousand men were compulsorily employed in the building of this pyramid, and that it took them ten years to complete it."

An Arabian historian, Masudi, says, "that the pyramids were built three hundred years before the flood by Surid, in consequence of the interpretation of a dream which predicted the flood. Having been assured, himself, that the world would be re-peopled after the deluge, he caused the pyramids to be erected and in them deposited his treasures, the bodies of his ancestors, and records containing all the knowledge of his priests, etc., in order that they might be preserved for the benefit of those who should come after the flood.

According to an Egyptian legend, Surid had this inscription put upon one of the pyramids. "I, King Surid, have built these pyramids and completed them in sixty-one years. Let him who comes after me and imagines he is a king to compare with me attempt to destroy them in six hundred years. It is easier to destroy than to erect. I have covered them with silk, let him dare to cover them with mats."

"Professor Lepsius, to whom the world is indebted for a systematic method of utilizing fragmentary historical records, found on the walls of temples and tombs, on

statues and on implements and trinkets, asks and answers the five following important questions in relation to the pyramids:" "First, how does it happen that the pyramids are of different sizes? Second, after Cheops and Cephron had erected their gigantic mausolea, how could their successors be satisfied with monuments so much smaller and of so different proportions? Third, how is the fact to be accounted for that an unfinished pyramid is never met with? Fourth, how could Cheops when he ascended the throne and chose an area of eighty-two thousand square yards, nearly thirteen acres, for his monument, know that his reign would be so unusually long as to enable him to complete it? Fifth, if one of the builders of the great pyramids had died in the second or third year of his reign, how could his sons or successors, however willing to carry out the plan, have succeeded in completing so gigantic a task, and in erecting monuments for themselves at the same time? And how comes it that many other kings did not, like Cheops, boldly anticipate a reign of fifty years, and begin a work of the same kind, the design for which might have been so easily carried out by his subjects?"

To all these questions the researches of Lepsius and Erbkam afford but one satisfactory answer, and to me, reader, it appears to be the most philosophical answer yet given to these questions; "Each king," says Lepsius, in his letter from Egypt, "began to build his pyramid when he ascended his throne. He began it on a small scale in order that if a short reign should be in store for him his tomb might be a complete one. As years rolled on he continued enlarging it by the addition of outer coatings of stone until he felt that his

career was drawing to a close." If he had died before the work was completed, the last coating was then finished, and the size of the pyramid was accordingly proportioned to the length of the builder's reign, so that had the progress of these structures always been uniform, it would have almost been possible to ascertain the length of each king's reign from the incrustations of his pyramid, in the same way as the age of a tree is determined by the number of concentric rings in its trunk."

The views above expressed by these learned Egyptologists give a very plausible and satisfactory answer to the series of questions asked.

Another question in regard to the pyramids which has perplexed the minds of many inquirers in this field of research is, what were the pyramids built for? Some of our learned men who have visited these structures, and measured the distances, angles and courses of the passages leading to the different chambers, have expressed the opinion that they were erected for astronomical purposes If erected for this purpose, why the necessity of so many in one locality? It is more generally believed, however, in view of the strange and mysterious religious doctrines entertained by the ancient Egyptians, an outline of which I give, that the reader may understand what influences induced them to erect these stupendous mausoleums, that they were erected for other purposes.

They believed in a supreme being which they called Ptah. The first great moving power, or cause, was personified and called Nun. The principle of light and the creative power of nature which implants in matter the germs of existence and light was called "Khepera,"

or the Scarabaeus with the sun's disk, whose emblem was the beetle. As that bug rolls up into a ball and covers over with dirt the eggs which hatch out its offspring, so this deity was believed to have concealed within the globe of the world the germs of organic life. Ptah was regarded as the greatest of the Gods, and represents the embodiment of the organizing and motive power developed from Nun, or moisture. It is Ptah which imparts form to the germs sown by Khepera, and breaks the ball rolled along by the beetle, or, in other words, the eggs of the universe from which emerge his children, the elements and the forms of heaven and earth.

Ra was a deity which was represented in seventy-five different forms. At first as Tum, the evening sun; after sunset, during his passage through the lower hemisphere, that of night is known as Knum. He is supposed to die when he sets, and when he appears in the morning it was regarded as a new creation. Evening and night precede the morning and day, hence Amenthes, or the dark regions, were believed to have existed before the upper regions, which formed the scene of human life. After breaking the egg of the world, the universe was thought to dissolve into three empires: Heaven (Nut); earth (Seb); and the dark regions, which were presided over by Ptah.

Here, you see, was a natural division of their gods; Harmachis, the sun at sunrise; Ra, the sun at midday; Tum, the setting sun.

These were supposed to be in continual warfare with the gods of darkness, Amenthes.

The reader will bear in mind that I am now endeavoring to give a brief outline of the religious

beliefs of the Egyptians when Father Abram visited Egypt nineteen hundred years before the Christian era, and for centuries before that time. Moses was no doubt familiar with this mysterious religion in all of its details, as we are told that he was "learned in all their wisdom," and that was saying a great deal, for they were at that time the most cultivated nation upon the face of the earth.

By accompanying the departed soul through its peregrinations in the regions of Amenthes, we may form a more correct idea as to what influences prompted these ancient and learned people to erect such wonderful structures as we now see in the pyramids, sphinx and the Mastabas, which, although some five or six thousand years have elapsed, are still the grandest architectural works ever accomplished by the genius of man.

Conducted by Anubis, the guide of the soul, a god represented by the figure of a man with a hawk's head, "the soul traverses the labyrinth, and by the aid of a clew, guiding it through its windings, at last penetrates to the judgment hall, where Osiris, god of time, seated on his throne, awaits it." Osiris is assisted by forty-two other gods as associate judges. They pronounce sentence in favor of or against the soul, according to its weight.

The soul was regarded as consisting of soul, or sahu, the heart and the intelligence. When a man died it was believed these immortal parts of his being separated from the body and that it was only the heart which was put into the scales of divine justice with truth. The intelligence was regarded as an emanation from the divine being.

It was believed that when the soul first reached Amen-

thes, the lower regions, that it had to fight with and overcome ferocious beasts; that it had to fight with and overcome demons, storm castles and struggle with invisible powers. Its triumphs in these conflicts must be accomplished through the virtues which resided in certain charms and amulets, such as sacred texts and hymns, the scarabæ, or sacred beetle, etc. These amulets, charms, etc., are found in every mummy case.

If the heart upon being weighed was found to be lighter than truth, it was condemned to suffer the torments of Amenthes or continue its existence in the bodies of animals going from the body of animal to animal for a period of three thousand years. This peregrination or transmigration, however, was not begun nor did the soul enter the body of an animal until the body decayed, the time required for its decay being deducted from the period of 3000 years, and here we find a potent reason, not only for mummifying the body, but also for erecting costly mastabas, mausoleums, and even pyramids for their preservation.

After the body decays the soul begins its three thousand or less years of transmigration, after which it appears before Osiris for a new trial. In this new trial the individual is obliged to give proof of his knowledge. Each of the forty-two judges question him in turn. He is required to tell each one his name and what it means, and must give an account of his whole life. Champollion called it the "Negative confession." The deceased addresses successively each of his judges and declares in the way of justification that he has not been guilty of such and such crimes. He does not stop, however, upon entering a plea of general denial, but asserts with all the solemnity of death which sur-

rounds him "that he has made to the gods the offerings which were their due; that he has given food to the hungry drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

These assertions of innocency of crime go farther and acquaint us with some of the police regulations of those ancient people. Thus the deceased asserts that he has never intercepted the irrigating canals or prevented the distribution of the water of the river over the country. He declares that he has never injured the stones for mooring vessels on the river. He also declares his innocence of crimes of a religious character; says, "he has never altered the prayers nor interpolated them;" that he has never touched any of the sacred properties, such as flocks and herds, or fished for the sacred fish in the lakes of the temples, or stolen offerings from the altars. "I have not blasphemed," says the deceased; "I have not stolen, I have not treated any person with cruelty, I have not been intoxicated, I have not allowed my mouth to tell secrets, I have not wounded anyone, I have not slandered anyone." In short, he makes himself out as perfect a man, as was the ideal perfect man, Job.

His heart being now weighed, it is found as heavy as truth. The forty-two judges assert that he possesses the requisite knowledge. The great Osiris pronounces sentence, and Thoth, the recording god or angel, records it in his book, and he is allowed at last to enter into bliss.

Reader, so great were the mysteries of the priesthood of the ancient Egyptians, and so intricate their religious doctrines, each peculiar tenet of their faith being represented by a god or goddess, but few Egyptologists

of the day pretend to understand it in all its minutæ. Every manifestation of deity in nature was worshiped through some divinity.

Their faith in a hereafter was not only full and entire, but they also had a distinct idea of a process of development in a future state of being.

The doctrine of the transmigration of the soul after the decay of the body gives us an insight into the reasonableness of mummifying the bodies of the dead, and also their reason for regarding certain animals as sacred. Judging from the pyramids, the mastabæ, the resplendent tombs and sarcophagi, filled with the wealth and jewels of kings, queens and princes, one would believe they cared more for the dead than for the living. One supreme being, however, above all other deities, is worshiped as the maker and preserver of all things. The hymns and ritual of the dead, the belief in the transmigration of souls, in the day of judgment, in the trial of the soul before Osiris, all this made the future life of the ancient Egyptian almost as real as the present.

"Their sacred books teach the unity and spirituality of God, immorality of the soul, a final judgment, besides a morality of justice and mercy."

Entertaining these views, it was necessary that the body, the earthly tabernacle of the soul, should be preserved. In order, therefore, to preserve the bodies and remove them from the influence of the annual inundations of the Nile, they were buried in the dry rocky soil of the desert; the wealthier making rock houses, or mastabas, in which were set the sarcophagi, or stone coffins, of the members of the family, *and kings in a place worthy of a king.* It is probable, therefore, that it was

customary to cover the rock tomb of a king with blocks of stone and raise a mound over it. But as time rolled on and kings became more and more desirous of perpetuating the memory of their reigns as well as preserving their dead bodies, pyramids were erected for this purpose. This is the opinion, at least, of a majority of Egyptologists who have thoroughly explored these pyramids and brought all the light to bear upon the subject to be found in the history of this people, and since my visit to them I am convinced they are correct.

But, reader, we ar[illegible]ust climb to the top, however difficult and [illegible]e. And let me tell you one thing, before we [illegible] Bedouins will begin to cry "buckshee" and beg you every step of the way up, and when we get on top they will tell us unless we pay them more than we agreed they will leave us and not assist us down. They know that the descent is perhaps even more dangerous than the ascent. We must pay no attention to their demands or their threats. They really don't mean it. They are thoroughly trained liars. They regard it more of an accomplishment than a disgrace. So here we go, a Bedouin holding to each hand, who climbs up step by step above us, pulling us after them, with another behind to give us a lift. The stones of which the pyramids are built are about three feet square and from four to six feet long. So in making the ascent you have to step up three feet at a stride. It is five hundred and sixty-eight feet up this sloping side to the top. The length of each side is seven hundred and fifty feet. The perpendicular height is four hundred and fifty-one feet. Before the apex was thrown down it was four hundred and eighty-two

feet. The apex has been thrown off until the top is now twelve or fifteen feet square.

Well, reader, here we are on top of the great pyramid at last, and if you feel as I do you are thoroughly tired, so we will sit down and enjoy the prospect while we are resting. Here you see as far as vision can reach one broad expanse of reddish brown sand. How still, how lifeless. Not a living thing to be seen. Not a green sprig of grass or a rustling leaf, no cheering brook or spring or running river. Not even a chirping bird or wandering insect to be seen or heard buzzing through the air.

What a striki[illegible]eath ; a vast, dreary, wild waste, see[illegible]oreless, boundless, endless! Now, reader, turn an[illegible]cast your eye over the rich luxuriant and fertile valley of the Nile. Here you have "fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight." Here are fields laden with green, intersected in every direction by canals, on the banks of which are stately palms, waving their feathery fan-like leaves and interlacing their shadows over the fellahin villages, perched like ant-hills on embankments or mounds. Here is life, animation ; everything looks bright, cheerful, hopeful. God's blessing seems to rest here, giving peace and plenty. The blight of his curse seems to rest there ; yet but a line, as it were, divides the one from the other—life here, death there.

If we expect to visit the chambers of this miniature mountain of stone, which measures three million fifty-seven thousand cubic yards, and weighs six million eight hundred and forty-eight thousand tons, it is time we were climbing down its steep, rugged sides. You found it, in reference to the threats of the Bedouins, as

I told you. A stranger who had not been warned would think they were going to leave him helpless, upon the summit of the pyramid, and comply with their demands, which are always exhorbitant. The usual fee or hire for two assistants is an amount equal to our fifty cents each. The two pullers pay the pusher, but nearly all travelers give them twenty-five cents apiece extra, or as "buckshee," when they return from the chambers. On the north side of this pyramid, some fifty feet on a perpendicular from the base level, we find the entrance to the passage which leads to the interior chambers. This passage is about three feet square and descends in a straight line one hundred and six and a half yards at an angle of twenty-six degrees forty one minutes. Twenty yards from the entrance we encounter a triangular trap-door made of granite. It is let into the ceiling and kept in place by iron clamps. It is so hard that the Arabian treasure hunters cut a way around it in the softer limestone, or this was probably done by the Persians, who entered the pyramids 500 B. C.

Just beyond this door we find another passage leading upward at about the same angle. This downward passage terminates in a horizontal corridor twenty-seven feet in length, three feet in height, and two feet in width, which leads to the subterranean chamber, a chamber hewn in the rock upon which the pyramid is built. The east and the west sides of this chamber are forty-six feet in length. The north and south sides twenty-seven feet; height of ceiling, ten and a half feet. The floor of this chamber is one hundred feet below the level of the stone upon which the pyramid sits. This chamber evidently was dug out in the stone and the passageway made as far as the surface before the

pyramid was erected; the passageway being continued as the work progressed. Now we will retrace our way up from this chamber back to where the ascending passage leading upwards intercepts it.

We travel this way forty-one yards and enter the great hall, and now we feel thankful, for we can straighten up and take a good, full, deep breath, for we have been crawling baby fashion all this time. I don't know how you felt going down that long damp passage. I felt like I was crawling down the barrel of one of those old long Choctaw rifles, expecting it to go off every minute.

This great hall is twenty-eight feet high, six feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-five long. At the end of the great hall is a small horizontal passage twenty-two feet long, three feet eight inches high, which at about the middle expands into a small ante-chamber; we pass through this and soon reach a chamber called the "Kings' chamber." The north and south sides of this chamber are seventeen feet in length. The east and west sides are thirty-four and a half feet; height of ceiling, nineteen feet. The floor of this chamber is one hundred and thirty-nine and a half feet above the level of the plateau upon which the pyramid rests. This chamber is lined with granite and roofed with immense granite flags eighteen feet long. There is an old mutilated empty sarcophagus without a lid sitting in this chamber. Its length is seven and a half feet, width three feet three inches, height three feet four inches. Now we retrace our way to this chamber until we pass through the great hall, and then follow the horizontal passage which we saw diverging at that point. Here we are; this you will find leads us to

what is called the "Queens' chamber" or the "Chamber of the Queens." This passage, as you fully realize while crawling through it, is only three feet nine inches in height, but before reaching the chamber the floor sinks down somewhat, and the height increases to five feet eight inches. This chamber is seventeen by eighteen feet ten inches, the height twenty feet.

The architect who superintended the erection of the pyramid was careful enough not to place these chambers one over another, as the immense superincumbent weight might have crushed them in. Another precaution was taken by letting the ends of slabs of stone forming the roof extend far enough over the side walls to be worked into the outside masonry. The roofs being made pointed, the ends of the slabs from each side rest against each other at the top. Then again, they placed hollow chambers above these large chambers, to make less weight immediately above them. These are not so large, and are difficult of access. In one of these cavities, when discovered by Colonel Campbell, the name of Khufu was found engraven.

The notches or steps on the side of this pyramid were originally filled in with blocks of triangular stone, making the outer surface smooth. It was just as we see in the upper part of the pyramid of Cephron, which is near this. The pyramid of Cephron, being on a higher plateau, looks to be as high as Cheops, but actual measurements show that to the apex, which has never been disturbed, it is only four hundred and fifty feet, while Cheops was originally four hundred and eighty-two feet in height. Cheops contains stone enough to run a wall two feet thick and six feet high from Boston, Massachusetts, to San Francisco, California.

The pyramid of Cephron contains several chambers, the dimensions of one of which is sixteen and one-half by forty-six and one-half feet, and twenty-two and a half feet to the ceiling. When this chamber was discovered by Belzoni in 1815, or about that date, it contained a sarcophagus made of granite let into the ground and filled with rubbish. The lid was broken. The entrance of the passage leading to this chamber can be seen when standing at the foot of the pyramid. It is about thirty-eight or forty feet above the base on the north side of the pyramid, as are all of the entrances to the interior chambers in all of the pyramids, *i. e.*, they open out on the north side. This one has another entrance, the mouth of which is on a level with the base. This passage at first is at an angle of twenty-one degrees forty minutes, and reaches a trap-door, after which it runs horizontally a distance of fifty-nine feet, then ascends, terminating after a distance in all of ninety-seven feet in a corridor leading to the chamber above described. From this corridor another passage leads off to another chamber. How could these passages be used for astronomical purposes?

The third large pyramid near the other two was built by Menkaura. It is smaller than the others, the perpendicular height being only two hundred and four feet, the sloping sides each two hundred and sixty-two feet. Menkaura, or Mycerinus, the son of Khufu or Cheops, reigned after the death of his uncle Cephron, and built this pyramid. The sarcophagus which was found in one of the chambers was lost off the coast of Carthagena, south of Spain, with the vessel in which it was being transported to England. It was finely executed, composed of brown basalt, showing a blue

tint when broken. The inscription on the wooden lid, now in the British museum, reads as follows: "Osiris, King Menkaura, ever living, who art descended from heaven, who wast born under the heart of Nut and heir of the sun. Thy mother, Nut, spreads herself over thee in her name, which is the mystery of heaven. She has granted thee to be like a god annihilating thy enemies. King Menkaura, ever living."

Herodotus says Menkaura built this pyramid, and the discovery of the sarcophagus and this wooden lid with the above quoted inscription confirms it. Let me say to the young reader of these pages that there is a difference of opinion entertained by Egyptologists as to the date of the erection of these pyramids, growing out of an inability to determine the number of years to be included in a dynasty, or the length of time a family reigned. If only one member of a family reigned at a time the sum of years of a dynasty would extend over a longer period of time necessarily than if two or more of the same family were kings over different sections or provinces of Egypt, at the same time. If, for instance, the families or dynasties of the Thinites and Memphites and others reigned in succession and their reigns be simply added together, the sum which results would be large and run dates much farther back than if it be assumed, as is done by Manetho, that several of the same family reigned cotemporaneously in different parts of the country.

This difference of opinion renders uncertain not only the exact time the pyramids were built, but it also throws a doubt or uncertainty as to when old Memphis was founded by Menes, who is regarded as the first

earthly king of Egypt, all others prior to him being considered mythical.

The priest Manetho, who was said to have been born at Sebennytus, where the interesting modern town of Semennud (a densely packed mass of low mud hovels), now stands, being acquainted with the Greek language, was employed by King Ptolemy II B. C. 284–246 to translate the ancient historical works preserved in the temples. "This history enjoyed a high reputation at a later period, but was lost with the exception of his lists of the kings and their dates, which has been partly transmitted to us by Josephus and partly by Christian historians."

Mariette, adopting Manetho's dates, places the date of the building of the three great pyramids which I have imperfectly described at something over four thousand years before the present era, while Professor Lepsius, the distinguished German Egyptologist, who was president of the Prussian expedition and who has made several important discoveries and found no fewer than thirty pyramids which had been unknown to previous travelers, fixes the date at 3124 B. C. Sir Gardner Wilkinson fixes it at 2450 B.C., so that, according to the most recent date preferred by those who have investigated and studied this question, fixes the building of these wonderful colossal piles of stone at over four thousand years ago. The recent discovery at Bubastes, before mentioned, sets all these dates back at least eight hundred years, which would place the date of the building of the pyramids at not less than five thousand years ago.

If my readers have had their curiosity excited by what I have told them of the pyramids, and they desire

to learn more of the particulars of these world-wide wonders, they will find Dr. Ford's work on the "Pyramids" very interesting, although I differ in opinion with the Doctor as to the purposes for which they were built.

About six hundred paces east of the second pyramid we find the Sphinx. Until recently, the head, neck and a small part of the back was all of the Sphinx that could be seen, the balance being covered by the ever-shifting sand of the desert. The greater part of the body and all the trunk down to the stone upon which rest the paws of the lion can now be seen.

The Sphinx, like the pyramids, because it stands as they do on a vast plain of sand, with no object near it by which a comparison could be made, looks much smaller than it really is.

The Sphinx measures from the slab upon which its fore-paws rest to the top of the head, seventy-four feet. It is a huge crouched lion, ninety feet long and seventy-four feet high, having a woman's face. This woman's face measures thirteen feet across. The ears are four and one-half feet long, the nose five feet seven inches, and the mouth seven feet seven inches. Think of a mouth seven feet seven inches long, and belonging to a woman! Jerusalem! I would love to hear her shout—she would count for two at a camp-meeting. If you stand upon the upper part of the ear you can not stretch your hand as far as the crown of the head.

The face is now very much mutilated and defaced, the nose being entirely destroyed. It is a shame that the face of this celebrated monument of antiquity should have been used by the barbarous Mamelukes for a target in the thirteenth century of the present era.

These blacks were purchased by the sultans of Egypt and trained as soldiers for the purpose of forming their body-guard, and to act as a nucleus of an army.

The Arabs call the Sphinx Abulhoe, *i. e.*, Father of Terror (I don't see why they don't call it "Mother of Terror," except that they think it would be too great a compliment to women), or formerly "Belhit," signifying a person who carries his heart or his intelligence in his eyes, or "the watchful." They believed that the figure possesses the supernatural power of preventing the sand of the desert from encroaching upon their arable lands.

In 1817, Caviglia, a bold but uneducated seaman, partially excavated the Sphinx, but since then the entire body has been excavated by Mariette. When partially excavated by Caviglia an inscription was found back under the breast of the lion, bearing the date of the reign of Thothmes the Third, of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1600 B. C. In 1843, however, it was pointed out by Lepsius that the Sphinx must have been founded earlier than that date. As the Sphinx lies nearly in a line with the pyramid built by Cephron, it was not unnaturally thought that he was the founder of both. This opinion seems to have been confirmed by the discovery of the rock statue of Cephron in the granite temple adjoining the Sphinx. It was founded by Cephron, and dates back to the period of his reign, *i. e.*, about 4,000 B. C.

This monument has been supposed to antedate even this period, for M. Mariette, while examining a ruined building at the foot of the southern-most of these pyramids which rise to the east of the great pyramid, found a stone built into a wall bearing an inscrip-

tion that seemed to imply that the Sphinx existed at the time Khufu built the great pyramid, which was perhaps the first one built.

The inscription refered to runs thus: "The living Horus, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, the life dispensing, founded the temple of Isis, the patroness of the pyramid in the place; *i. e.* (near or in the vicinity of) the temple of the Sphinx."

From this it would appear that the Sphinx existed in the days of Khufu, who, according to Mariette, reigned B. C. 4235; but according to Lepsius, 3124 B. C., and as computed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 2450 B. C., and by date found at Bubastis, 4206 B. C.

The Sphinx, unlike most other monuments, was made or chiseled out of the rock underlying the sand of the desert, the stone being cut away on all sides, leaving a huge block standing *in situ* out of which the Sphinx was carved.

The question naturally arises in the mind, what was this immense figure of a lion with a woman's face made for? "The Greeks and Romans called the Sphinx 'Harmachis' or 'Armachis,' which is equivalent to the ancient Egyptian 'Haremkhu,' *i. e.*, Horus, on the horizon, or the sun in the act of rising. Harmachis is the new-born light which conquered darkness and the soul which overcomes death, or fertility which expels barrenness.

"Harmachis, or the Sphinx, placed in a burial place promises resurrection of the dead. Turned directly facing the east, his face first reflects the rays of the rising sun, and he illumines the world after the darkness of night; located on the border of the desert, he

overcomes sterility and prevents the sand from overwhelming the fields.

"Every king of Egypt was regarded as an earthly incarnation of the sun god and also, as many monuments testify, of Ra, Harmachis, god of the rising sun." It is not surprising, therefore, that they chose the Sphinx to symbolize the divine nature of their mission as monarchs, and it was a favorite practice to crown the lion's body with a head bearing their own features. The Sphinx representing a king is called "Neb" or "Lord."

The Assyrians carved their sphinxes with wings, as symbols of speed, and as having the power of rising above earthly things.

Reader, the above quotation from one of the best, if not the very best, authority upon this subject explains to you what the Sphinx was built for, and answers the question as fully and as satisfactorily as it can be answered, to the mind in which such ideas or thoughts have never found lodgment.

The Sphinx is an image of a funeral god, the genius of the rising sun.

'It seems," says Ampere, "like an eternal spectre. This stone phantom appears attentive, one would say that it hears and sees. Its great ears collect the sounds of the past; its eyes, directed to the east, gaze into the future; an image of perfect calm contemplating the unchangeable in the midst of all change."

We will now visit the granite chamber, or temple, which is only a few steps southeast of the Sphinx. It is a large building constructed of granite and alabaster, discovered by Mariette in 1853. The building is a fine example of the perfection to which the architecture of

that remote period had attained. The chisel which shaped these hard stones, the granite and alabaster, with such exquisite skill could doubtless have executed the beautiful statue of King Khafra, or Cephron, the builder of the second large pyramid, which was found in a well of water in this chamber, and which we will see when we visit the museum.

"The entrance to the granite chamber has been walled in on each side, to prevent its being obstructed by the drifting of the sand. This entrance leads into a passage about six feet wide and seventy-nine feet long. About midway of this passage is the entrance of a chamber constructed of blocks of alabaster. Opposite to this is the entrance to a flight of steps which turns at a right angle and ascend to a small chamber. This passage and chamber are constructed of alabaster. The long corridor or passage leads to a hall twenty-three by seventy-nine feet; the roof of the hall is supported by granite columns from three to four feet in thickness; the granite columns supporting large granite blocks extending from one to the other. Adjoining this hall on the west is another similar hall fifty-seven feet long and twenty-nine feet wide, the ceiling of which is supported by ten columns of granite in two rows."

In one of the chambers of this building Mariette fonnd no less than nine statues of Cephron. The best of these we will see, as before stated, in the museum. He found also several dog-headed apes executed in stone.

I have said this much of the granite chamber, that you may form a more correct idea of how these old Egyptians did their work. As to their architectural skill and work as artisans and masons, they have left

everlasting monuments, monuments which challenge our admiration and defy competition.

Among the tombs surrounding the pyramid, for you must remember these pyramids of Gizeh are on the Necropolis or burying-place of the old city of Memphis, Hosea says, "Egypt shall gather them and Memphis shall bury them." There are two which I want you to visit with me. The one to which we now go is called the tomb of Numbers. The gentleman and his wife who are buried here were named Mr. or perhaps "Sir," or it may be "Lord" Cafra-ankh and his wife, Madam Herneka (Kaafra-ankh); both being blood relations of the king, were recognized as being of the nobility. I supposed they lived as became their rank, and you will see that they were buried as became their rank, or as the nobility wish to be buried. He is extolled as the illustrious priest of the pyramid of Khafra, surnamed the "Great."

They are interred, as you see, in a stone house which he had built while living, and as we examine these pictures, numbers, hieroglyphic inscriptions chiseled in the walls you will find he had a weakness such as many of the rich of the present day have, *i. e.*, they want the people who live after them to know that they died rich. We have but to go through one of our modern cemeteries to see this vanity in death exemplified. If with this display of wealth the "how he made it" could be inscribed on the costly marble monuments, now, reader, I don't know, but I imagine one of the first clauses found in some of their wills would read about as follows: "It is my will that a plain unpretending granite or marble slab be placed over my tomb, this

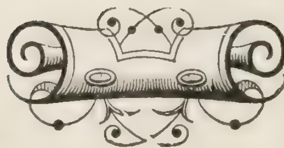
and nothing more. Inscribe thereon plain John Jones' body rests here."

Here you see on the east wall of the principal chamber this straight mark thus I, that means one. This horse-shoe made thus "∩" means ten. Place the mark "I" and the "∩" together and it makes eleven. Now this double turn made thus means one hundred. So we can now count up Lord Khafra-ankh's (Khafra-ankh) wealth at the time of his decease. These are his assets. He does not give us his indebtedness. It is presumable he, unlike the most of rich men, was out of debt. These writings and figures say he had =800 and ∩∩∩ IIIII=835. These figures, coupled with the figure of a bull, tell us that he had eight hundred and thirty-five bulls, and in a similar manner he tells us he had two hundred and twenty muley or no-horned cattle; also seven hundred and sixty donkeys; two thousand two hundred and thirty-five goats of the antelope kind, and nine hundred and seventy-four goats. He does not seem to have been a very extensive stock raiser after all. Some of our Western Texas stockmen, had this man lived near them, would have absorbed that little ranch in a short time. We find in addition to these figures enumerating the amount of his stock, representations of a river voyage, the felling of trees, measuring corn, etc. On one wall we find chiseled a portrait of this gentleman and his wife taken in a sitting posture with a table covered with offerings before them, and here we leave them.

I want to show you Campbell's tomb. This tomb was discovered by Colonel Vise in 1837, in making excavations, and named by him after Colonel Campbell, the then British Consul General of Egypt.

These tombs are at the bottom of a shaft thirty feet one way and twenty-six the other, fifty-three and three-fourths deep. One of the tombs was of red granite and prismatic in form. The arched lid bears the portrait of a bearded mummy at one end, and at the other a profusion of funeral scenes, etc. Two were in basalt and one in whitish quartz ore stone. There were no bodies found in these tombs when discovered.

By walking around the plateau of the pyramids numerous excavated tombs may be seen, some of great interest. On many inscriptions were found which have been of great assistance in collecting dates of dynasties, etc. But we have no time to make this circuit now, as you see the sun is sinking behind this great ocean of sand, this Bedouin's home, the desert.





Fellahen Village.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS we rode out here this morning you remember we met the Fellahin going into the city with their camels and donkeys, amounting to hundreds, all loaded with the fresh-mown clover. You doubtless saw the little house on the left-hand side of the road just this side of the bridge over the Nile. That is a tax collector's office. Each donkey-load, I am told, is taxed twenty-five cents, and each camel-load forty cents, and these tillers of the soil are not allowed to carry their produce to the market until the tax is paid. That is about equal to the McKinley tariff bill. But these poor tillers of the soil are doing what we are said to be doing, *i. e.*, paying a war debt! If our people enact a few more McKinley tariff bills, carry out their subtreasury schemes, pass the force bill, repeal the exemption laws, etc., it won't be many years until American Fellahin will have the chains and the curse of extreme poverty as securely riveted upon them as the Fellahin of Egypt have to-day. This, however, is but the writer's opinion; take it as such and for what you, reader, may think it worth.

Now, as we drive back to the city, you see we are meeting a long procession of camels, donkeys and Arabs returning from the city where they have been to sell their produce, as above stated. I dare say their pockets are about as empty of cash as a doctor's, a preacher's or an editor's.

Reader, there goes a pretty little donkey. It is an

imposition for that big Arab to ride such a little creature. Do you know what one of our fashionable young American ladies would say about that little donkey? She would say, "O my! Isn't it cute? It's awful sweet. It's a real little darling. It's a dear little creature, isn't it?"

See this same girl at home, she can sit in the parlor and giggle and sniggle with an empty-headed dude for hours, while she insists in giving her mother lessons in "physical culture" in the kitchen, ostensibly for fear of soiling her little white hands, intrinsically and truthfully because she has been indulged and petted by the fond parents and allowed to sit in idleness, till now she is an "it;" an empty-headed and empty-hearted, fashionable nondescript; a thing to excite the sympathies and pity of all sensible men and women.

As we are to visit the site of old Memphis to-morrow morning, and as it is three miles to the station where we take the train, we must have an early breakfast, to reach the station by 8.30 A. M. And now, don't forget that we must take a luncheon, for we will be out on the desert until about four o'clock P. .M, and we must order donkeys to take with us on the train as far up the river valley as Bedrasheen, at which station we get off and mount our donkeys. Before we separate for the night, however, let me tell you something about the old city. I will, therefore, first read this short historical account of the place.

"Menes," "the enduring," "the eternal," who is placed by the Egyptians at the head of all their dynasties (having been immediately preceded by the dynasty of the gods), described as a man of "This," a district near Abydos, in central Egypt, the district

which Diodorus calls the oldest part of Egypt, is said to have been the founder of the empire, and the builder of Memphis.

"Herodotus states that he was told by the Egyptian priests that Menes had constructed an embankment across the Nile, about one hundred stadia above Memphis, and thus compelled the river which had formerly flowed past the Libyan to quit its old channel and to run between the two ranges of hills. When the land thus reclaimed had become sufficiently firm, he built upon it the city of Memphis, situated in the narrow part of Egypt. To the north and west of the city, as they informed him, Menes caused a lake to be excavated for its defense, and to be filled with water from the river which protected the town on the east side; while within the city he erected the great and memorable temple of Ptah."

The whole history of this ancient city is intimately associated with this vast temple or sanctuary, which enclosed within its sacred precincts the smaller temples of other gods. It was surrounded by a strong wall, and must have commanded the city like a huge castle. Memphis, like all the Egyptian towns, was known by several different names. First, it was called "city of the white wall." Another name by which it was known was derived from the name of the deity most highly revered by the citizens, *i.e.*, "Ha Ptah" (house of Ptah). Lastly, it was known by the popular name of "Menefer," *i. e.*, "good place, or haven of the good." The "r" was then dropped, and thus arose the Coptic form, "Menfi" or "Menifi," which the Greeks and Romans changed to Memphis.

Menes, who, according to the difference in the

estimate of the Egyptologists herein referred to, founded the old city, whose site we propose visiting to-morrow, between five and six thousand years ago. What can interest us more than to visit the ruins of what was five or six thousand years ago regarded as a large, prosperous and magnificent city? It is true but little remains of the former city. In fact, we only find scattered over the ground blocks of granite, broken pottery, and fragments of brick, the site being now covered with a beautiful grove of palms. Its necropolis, or burying-place, however, gives us an idea of the population it once contained. Mariette gives its dimensions as seven thousand, seven hundred yards in length, and from five hundred to sixteen hundred yards in width. But even from its ruins we can observe and learn that the old Egyptians built their edifices, with the exception of their palaces and temples, of large sun-dried bricks, made, as they were by the Israelites, of Nile mud.

How striking the contrast, when compared with one of our modern cities, can be readily conjectured, especially by one who has seen the numerous mud villages as they exist in this same country at the present time.

The cities of the old Egyptians which surrounded their great temples were of the same rude order of architecture, and constructed of the same gross material as now. Their temples, their pyramids, their sarcophagi, their obelisks, and their statues whereupon they gave expression to their thoughts, emotions and the finer sentiments of their nature, show conclusively, however that they were a refined, cultivated, intelligent people.

I ask my Masonic brethren to read carefully and crit-

ically the chapters in this book in which I present an outline of the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and then read the descriptions I have given of their wonderful skill in operative Masonry. I think every lover of the mystic order will be able to connect the one with the other. Think of the responses which come up from the three principle stations of the lodge, and then think of Heliopolis, "city of the sun," think of the great temple of Ptah, think of Karnak with its now standing one hundred and forty granite pillars seventy feet high, with chapters sixty-five feet in circumference, a temple twelve hundred feet long, and three hundred and sixty wide, filled inside and out with historic records, beautifully chiseled in its granite walls. Nowhere on the earth can such masonry be found. Shame on the man who would attempt to say that our grand moral edifice has any connection with or similitude to the "Palm and shell" or eating salt with robbing dervishes.

Menes was succeeded by his son, Atahuti, or Athosis, who selected Memphis as his capital, and is said to have built the royal palace. It is known that during Atahuti's reign and that of his immediate successors of the primeval monarchy, this city attained its greatest prosperity. "The city was extended and the temple embellished by each of the Pharaohs." The temple was devoted to the worship, in the main, of Ptah, as you know, one of the greatest of the Egyptian gods. I have already given an outline of the religious doctrines of the ancient Egyptians, but further request you to read what a learned writer says in regard to it.

"As regards the theology of the Egyptians, and their system of ideas, we meet with difficulty from

the law of *secrecy*, which was their habit of mind. The Egyptian priesthood enveloped with mystery every opinion, just as they swathed the bodies of their dead, fold above fold, in preparing them for the tomb. The names and number of their gods we learn from the monuments. Their legends concerning them come to us through Plutarch, Herodotus, Diodorus, and other Greek writers. Their doctrine of a future life and future judgment is apparent in their ceremonies, the pictures on the tombs, and the papyrus Books of the Dead. But what these gods mean, what are their offices, how they stand related to each other and to mankind, what is the ethnical (or race) bearing of their religion, it is not so easy to learn."

Reader, remember there are over four hundred Mohammedan mosques, or houses of worship in this city, and just at daylight you will hear over four hundred muezzins (keepers of the mosques) crying out the hour of prayer. They sing out (I suppose they intend it for singing; you would never recognize it as such, however) "Allah Hu-ak-bar. Ash ha du anna la Allah itaha ill Allah wa, Muhanmedu rasul Allah." (God is great! God is great! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God. Come to prayer.) Now, my friend, when you are awakened by these callers to prayer, get up. Good night!

"All aboard" is what would be said in our country, but here a bell rings the train off. On leaving the station, we notice that the pyramids we visited yesterday, now on our right, are seen in such a position that the great pyramid, Cheops, conceals the other two. This lofty wall on our left encloses the large estate at Ghizeh, which comprises the dwellings, gardens, green-

houses, etc., which once belonged to the Khedive, but is now the property of the state. Having passed this, we can see the site of old Cairo, with its numerous old wind-mills yet standing. The Arabs say these wind-mills were erected during the Roman occupation of the country, which comprised the period from 30 B. C. to 360 A. D

Now look to the right and you will see the hills of the Libyan desert, and also the pyramids of Abusir. You can see the step pyramid, but only for a short time. But, here we are at Bedrasheen, fourteen miles, where we get off. Now for a donkey ride.

Here are donkeys and donkey boys by the dozen. Such a jargon, such confusion, such yelling! They push the donkeys up all around you, under you if they can. They take you up and try to put you on the donkeys. They resist by importunities all efforts you may make at a selection. You can have no peace or independent action till you mount a donkey and tell the boy by a sign to get you away from the mob; then you catch your breath and say: "Thank the Lord."

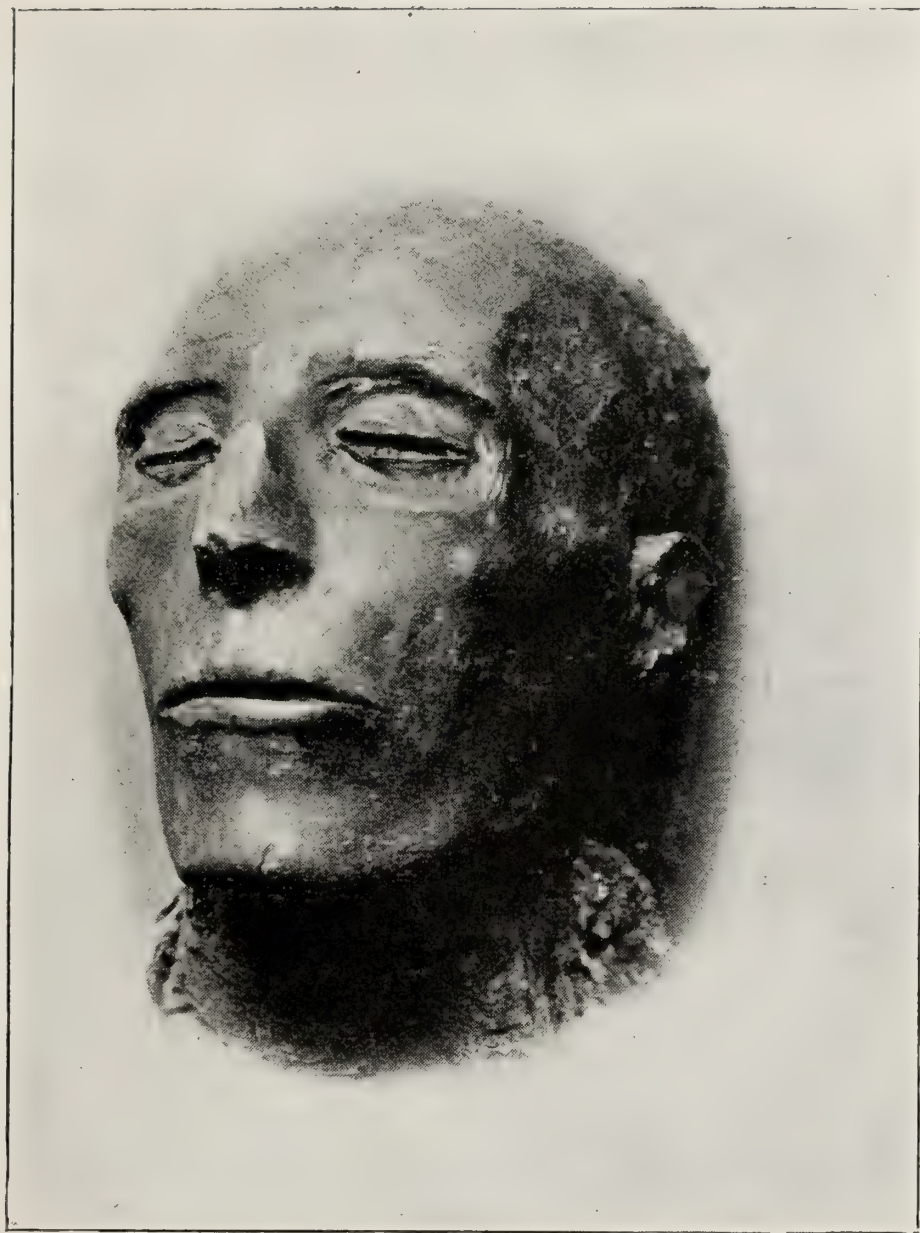
Now, reader, we will get away from here. You say your donkey is without a bridle. Well, what good would a bridle do you? You can steady yourself with that halter line; that is all the good a bridle would do you. Turn a donkey with a bridle! Who ever heard of such a delusion? You had as well expect to extinguish the fires of Vesuvius with a bucket of water. Sit back on the loins of the donkey, lay your legs straight out before you on the saddle, and don't let any part of them hang down except from the bend of the knees, or sit sideways, woman-fashion, if you would rather. Say, have you noticed that all these peasant women ride daddy

fashion? They don't ride all on one side, like our ladies. Now you are all right; when you want your donkey to go to the right, hit him on the left side of the head, and *vice versa.* Here we go; the donkey boy will do the firing and keep up steam.

For twenty minutes we ride along an embankment with green fields on each side. How luxuriant is every manner of growth in this fertile valley! Our road is now nearing a magnificent palm grove. This mud-house village which we have been passing on our right is called Bedrasheen.

Here we ascend an elevated plateau covered with palm trees, and upon the margin of the plateau we come to the colossal statue of Rameses II. In making excavations at Bubastis a very few years ago four pairs of colossal statues of this widely advertised man were found. Two were of black granite of great size, with eyes seven inches in length; two in gray and two in green, and two in red granite. This statue was made of hard, fine-grained limestone. It has now fallen down, but when standing it was forty-two feet high. Now turn to the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Exodus and read aloud: "Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens, and they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithon and Ramses." I will call your attention to this further on.

This is the statue of the king that knew not Joseph and proved himself to be an unfeeling tyrant by the way he treated the Hebrews, as you have just read. I will show you the man himself, *i. e.*, his mummy, all that is left of him. You must remember he has been dead over three thousand years, and he now looks somewhat dried up. We will see him, however, at the Bulak museum.



Rameses II.

In a papyrus preserved at Leyden the writer, Kenia-men, writes the following report to his superior, (Hui), an important official under Pharoah (Rameses II). 'Therefore, I heard the message of the eye (an official title) of my master saying: 'Give corn to the Egyptian soldiers and to the Hebrews who polished stones for the construction of the great stone houses in the city of Rameses, etc.' "

The city mentioned here is thought to be the same the Greeks called Tanis, and in numbers 13-23 called Zoan. The features of this statue, is said, resembles the Semitic type, as portrayed on numerous monuments. He wears a royal head-dress and crown; a shield on his breast, in the center of which is inscribed his pronomen, "Ra user ma Setep an Ra," *i. e.*, god of the sun, mighty in the truth, etc.

He wears a dagger in his belt. Egyptologists say there can be no doubt that this statute, the face of which when erected was turned to the north, is one of those erected by Rameses II in front of the great temple of Ptah at Memphis. Strabo says: "A colossal statue of single stone stands in the entrance court before the temple of Ptah."

This large and beautiful palm grove embraces in part only the site of the old city of Memphis. Five hundred and twenty-five years before the present era it was taken by storm by Cambyses, the first monarch of the Persian dynasty. Two centuries later it was eclipsed by the foundation of Alexandria. In consequence of the edict of Theodosius about 379 A. D., who formally declared christianity to be the religion of the Roman empire, the temples, pagan deities and statues were torn down and, as far as could be,

destroyed. But still, even down to the twelfth century A. D., a visitor to the old city, after giving a lively account of numerous attacks sustained by the enormous city, assures us that even in his time the ruins contained a profusion of wonders which bewildered the mind and baffled description.

"The more profoundly we contemplate the ruins," he says, "the greater does the admiration become with which they inspire us, and every new survey we take becomes a source of fresh delight."

Beyond the palm grove we rise to the plateau of the desert and enter this great undulating plain of sand, and as we proceed on our way to Mariette's house, at which we will rest and eat our noonday lunch, we pass the step pyramid, one of the group of Abusir.

The step pyramid, *i. e.*, provided with steps, forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape before us. Its style of structure seems to be peculiar to this pyramid; for if there is another like it, I am not aware of it. It is built perpendicular to its base thirty-seven and three-fourths feet in height. Then it is set in six and a half feet, then the next step is built up in the same manner thirty-six feet in height; then there is another set in of six and a half feet; the third perpendicular rise is thirty-four and a half feet in height, and so on until the summit is reached. It has six perpendicular rises, making five steps from six to six and a half feet wide.

This pyramid does not stand, like all the others, exactly facing the points of the compass, and it is not square; *i.e.*, the north and south sides are three hundred and fifty-four feet, while the east and west sides are three hundred and ninety-eight feet. It is said that it contains num-

erous and complicated chambers and passages in the interior. I don't understand by what process of reasoning some people conclude that the pyramids were built for astronomical observations. Some of the passages leading to the chambers are straight, others crooked. In some of them the mouth of the passages are on a level or even below the base of the pyramid, in others it is high upon the side of the pyramid. All the passages in these pyramids were securely closed until they were opened, first by the Persians, B. C. 525 to 333 ; afterwards they were examined by the Romans. "It can never be known what has been removed from the interior chambers. The disappointment of treasure hunters may have caused them to destroy what might have settled this mooted question, and had they remained securely closed until opened and examined by men whose sole object would have been to throw light upon this question," I am of the opinion that all doubts as to the purposes for which the pyramids were built would have been removed ere this.

But here we are at Mariette's house. I know this poor little donkey is tired wading through this deep sand. The little Arab boys seem to be as bright and fresh as when we set out. My companion says: "Doctor, your donkey is crying." Well, he has had enough to make him cry, for I weigh near two hundred pounds. But I will comfort him by calling him "a darling," "my pet," or "you sweet thing". Now we will spread our lunch and call from "labor to refreshment."

Lunch over, we will walk down this sandy hollow which leads off north. It will take us to one of the wonderful and strange sights to be found here. We are

now fairly out on the desert. These hillocks or mounds of sand mark the site of the statues of the Graeco-Egyptian period. They were placed upon the walls which stood on each side of the approach or pass-way from the Greek to the Egyptian Serapeum. Among these was the Cerberus, or "monster" having the form of a lion with its tail terminating in a snake's head. We enter the Egyptian Serapeum, or mausoleum, of Apis, the sacred bull, which had spent his life in the temple at Memphis.

"The dead Apis or Osiris Apis (Asaar Hapi, or Serapis), is termed the "reviving Ptah and symbolized the perpetual regenerating power of the god." He was also associated with the moon, which seems to undergo hourly change while remaining unaltered."

The Nile, the great fertilizer and regenerator of the soil, bore the name Hapi, and as the Egyptians thought that the annual rise in this river was associated with the light of the moon, Hapi, the genius of death bearing the head of the dog, was also a symbol of the moon. You will remember when describing to you the granite temple situated near the Gizeh pyramid that I told you Mariette found dog-headed apes in a well in one of the chambers; these were the statues of this god.

I have thought proper, reader, to say this much about the Egyptian ideas of their royal bulls, to show you that they were reverenced and worshiped symbolically. They represented the great procreative law of nature upon which the perpetuation of all life depends. To this ancient people Apis, or the Bull, represented the principle which revives and gives new life to everything dead. Let me say further that the great festival of the rise of the Nile was also called "the

festival of the Birth of Apis." If one of these royal animals lived as long as twenty-five years he was then drowned in the Nile and buried with all the honor due his royal rank.

It is clearly shown that these old Egyptians studied the laws of nature closely. They realized that there was a germ of life imprisoned in the seed which, under certain favorable conditions, put forth and brought forth fruit in its season. These favorable or necessary conditions were fully comprehended by them. All the laws of nature governing growth and development were not only understood, but symbolized by their divinities, just as the Greeks impersonated and symbolized every passion and emotion of our human natures by their deities. In other words, the Egyptians deified nature and the Greeks humanity.

But here we are at the Serapeum. You observe we go down into it, the sand having been removed from the entrance.

Mariette, who discovered this in 1850, in making some extensive excavations in this part of the Sakkara, says he found a number of sphinxes and was led to conjecture that they belonged to the Serapis temple mentioned by Strabo. The passage in Strabo runs thus: "There is also a temple of Serapis there, in a very sandy place, so that mounds of sand are heaped up by the winds, by which the sphinxes are either buried up to their heads or half covered, whence one may understand the danger incurred by a person going to the temple and overtaken by a gust of wind."

In many places sand has drifted and covered these old ruins to a depth of sixty feet or more. In the extensive chambers of these temples (for there were

more than one included in the area called Serapeum, which were built in the usual form of Egyptian temples), there was established a colony of hermits who lived in the strictest seclusion. They had a regular organized monastic system in connection with the worship of Serapis, a deity revered above all others at that period.

On entering the order they gave up all their worldly possessions. They were not permitted to leave their cells, and a kind of airhole formed the only means of communicating with the outer world. Through these small airholes, or windows, their relatives conveyed to them the food upon which they subsisted. They called each other brethren and spoke of a common "father."

"Buried alive, as it were, in these dismal recesses, they hoped by self-denial and renunciation of all worldly pleasures to purify themselves by the prolonged service of Serapis."

Some of their dreams and visions in which they fought battles with demons, etc., play an important part in their experience.

These facts have been obtained by recently deciphered papyri which were brought from Memphis. These papyri further state that similar monastic institutions were connected with other temples of Serapis and with those of Isis.

The temples of Isis and Serapis were not unfrequently associated. There can be no doubt but that these monks in the service of Serapis were the antecedents of the so-called christian monks and ascetics of a latter period.

We now enter a long tunnel hewn in the solid rock which underlies the sand of the desert. This tunnel

or corridor is about twelve feet wide and eighteen feet high and aggregate in length three hundred and eighty yards. On each side of this corridor are a series of vaults or chambers, which are larger than the tunnel. The floors of these chambers being some six or eight feet lower than the floor of the corridor, no two of them open into the corridor opposite each other. You will see first one upon the right and the next one upon the left, and so on. There are sixty-four of these Apis vaults now accessible, and the Apis Sarcophagi, or coffins, may be seen in twenty-four of them.

These sarcophagi, or monster coffins, average thirteen feet in length, seven feet in width, and eleven feet in height, and weigh about sixty-five tons, or one hundred and thirty thousand pounds each; the thickness of the walls being some ten or twelve inches, if I remember aright. Five of the lids of these immense coffins are made of separate pieces of stone cemented together. The lids are about twelve inches in thickness; the top edge being beveled off, were made to extend over the sides and ends of the coffins about six inches. Several of the lids have been pushed aside so that the interior of the coffin may be see.

Twenty-four of these coffins are made of granite, but three of them only bear inscriptions which record the name of the kings by whom they were erected. One of them bears the name of "Amasis" the last king of the twenty-sixth dynasty, whose reign extended from 564 to 526 B. C., another, the name of Cambyses, and one the name of Rhabbosh. These men were kings of Egypt during the Persian domination. One of these coffins and the one which appears to me to be the handsomest, was of highly pol-

ished black granite, a magnificent piece of work, and colossal in size. All these coffins when discovered by Mariette had been emptied of their contents with the exception of two, in which various trinkets or ornaments were found. One of them contained the mummified body of a royal animal. One of these coffins and a lid were left sitting in the corridor from some cause, at all events it is sitting there now.

If the ceremonies with which one of these Apis bulls was buried were as costly as their coffins, Diodorus probably does not exaggerate the amount expended upon the obsequies of these animals when he places it at $120,000 each.

It was the custom of pilgrims to the shrine of the bull last interred to leave small stone tablets. "These tablets were called 'Apis Steles' and could only be received within seventy days after the sacred animal's death. Much has been learned as to the ancient Egyptian mode of reckoning time from these little stones."

The tombs of the Egyptians are of two kinds, namely, the Mastaba, which is a house of solid masonry constructed on the surface of the earth. Its walls usually slope inward. They are generally built of limestone rock or Nile brick, and are large enough to inter a family, the sarcophagi or stone coffins being set upon the floor of the room. The rooms are from sixteen to twenty feet in diameter, usually oblong, say fourteen by sixteen feet, or sixteen by twenty, and so on, the side walls being from eight to twelve feet in height and covered with scenes pertaining to private and public life. On the door posts or lintel the family name is inscribed. The interior arrangements vary; usually at the back of the principle chamber

is placed a monument with numerous inscriptions giving the titles of the deceased, the names of his nearest relatives, prayers, etc.

In some of the mastabas a shaft is sunk, into which the coffin of the deceased is placed. The doors to these mastabas are placed on the east side of the chamber, and the shafts, or large square wells on the west, for it is in the direction of the setting sun that the soul will cross the threshold of the next world. Query : I wonder if the almost universal custom of burying our dead with their heads to the setting sun could have come down the stream of time from that remote period, and we unconsciously be following this ancient custom?

The Egyptians also buried their dead in rock tombs, hewn down in the stone from the surface. These were usually dug in rows as we dig graves. Now, reader, we will go down into this rock house, and see how the nobility of this old land of Egypt prepared houses while living, in which to have their bodies placed after death. I have already taken you through the mastaba or tomb of Numbers. Here is one of the best preserved monuments of its kind which has yet been excavated in the extensive necropolis of this old city. "It is said to lie in an old street of tombs now covered." The sand has been heaped over this mastaba until it resembles a subterranean rock structure more than a building placed on the surface of the earth. Now we will crawl down this narrow, low pass-way, to the door through which we pass, and now find ourselves in a small chamber or anterior court, which contains the remains of two pillars. The sculpturing on the walls exhibit a marvellous skill. Remember, we are now in a house and looking at work that was executed at least four

thousand five hundred years ago, perhaps longer. Here on the east, nicely chiseled on the face of the rock wall, are represented the offerings of gifts; on the south wall, to the left of the entrance, is the representation of a poultry yard, showing how they fattened geese, *i. e.*, by stuffing the food down their throats. On the front wall on each side of the entrance is a figure of Ti, above which are hieroglyphics recording his many titles. The figures of men in these scenes are about sixteen or eighteen inches in height.

We next enter the large room or great court which was once covered with a roof supported by twelve columns. Some of the pillars are still standing, but the roof is gone, and it is now an open court. In the center of this court a shaft is sunk in an oblique direction. This shaft communicates with a tomb chamber below, where a sarcophagus without inscriptions was found.

On the north wall of this court is represented offerings of gifts to their deities, the sacrifice of cattle and the conveyance of a slave boat. This scene was considerably defaced by exposure. A good figure here was a long-horned ox, a species of cattle which have disappeared from Egypt now. The ox was standing with one of his forelegs tied up to his body and a man had him by one horn with one hand, and a hook in his nose held with the other hand. A second man had bound the hind legs together, and the two were throwing or dragging him down. Near this one was another victim already slain.

The inscription above this scene informs us that the young bull sacrificed would yield fifty men or pots of fat. In another place on the wall is represented the putting in of the fattening cakes (for the poultry) to boil.

Near this is a flock of large cranes, some pigeons and geese being fed with corn, and then the figure of Ti, the proprietor. Further on is a slab of stone nine feet long and eighteen inches in width, upon which is a representation of four barges laden with corn descending the Nile; three of them are rowed, the fourth is in tow. Above these are figures of antelopes, a group of doves, cranes, a mountain goat, etc. To the left, in a corner, two more mountain goats.

Passing through the court we enter a corridor, on the walls of which are several scenes. On the right, in a niche, nine feet high and six feet wide, is placed a steel or votive tablet, dedicated to the wife of Ti. On the left, near the pillar of the doorway, is a figure of Ti, with his titles inscribed on the wall. Further on is a representation showing a statue of Ti being transported or drawn along by men on a sled—one of the men is engaged in pouring water before the runners. The hieroglyphics inform us that the statue is a statue of Ti made of ebony. Over the door are musicians and dancers and Ti in a boat. On the right-hand side of the corridor, seemingly near the end, is a door leading into a well-covered chamber. The scenes adorning the walls of this chamber give us an insight into the domestic economy of the deceased. Among them we find a representation of a complete pottery and bakehouse and vessels of different forms destined for various uses. In this chamber is a representation of several barges, some light, with a number of rowers aboard, others larger, with sails and steering oar; in the bow of the vessel stands a man with a long pole used for sounding. The writing on the wall tells us that the boats are conveying retainers of the deceased Ti to

Sakkara, to pay homage to his remains. It reads thus: "Arrival from the North Country from the villages of the family estate in order that they may behold the chamberlain, who is perfect in consequence of his distinction in occupying the first place in the heart of his sovereign and master of the mystery of the kingdom of the dead Ti."

Leaving this we enter the tomb chamber itself, which is twenty-two by twenty-three feet in diameter and twelve and a half feet high. This chamber is adorned with special care. The ceiling is in imitation of palm stems and rests on two massive square pillars coated with stucco—these are colored to imitate red granite. These columns are hollow and have openings to admit light from above. On the walls are represented a series of harvest scenes representing reaping, storing and transporting of corn, the treading it out by oxen or asses, the sifting of the grain from the chaff, even the filling and sacking by the women. The laborers in the scene seem to be intent on their occupation, and the whole scene is full of life and spirit and intensely real. The artist, in some instances, makes the dumb figures talk. One says to the ears of corn: "Ye are seasonable," or, "Ye are now large." At another place the laborer is made to say: "This is reaping; when a man does this work he becomes gentle, and so am I." The driver of a herd of donkeys is made to say: "People love those who go on quickly, but strike the lazy; if thou couldst but see thy own conduct."

Near the center of one of the walls is a well represented scene of shipbuilding, from the hewing of the timbers to the calking of the vessel resting on the stocks. In this scene is represented the primitive saws,

axes, hammers, borers, and other tools used by the workmen. One of the scenes in this chamber is four rows of workmen of different trades, comprising carpenters, stone masons, sculptors, glass blowers, chair makers, leather workers, water bearers, etc., etc. One of these pictures represents a court of justice, at least I take it to be that. Here are judges writing, before whom several fellows are being dragged. They must be guilty dogs, or they wouldn't be so reluctant in going. On one side are frescoed thirty-six female figures bearing on their heads large baskets filled with various kinds of agricultural products, bottles, jars and loaves, carrying poultry in their hands, and in one case a woman has a porcupine in a cage. Each figure is accompanied by the name of the place which it represents, places of the family estate, and these are the sacrificial offerings from the several places.

Another scene represents the husbandman tramping in the seed sown in the mud with oxen and goats. Another, Ti hunting hippopotami. One scene is a dwarf leading a long-tailed ape; another, a man leading two greyhounds; one in which cattle are being driven out of the inundation of the Nile; a scene in which a man is represented plowing with the same old one-handled forked-stick plow they now use in Egypt and Palestine, one sowing and another reaping.

This Ti is represented as the companion, adjutant or chamberlain of the king; as a "master of secrets," secret counsellor of the king in all his royal assemblages, etc.; a man in authority.

The foregoing may prove tedious to some of my readers, but as the walls of all these mastabas are filled to a greater or less extent with these scenes or pictures

and explanatory hieroglyphic writings, one may gather from these object-lessons very correct ideas of the manners, customs, and mode of living of this ancient people.

From these pictures we learn the agricultural products of the country at that remote period, also their manner of tilling the soil, and how they harvested and stored away the products of their farms. They show us pictures of their herds of cattle, goats, donkeys, gazelles, and antelopes. They show us their poultry yards, the varieties of their domesticated fowls and how they were tended and cared for. They show us their farm-houses, orchards, granaries, and in short every detail of private life, including a minute relation of their possessions at the time of the death of the proprietor. All this and much more may be seen and learned by visiting these houses of the dead.

The wealthy old Egyptians caused these tomb chambers to be erected for themselves and families, including the decorations, paintings, etc., during the life of the owner. In the mastabas of Sabu, which is just east of Ti's, is a record of the number and character of his stock at the time of his decease, as follows: Of one kind of cattle he had four hundred and five head; of another, twelve hundred and thirty-seven; of a third, thirteen hundred; of calves, twelve hundred and twenty of one kind, and eleven hundred and thirty-eight of another; in addition to these he had thirteen hundred antelopes, and eleven hundred and thirty-five gazelles; twelve hundred and forty-four goats of a species resembling the antelope, and ten hundred and ten herons. His poultry, geese, ducks and pigeons are recorded by thousands.

The records in another of these mastabas give some very startling figures in the schedule of the proprietor's possessions. For instance, he renders one hundred and twenty-one thousand geese of one kind, and eleven thousand two hundred and ten of another; twelve hundred and twenty-five swans, one hundred and twenty thousand small geese, one hundred and eleven thousand two hundred goslings, and one hundred and twenty-one thousand and twenty-two pigeons.

It is very evident that this list of possessions was not taken from the tax rolls, and it is very unlike the schedules rendered by some of our bankrupts just after the late civil war.

We see that it is high time that we were leaving this interesting locality, so we will mount our donkeys and ride down to the river, cross over and go out a few miles to a depot where we can take a train that runs down the river to the city, going by the quarry where the stone was obtained for building the city of Cairo.



CHAPTER IX.

WELL, here we are at the ferry. You see the ferry boat is nothing more nor less than the hull of an old river barge. It stands up three feet above the surface of the water, and here are some twenty-five or thirty other people to be crossed over. You say you would like to know how the Arabs are going to get the donkeys up onto the boat? It is true, the boat stands three feet out of the water, and some eight or ten feet from land, but we Americans know that no one can handle a mule as a negro can, and I suppose it is the same way with the Arabs and the donkeys. The Arab and the donkey belong to the same family. The Arab understands the donkey, and the donkey understands the Arab. The donkey, however, is much more of a gentleman than the Arab. The Arabs, as you see, are dressed conveniently for this business. They have on only one garment, a long shirt. But there goes one donkey, he jumped aboard after they got him down into the water and put his fore feet up onto the boat. The next one says no. But the Arabs say "yes." There are six men and boys engaged in putting them aboard.

They lift the fore feet up onto the boat and then lift his hind part; and then heave him aboard. Now and then one falls back and goes head and ears under the water. The very fact of his going head and ears out of sight is conclusive evidence that the water is deep; for you know that nature has endowed this little animal with a hearing appendage of unusual length.

We are told, however, that time, patience and perseverance accomplish all things, and it holds good in this instance, as the Arabs have heaved about all the donkeys on board. So, as soon as we see those ladies aboard, we will try our hand at walking that narrow stage plank and get aboard ourselves.

Our boat, having taken on its heterogeneous freight, shoved off from shore. But we had not gone far before we run upon a sandbar and grounded. Our Arab boatmen leaped out into the river, having first adjusted their one garment so that it would not get wet, wholly regardless of the presence of the ladies. By transferring part of the cargo to a lighter and pushing and prising we soon got afloat again.

The laboring class of Arabs, or fellahin, have no regard whatever for the presence of ladies. Modesty seems to be a virtue to which they are entire strangers. This feature of Arabian character is strikingly noticable, not only in passing through the rural districts of their country, but it is perhaps even more so in their cities and towns. Nuisances are committed in open daylight in the streets and alleys of their cities and towns that would not be thought of in other countries, and if committed, would subject the perpetrator to fine and imprisonment.

This custom pertains to Italy and Greece to a considerable extent, but not to the daring outrages committed by the people of the Orient. It must be remembered that the Arabians have no regard for female feelings or character. They are taught from infancy to regard females as an inferior class of beings. Having no respect for their own mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, or female friends, it is hardly to be expected

that they would show any consideration for foreigners or "infidel women."

We will now take a carriage and drive out five or six miles to Heliopolis, "the city of the sun," which was located in a plain near the village of Matarieth. "The city of the sun" has both an ancient and a modern notoriety. It has been the scene of two important battles in modern times. The result of a battle fought here in 1517 made Selim and the Turks masters of Egypt, and on the 20th of March, 1800, General Kleber with ten thousand French troops defeated an army of sixty thousand Orientals, and regained Cairo for the French. Their occupation of the city, however, was of short duration.

Here we find nothing but one solitary obelisk and the outer wall of the old temple area to mark the spot where once stood one of the most famous temples of Egypt, second only to the great temple of Ptah, which was located at old Memphis.

The religious rites associated with and constituting the worship of the cycle of deities connected with the sun worship, in these two temples was perhaps the most magnificent and imposing of any others in Egypt. The Mnevis Bull, being sacred to Ra, was worshiped at Heliopolis, while the Apis Bull was revered in the temple of Memphis. The Mnevis Bull was a light colored animal from Upper Egypt; it could be sought for and selected by the priests of the temple only. Light-colored lions, a white sow, the hawk, the cat and the phœnix were all revered and regarded sacred to Ra, and were in some way associated with the worship of this celebrated temple.

The phœnix, or "bird of the palms," was called by



HELIOPOLIS (CITY OF THE SUN).

the Egyptians "Vennu." "According to the well-known myth, this Arabian bird of large form and beautiful plumage would build its nest among the spices, gathering twigs among aromatic shrubs and perfumed flowers, and then, as it was watched by the by-standers, mysterious flames would start, kindling and lighting up the skies with the burning of itself and its own habitation, consuming it utterly in its ashes. Soon, however, out of the same heap of cinders and ashes would arise a new phœnix, spreading its red and golden wings as it flew slowly away across the desert to the unknown land whence the parent bird had come." This magic self-destruction and reproduction was said to occur once in every five hundred years. This is the tale that in those remote ages the priests at Heliopolis used to tell their devotees as one of the wonders of their temple. I have no doubt that this legend was used by the ancient Egyptians to teach and illustrate, or symbolize, if you prefer, their doctrine of immortality. From the ashes of its nest sprang into renewed life an immortal bird, a fairer, more beautiful, more glorious bird than the old one. The bird, a type of man; the burning nest, the grave; the new bird, the resurrected dead or immortal soul.

The hieroglyphic writings on obelisks were usually chiseled into the face of the four sides an inch or more in depth and filled in with metal and then polished to brightness so that they reflected the rays of the rising and setting sun.

When Heliopolis was at the zenith of its glory it was a grove of obelisks, but how scattered now! One in London, one or two in Rome, one in Constantinople, one in New York, and one only left in the land of

Goshen, where the children of Israel had their home during the harsh bondage of Pharaoh. "It stands solitary and alone, the oldest of all now known, the venerable 'Father of Obelisks,' lifted on its pedestal before Abram was born."

The inscriptions, which are the same on each of its four sides, records that, "Usertesen I, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of the Diadem and son of the sun, whom the (divine) spirits of On (Heliopolis) love, etc., founded the obelisk on the first day of the festival of Set, celebrated at the close of a period of thirty years." Usertesen reigned during the twelfth dynasty, or about 2500 or 2800 B. C.

The scriptures tell us that something over three thousand five hundred years ago there lived a man named Terah, a Shemite, at Ur, in the northeastern part of Mesopotamia. This old man had a son named Abram, to whom the Lord said, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house unto a land that I will shew thee."

In obedience to this command Abram left his home and kindred and came down into the land of Canaan, erecting the first altar ever built to the Lord God in the holy land at Shechem. But Abram passed on through the land of Canaan and came to the land of Egypt, and when he reached a place near where we are now standing, stopped and took a long, bewildering, amazed look at this then old obelisk.

Yes, that obelisk has been standing just as we see it now since more than a thousand years before Joseph was sold (for twenty pieces of silver) by his brethren to the Midianite merchants, and by them carried to Egypt. He no doubt often stood and looked at this

majestic granite shaft, just as we are now doing. I have no doubt but old Jacob and his brethren all stopped and looked and admired, while they wondered what it meant, as they passed it by when they arrived in the land of plenty. And when Moses and Aaron were sent to Egypt as instruments in God's hand to call down the curses, one after another, upon the land and upon the head of their ruler, tyrant, and oppressor, Pharoah (Meneptah), I say they, too, stood from day to day near this old monument and admired its beauty and conversed one with the other as we are now doing.

Moses could have told Aaron, his brother (and who knows he did not) that this grand old glittering shaft was standing as we now see it a thousand years before his mother hid him in the flags of the Nile. And he may have said to his brother, "Did you ever think or try to imagine the feelings of our mother, what they must have been when she could no longer hide her little cooing boy in our humble house, and took an ark of bull-rushes and with trembling hands, streaming eyes, and a heart throbbing and bleeding at every pore, "daubed it with slime and with pitch" and put me therein and then laid it in the flags at the water's edge?

"They told me when I was found by Thurmuthis, and when she had her maid to bring the little boat in which I lay to her, that 'I cried and she had compassion on me.'

Aaron may have answered and said: "Moses did it occur to you that there must have been a peculiar pathos in that cry to awaken as it did such compassionate, tender emotions in the heart of your foster mother? Is there in all the universe any other instrumentality that would have touched and awakened these most

sacred and endearing emotions of woman's heart as the piteous wail of the helpless infant child? It occurs to me that God used this as one of the means of preserving your life, just as he put into the mind of our mother and directed her fingers of love in weaving the little ark and placing it in that part of the river where Pharaoh's daughter was accustomed to retire and bathe. Was it a mere accident that caused you to lead the flock of your father-in-law, Jethro (the priest of Midian), to the back side of the desert and come to the mountain of God, even to Horeb? Was it a mere accident or idle curiosity that caused you to say: "I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt?"

"It presents itself to my mind" Aaron may have continued, "that I can see the finger of God in all this. Your whole past life demonstrates to me that our God was training and fitting you for a special work, the great mission upon which you have just entered."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that these brothers had some such conversations as this, as they stood near where we are now standing and gazed on that old obelisk.

Reader, when I stood in the land of Goshen and looked at that ancient monument, I realized that Joseph, the rejected of his brethren, had looked upon that granite shaft just as I was then doing. He may have stood just where I stood. I knew that his father, old Jacob and his twelve sons (the twelve), fathers of the tribes of Israel, looked upon that shaft, and Moses, the great law-giver of Israel, and Aaron, the high priest of the hosts of Israel, all had walked around

this obelisk, admired its beauty, its symmetrical proportions and the skill and beauty of its architecture, just as I was then doing.

God alone has recorded their thoughts and their words of brotherly love, the praise and thanksgiving which ascended to him from the hearts of these God-loving men. The theme of their secret communings may have been the wondrous display of God's convincing power which was being wrought from day to day upon the cruel Egyptians through their instrumentality. No doubt they began to see and realize in all its magnitude the mission upon which they had been called, the responsibility of which was even then pressing heavily upon them.

That was a wonderful display of the power of God as manifested in the ten plagues sent upon the Egyptians in that contest of Gods. It was not a human contest between Moses and Aaron on the one hand and Meneptah (the Pharaoh) and his sorcerers on the other. We read in the Scriptures where it says, "The Lord your God is God of gods," and at Mount Carmel, where a similar test of superhuman powers occurred, when in answer to Elijah's prayer fire came down and consumed the sacrifice, etc. The people cried out, "The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth."

The contest in Egypt was most assuredly between the one true God of the Hebrews represented by Moses and Aaron, and the gods of Egypt represented by Pharaoh, who finally confessed his defeat and said to Moses, "Go then, serve Jehovah and bless me also." We further read that the Lord had said, "Against all

the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment," and it has been done.

These obelisks were offerings on the part of these ancient people to their gods, just as modern Christians build churches in which to worship. They build them and dedicate them to God in the name of his son, and for obelisk erect a spire pointing to heaven.

Four of the largest obelisks are known to be the work of Thotmes III who, with Rameses II, rank as two of the most noted of all the kings of Egypt. The mummy of Thotmes vanished into dust when unwrapped, but his obelisks will perpetuate his memory to the latest period of time.

Near the village of Matarieth is the tree and well, or spring of the Virgin. The Virgin's tree is an old sycamore which stands to the right of the main road. Many of the roots which support the decayed and riven trunk of this old tree run along on the surface of the ground. The branches are wide extended and are still tolerably flourishing. The well, as it is called (I regard it a free bold spring of clear, cool, sweet water), is near the old tree. Of course, the tree now standing has sprung up from the roots of the old tree which formed a sheltering of the infant Jesus and his mother. How many have thus sprung up, flourished and passed away since that memorable period will never be known.

Tradition has it that it was under this tree Joseph and Mary pitched their tent, when Joseph was warned in a dream to take the child Jesus, and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and remain until the Lord should tell him to return, for "Herod sought the child to destroy him."

This spring is in the border land of Goshen, and on the road traveled in coming from Palestine to Egypt at that time, and more, it is good water. This I know, for I drank of it, while nearly all the other springs and wells which percolate through the ground from the river Nile contain brackish water unfit for drinking purposes. These are the reasons given, and the reasons for believing that this was the locality selected by Joseph on which to pitch his tent during his stay in Egypt.

It is said that the celebrated balsam shrub, the balm of which the Queen of Sheba presented to Solomon, once grew very luxuriantly in this immediate section.

In 1820-30, the first experiments with the cotton plant in Egypt were made in this immediate neighborhood. This old tree and the fountain are near Heliopolis.

Now, reader, I would omit any attempt at describing what I saw in the museum of Egyptian antiquities, but I have a full list of all the most interesting, some of which I am sure you would regret were I not to describe them to you the best I can. On entering the enclosure on the right of the gate-way, we see a very large statue of King Usertesen I, king of Egypt, about 2,500 or more years B. C., who, as I told you, erected the obelisk at Heliopolis. He also erected one near Medineth, further up the Nile. This statue is what we would, at this day and time, call a rough piece of sculpture, but we must remember it was executed nearly three thousand years before the Christian era, and at a time when sculptors were esteemed in proportion as they were true to nature. Usertesen, although a king, may have been a rough subject.

It is of beautiful material, the rose-colored granite.

Further on, placed against the wall of the museum, are four dark gray granite figures in a sitting posture of the lion-headed goddess Sekhet (Bast). This goddess had a lion's or cat's head. "She is called the daughter of Ra and the bride of Ptah, and personates sexual passion." These were brought from the temple of the goddess Muth at Karnak. In the 19th chapter of II. Kings we read of a king of Ethiopia named Tirhakah. Here you see his portrayed head in dark granite. He has a somewhat negro cast of features, as you see. In one of the departments there are twelve cabinets or glass cases containing statuettes of the Egyptian deities in bronze, stone and porcelain, also objects connected with the burial ceremonies of the Egyptians; a statue of Princess Nefert, daughter of Usertesen, the scribe Anawa, major domo of Memphis, worshiping Tum and Harmathis; Harmathis, god of the rising, and Tum, god of the setting sun.

In this apartment we find statues of Osiris, and the Apis bull, with the sacred triangle in his forehead; Serapis, human body with the head of a bull; Hawk, with the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt; Ptah, in green porcelain (this deity is represented in the shape of a distorted child standing upon two crocodiles and strangling two snakes); bronze cats, numbers of them. One of the cabinets contains the jewels of Queen Aah-hotep about 1700 B. C.; among these I noticed bracelets for the upper arm adorned with turquoises, in front is a vulture of Lapis Lazuli, cornelian, and brilliant gems in a gold setting; a dagger, the handle of gold, each side at the upper end of the handle terminating in a female head, and the blade enameled with the same metal; an ax, with handle of cedar wood, incased in gold and

inlaid with precious stones; pliable chain of gold thirty-six inches in length, to which is attached a scarabeus—sacred beetle (you can buy stone representations of these beetles by the hundreds from the Arabs in Egypt); a case which contained a large collection of ancient jewels and ornaments; among these is a necklace of gold, the links of which are in the form of coils of rope, comprising cruciform flowers, antelopes chased by lions, jackalls, vultures and winged serpents; the clasps represented the heads of hawks; a breastplate of gold inlaid with precious stones; bracelets and anklets of massive gold, etc., etc.; gold ornaments and precious stones to the value of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Here is the statue of King Cepnron, builder of the second large pyramid, which was found in the well of the granite temple, as mentioned when describing that temple. He is represented as life-size, sitting on the throne. The arms of the throne terminate in lions' heads. The muscles of the breast and legs are reproduced with wonderful accuracy. Here you see, railed in, a wooden statue. It was found in Sakkara, where we were when we were at Mariette's house, and is known as the village chief, a name given it by the Arabs. This figure dates back some four thousand years B. C., and shows that those old sculptors were quite capable of executing really artistic work. The individuality and realism of this figure, with its happy jocular face, offered a pleasant surprise among these old, cold, stiff, formal statues and mummies.

Here is a large room full of the mummies of the ancient kings, queens, and princes of Egypt. Among them old

Seti, Rameses II, his son (the great Sesostris of history), Queen Ramaka, and many others.

A statue of Meneptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, has recently been found at Bubastis. On our way from Cairo to Ismailiya, on the Suez canal, we will see where the old temple of Bubastes stood. Here is old Seti, the father of Thurmuthis, who raised Moses. You see he is a grand old hypocrite, even in death. He looks like an old deacon, and yet he was the Pharaoh who sent forth the commandment to put to death all the male children of the Hebrews simply because they were born. The Hebrew people were getting to be too numerous for his comfort. Seti I was also the father of Rameses II, the illustrious Sesostris.

Rameses II was crowned king of Egypt by his fatner when some ten or twelve years of age, and it was this father and son that oppressed the children of Israel until their cries reached the compassionate God in heaven. This old, tyrannical hypocrite pleads his cause before Osiris and his forty two associate judges in Amenthes, and says: "His life was sinless, his nature just, his devotions unswerving, etc."

Rameses II and Moses may have gone, and very probably did go, to school together at the university which was at Heliopolis at that period. For there was a university there at that time with all the appliances for study and research. In its precincts Herodotus composed a portion of his history. Here Plato and Eudoxus studied; the one philosophy and the other astronomy. Moses is said to have been "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

How much of the doctrine and ritual of Egypt were engrafted by Moses into Judaism is hard to tell. "That



Seti I.

some of the rituals to which the Jews had been accustomed in Egypt should have been incorporated in the Mosaic law is quite in accordance with human nature." But I leave this question for others to determine. The name of Pharaoh, as applied to the kings of Egypt after a certain period in the history of that country, was used as we use the name "president," as applied to the chief magistrate of the United States.

Of Rameses I, the presumption is that he was an ordinary ruler. Monuments of him are scarce, and he seems to have had but little historic notoriety.

In some of the old tombs there were found masks and breast-plates of beaten gold, with which the face and breast of the dead were covered. Others were buried like our American Indians, with their war implements; such as clubs, bows, arrows, javelins, etc. Among the mummies and mummy coffins is a false mummy of a child fabricated at a very remote period by thieves to take the place of the child which had been mummified and doubtless buried with valuable jewels and valuable ornaments. The mummy case bears the name of Princess Setamu, daughter of Amasis I, about 1500 or 1600 B. C.

In one cabinet one sees a sample of their weapons, darts, knives, arrow heads; also axes, chisels, pincers, two boards for games, etc. In another are hares, crocodiles, hedgehogs, cows, and other animals in enameled clay, carnelian, and agate. The contents of one entire room in the museum were found at Thebes, after a long and diligent search. It comprises many valuable and curious statuettes, rolls of papyrus, coffins, mummies, many double coffins in which a father and son, or a mother and daughter, were buried. Some of the

mummies were wrapped with layer after layer of linen cloth, which were tightly pressed and glued together, and then covered with a thin coating of stucco. The solid mass was as hard as wood, and far more durable. They were then painted and covered with inscriptions. Each mummy thus prepared was adorned with paintings, a crown, and a double feather, the double feather denoting Upper and Lower Egypt.

The first suspicion of the existence of this collection of royal tombs at Thebes was excited by the Arabs offering for sale statuettes of Osiris, rolls of papyrus, etc. But the Arabs of the neighborhood carefully concealed the knowledge of their hiding place, and long baffled the curiosity of travelers, until finally, in 1881, the hiding place, which proved to be a large and deep mummy shaft, was discovered, "yielding treasure far beyond the most sanguine expectations."

Reader, I fear I have already kept you too long among these old relics of former ages. We could spend days and weeks in this museum of antiquities, and never tire of looking and learning about these strange old people.

Here we see mummies, mummy cases, coffins, statues and statuettes; deities of stone, clay, porcelain, agate, and other material, implements and ornaments, and all manner of odds and ends representing every dynasty and every century from the days of Menes on down through the centuries to the Christian era.

To be surrounded by, and to look upon, such things involuntarily and unconsciously carries one so far back in the ages that they feel for the time being as though they were living at a different period of the world's history from what they really are.

The names of these kings or Pharaohs of Egypt had been long known historically, but skepticism said, where is the proof that such a man as Seti I (whose daughter you claim raised Moses) ever lived? Where is the testimony that Rameses II, the great Sesostris, who oppressed and set task masters over the children of Israel, as claimed by the Bible, where is he? Where is the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Where the treasure cities, Ramses and Pithon, that the Bible says were built by the Israelites? Look in that glass case, there lies not the statue of Seti I, but the veritable man himself; his name and royal titles preserved in a shroud or mummy wrappings to be read of all men. Look at that parched, dried-up, shrunken face of royalty. That is the veritable man himself that had thousands of innocent children killed to prevent their becoming men who might in after years rise in their might and manhood and throw off the yoke of oppression and slavery.

See this case. There lies one of Egypt's greatest warrior kings; one who has left statues, monuments, and imperishable records of himself all over his vast monarchy. That poor, miserable looking wretch says to the skeptic, "Here I am, a reality, look at me! I am the great Rameses II, the illustrious Sesostris, somewhat dilapidated just now, for thieves found me in the tombs of my fathers and robbed me, and my friends had to move me to Bahari. But here I am!" "Marvellous things did he in the sight of their fathers in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan." The prophecy says further, "And her cities shall be wasted in the midst of the cities that are wasted."

Go to Tanis and read the testimony of its identity with

Zoan, when in its glory it was the capital of the northern part of the empire. Go and look at the old treasure cities, Pithon and Ramses, lately excavated, and see not only the verification of the scriptures, but see at the same time the fulfillment of prophecy. See how wasted!

Where is Meneptah (Mene-Ptah, lover of Ptah), the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Ask Moses; ask Miriam, Moses' sister, who says: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea. His chosen captains also are devoured in the sea."

The mummy of this false, hypocritical, weak, vacillating monarch has never been found, but wherever his pictures are engraved they represent him surrounded by gangs of laborers bearing intolerable burdens, taskmasters applying the lash to the bared backs of the dejected, down-trodden Hebrews. Even the monarch's own sculptures on imperishable stone have perpetuated his inhuman despotism and cruel tyranny, just as the memory of some cruel slave-owners ought to have been handed down to future generations in detestation for their cruelty and oppressive treatment of their helpless slaves, before the late Confederate war.

For there is no denying the fact that now and then there was a slave-owner who treated his slaves more like they were brutes than like human beings. Being a Southern man, and having been a slave-owner myself, I know whereof I speak. In writing this I am but following the injunction of Mr. Cleveland, when he told his friends to "Tell the truth."

As we anticipate visiting some of the Mohammedan

mosques, and perhaps other places of worship, on to-morrow, I will tell you something of their creed and something more of their religious service than I have heretofore done. In the first place, the followers of Mohammed comprise about fifteen per cent. of the human family; in numbers, near two hundred million and in India, and perhaps other countries, they are on the increase. Please bear this in mind as you read the following pages. These are the people that now *occupy the Holy Land.*

The articles of Mohammedan creed are six: "Every Moslem must believe in the unity of God, in the angels, the Koran, the prophets, the day of judgment, and the decrees of God." Or, as the Koran has it: "Whosoever believeth not on God, and His angels, and His books, and His apostles, and on the last day, he verily hath erred with far gone error." But the brief confession which can be expressed by the upheld finger, that "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," makes any man a Mohammedan. Mohammed, "the praised," or, "to be praised," was born in 570 or 571 A. D. His father, Abdallah, died shortly before he was born. When he was in his sixth year his mother carried the boy with her on a trip to Medina, which is about two hundred miles northeast of Mecca. On their return his mother, whose name was Amina, died. The boy was then taken and educated by his grandfather and his uncle. His grandfather lived only two years after the death of his mother. In his youth Mohammed, or Mahomet, as usually written, was a shepherd and followed this pursuit several years. He afterwards undertook commercial journeys; at first in company of his uncle, and then

alone. When about twenty-five years old he traveled in the service of the widow Khadijah, whom he afterwards married. And let me say to his credit, although polygamy was practiced by the Arabians then, as now, Mohammed never took to himself any other wife as long as Khadijah lived.

The family of Mohammed were the custodians of the old Kaba, or national-pagan temple at Mecca, in which there were three hundred and sixty idols. Mohammed declared that the revelation which he believed it was his mission to impart to his people especially, was nothing new. He claimed that his religion was that of Abraham, and his mission was to restore it to its ancient purity; that all men were born Moslems, but that surrounding circumstances had caused them to fall away from the true religion. The peculiar characteristic of his doctrine was submission. "There is one God and through him (Mohammed) that God summons you to submit to Him." This was the simple doctrine which gave birth to the most aggressive religion that the world has ever known. "Submission," says Bishop Butler, "is the whole of religion." This seems to have been Mohammed's dominant idea, and when persuasion failed to accomplish the end he resorted to the sword.

Obedience to God and submission to His will and His providences without murmurings or complainings under any and all circumstances and conditions in life is one of the great requirements of the religion of Mohammed. No one can travel among these people who now number one hundred and seventy million or more and witness their devotion, their sincerity, their calm, uncomplaining resignation to their lot in life, be

it what it may, without it exciting in his mind a respect for their opinions and an admiration for their devotion to religious conviction and duty.

"This is the only religion which has threatened Christianity with a dangerous rivalry." It is the only other religion now known among men whose origin is exposed to the broad daylight of history. That Mohammed was an extraordinary man no one can deny. Who of all the great men, who of all the men in the past ages, who have left an impress upon the age in which they lived and who at the same time have founded a religion, ever reformed and transformed a people from barbarism and warring tribes and factions into one united, peaceable brotherhood and established an empire?

It will be remembered that the Arab tribes which were always at war with each other, in the short space of a century, were not only at peace among themselves, but were united into an irresistible power "which extended its arms of conquest over Syria, Persia, the whole of northern Africa and Spain."

With this great religious outbreak came also a revival of learning which made the Arabs the teachers of philosophy and art to Europe during a long period. "Arab Spain was a focus of light, while Christian Europe lay in mediæval darkness."

Reader, you ask me two questions. Who are the Arabs? and who was Mohammed? I will answer your questions in part in the language and upon the authority of Dr. Clark, and Dr. Clark bases his answers to these questions on the authority of some seven or eight writers on orientals and oriental literature.

He says, "The Arabs are a Semitic people belonging

to the same great race or family with the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Ethiopians, and Carthagenians. It is a race that has given to civilized man his literature and his religion, for the alphabet came from the Phœnicians and the Bible from the Jews. In Hannibal, Arabia produced perhaps the greatest military genius the world has ever seen, and the Tyrian merchants circumnavigating Africa, discovering Great Britain and trading with India ten centuries before Christ, had no equals on the ocean until the time of the Portuguese discoveries twenty-five centuries later. The Arabs, alone of the seven Semitic families, remained undistinguished and unknown until the days of Mohammed.

Their claim of being descended from Abraham is confirmed by the unerring evidence of language. The Arabic roots are, nine-tenths of them, identical with the Hebrew, and a similarity of grammatical forms shows a plain glossological relation. But while the Jews have a history from the days of Abraham, the Arabs had none till the days of Mohammed." Reader, during twenty centuries these nomads wandered to and fro engaged in mutual wars, verifying the prophecy concerning Ishmael which is recorded in Genesis xvi, 12: "He will be a wild man. His hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him."

"Wherever such wandering races exist, whether in Arabia, Turkestan or equatorial Africa, darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people." The earth has no geography and the people no history. During this long period from the time of Abraham to that of Mohammed, the Arabs were not a nation, but only a multitude of tribes, either stationary or wan-

dering. But of these two the nomad or wandering Bedouins is the true type of the race as it exists in northern Arabia. The Arab of the south is in many respects different, in language, in manners, and in character. But the northern Arab in his tent has remained unchanged since the days of the Bible. Proud of his pure blood, of his freedom, of his tribe and of his ancient customs, he makes no change and desires none. He is in Asia what the North American Indian is upon the Western Continent. The Indian's chief virtues are: courage in war, cunning, wild justice, hospitality and fortitude. The Arab, however, is of a better race; more reflective, more religious, and with a thirst for knowledge. The pure air and the simple food of the Arabian plains keep him in perfect health, and the necessity of constant watchfulness against his foes from whom he has no defense of rock, forest, or fortification, quickens his perceptive faculties."

The Arab, though wild, lawless and warlike by nature, had a sense of spiritual things which appears to have been implanted in his make-up. The Koran says: "Every child is born into the religion of nature. Its parents make it a Jew, a Christian or a magian." When Mohammed came, the religion of the Arabs was a complete jumble of Judaism, Christianity, idolatry, and fetichism. We learn that at one time there had been a "powerful and intolerant" Jewish kingdom in one part of Arabia. At another time the king of Abyssinia had established Christianity, but neither of these forms of religion had ever spread extensively or generally over the country. And at the end of the sixth century, when Mohammed made his appearance, idolatry was the prevailing form of worship in Arabia.

"To Mohammed was given more than to any other man mentioned in history."

"The monarch's mind, the mystery of commanding,
"The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
"Of wielding, molding, gathering, welding, bonding,
"The hearts of thousands till they move as one."

"Mohammed was forty years old before he became "the ambitious leader of an army. His youth was "unstained by vice, and his honorable deportment and "upright course soon obtained for him the title which "he bears among his followers even until to-day, Al "Amin (the faithful). It appears that the habit of "retiring from the multitude and spending hours and "days in meditation was perhaps acquired in attending "flocks in the mountains around Mecca. He was a "quiet, calm, thoughtful man. His habit was to retire "to a cave on Mount Hira, near Mecca, to pray and "meditate. He seems to have been a sad man; one "who realized the evils in the world around him. One "of the Suras (chapters) of the Koran (which perhaps "was written when in one of his meditative, careful moods, Sura 103,) reads:

"By the declining day I swear,
"Verily man is in the way of ruin,
"Excepting such as possess faith
"And do the things which be right,
"And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness."

About this time Mohammed professed to have visions of the angels. Gabriel, it seems, was more partial to him than the other angels, or at least he has claimed to have had more frequent vistations from Gabriel. He claimed also to have seen a light and heard a voice and to have had such sentences as the above put into his mind. Weil says Mohammed was subject to epi-

leptic convulsions and that these supernatural manifestations presented themselves to his mind during these convulsions. Weil, however, makes a mistake in this, for as a rule the epileptic has no recollection of thoughts or mental impressions, which occur during the existence of the epileptic convulsion. Be that as it may, however, one thing is sure, Mohammed became convinced in some way of a great fact that there was one true and living God, the maker of all worlds and the things therein contained. This conviction was so forcibly impressed upon his mind as to leave no doubt or misgiving to harass or disturb his fixedness of purpose in after life. He conscientiously believed it to be his duty and his mission to bring his people to the adoption of the one great truth which he believed came as a revelation from a higher intelligence.

It will not do to say that Mohammed never had his hours of wavering. He descended from the noble and influential family of Kurish, or Koriesh, for the name is spelled both ways, who opposed his doctrine, and, seeing no way of overcoming their bitter hostility, after years of seemingly hopeless struggle he bethought himself of a method of compromise. He had then been preaching five years and had only forty or fifty converts to his faith. It is said on one occasion he recited one of the Suras of the Koran in the presence of some of the chief citizens, and mentioned three of the goddesses which were kept in the Kaba. The Koreish were so delighted at this that when he called upon them to worship Allah (God) they all fell upon their faces and worshiped God. But like Peter, Mohammed repented of this recognition of their deities, regarding it as a great wrong and prayed for forgive-

ness. The opposition to Mohammed and his followers increased to such a degree that his disciples were banished from the country. Mohammed advised them to go to Abyssinia, which they did, rather than remain and suffer martyrdom. Mohammed himself, however, braved the storm a while longer, notwithstanding he was surrounded on every hand by bitter foes who sought to put an end to his life and thereby to his new doctrine; still he stood firm in the faith and never ceased to openly preach and teach what he believed. Mohammed had some strong friends and disciples who were as thoroughly convinced of the truth of his doctrine as he was himself. Kadijah, his wife, and his two adopted children, Ali and Zeid, were among his earliest converts and most faithful adherents.

There had long been numerous and powerful tribes of Jewish proselytes at Medina and in the surrounding country. "They had often predicted the speedy coming of a prophet like Moses." At this time these proselytes were at peace among themselves and united in their religious views, but the idolators were divided by bitter quarrels. Mohammed for a long time taught a modified Judaism. He taught a revival of the religion of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. He claimed to be a prophet and inspired, not to teach a new religion, but to restore the universal religion which God had taught to man in the beginning; the religion of the patriarchs and prophets, the essential of which was the unity of God, his supremacy and providence.

This teaching secured for him a greater tolerance for his views and less danger for his person in Medina than at Mecca. Animosity toward him and his doctrine growing fiercer and more intolerant year after year at

Mecca, it being the great central point of their idolatrous worship, the objective point of their pilgrimages, the home of their deities, the one sacred locality above all others, there was no doubt a greater religious fervor and zeal in, around and about Mecca than elsewhere among his people. This, of course, enhanced his danger and rendered his doctrine more abhorrent in this particular locality.

Mohammed, at the time of the prilgrimage to Mecca, met many of these semi-Judaized pilgrims who promised to become his disciples. The pledge they took was as follows: "We will not worship any but the one god; we will not steal nor commit adultery; not kill our children (females); will not slander at all, nor disobey the prophet in anything that is right." The Jews had required of their proselytes to change all their previous customs and conform to the ceremonies of the Jewish law; Mohammed, on the contrary, only asked for submission.

Reader, you will observe in the above pledge that Mohammed required that they would not kill their female children. The Hebrew law reckoned a woman ceremonially unclean after giving birth to a child, and doubly so if the child be a daughter. It was a custom among the Arabs prior to and up to the time of Mohammed to make way with female children at their option as soon as they were born. But often the child was allowed to live until she was five or six years of age, and then, when every parent who reads these pages would think that she had entwined herself with the tenderest chords of love and aroused in the breast of her parents the tenderest and most endearing emotions of the human heart, her father would one day say to his wife:

"Perfume and adorn her that I may take her away to her mothers." This being done, he would lead the little, innocent, prattling child to a pit or grave and tell her to look into it, and, standing behind her, would push her in, and immediately fill the grave, burying the child alive. One reliable author says: "Some idea of the extent to which this was practiced may be formed from the fact that one man had saved from this horrible death no fewer than two hundred and eighty girls. Buried alive! The very thought is horrifying and repugnant to every feeling and sentiment of the human heart, and a thousandfold more so to the parental heart. It will be remembered that about this time Mohammed had his famous dream or vision. In this vision he was carried by night by the angel Gabriel on a winged steed to Jerusalem to meet all the prophets of God and to be welcomed by them to their number, and then transported to the seventh heaven into the presence of God.

When, in our travels, we reach Jerusalem, we will have occasion to refer again to this dream of the prophet.

The disciples of Mohammed having for the second time pledged him protection at Medina, and becoming convinced by the increased rancor and bitterness of his enemies that he and his followers would be driven to seek safety in flight, he gave his disciples orders to flee to Medina in small detachments. His enemies were confounded by this move and plotted his immediate assassination. But before their plans were matured Mohammed himself disappeared from their midst. As soon as this fact became known, an armed party was sent on swift horses and camels in pursuit, with orders

to search the whole route to Medina and, if captured, to bring the whole party back to Mecca. The fugitives, however, instead of going direct to Medina, secreted themselves in a cave near Mecca, and there remained until their pursuers returned from their fruitless search, after which the prophet and his followers made their escape and reached Medina in safety. It is claimed by the followers of Mohammed that a miracle was wrought at that time to save the life of the prophet. It is said as soon as he had secreted himself in the cave, spiders wove their silken cords over the mouth of the cave in such profusion that his enemies, in coming to the cave in their search for him, on seeing the spider web would and did conclude that no one had entered the cave for many days or even weeks. This flight of Mohammed to Medina is called the Hegira, and is reckoned to have occurred on the 20th of June, A. D. 622. From this period the Moslems count or reckon their time in the same manner that Christian nations reckon theirs from the birth of Christ. From this date the Mohammedan era began, and the seemingly sincere, conscientious and upright character of the prophet to wane. Mohammed had borne the loss of family, prestige, of wealth and popularity, among his people with a calm and determined fortitude seldom equaled. "Up to this time Mohammed's only weapon had been what he regarded as a great fact or revealed truth." But now he seized the sword, and as he failed to convince his people by the most powerful and eloquent preaching, he determined to compel them by force to adopt his teachings. "He now became the head and leader of a party contriving expedients for its success. From this time his career is marked by bloodshed, falsehood and cruelty."

The first regular battle which the prophet and his followers had with his opponents was that of Badr, which took place in January, A. D. 624. In this engagement Mohammed was successful, although it was a hard-fought battle. When the bodies of his enemies were being buried he spoke to them very bitterly and had many of the prisoners put to the sword. Mr. Weil mentions many cases of assassination which took place at the prophet's command. A quarrel between some Jews and some Moslems brought on an attack upon the Jewish tribe. The Jews surrendered after a siege of fifteen days, and Mohammed ordered them all to be slain; but finally, at the earnest request of a powerful chief in Medina, he modified their punishment to banishment. They were sent into exile, with the curse of the prophet upon their heads and upon that of their intercessor.

The worst action of this kind perpetrated by Mohammed was in having seven or eight hundred Jewish prisoners put to death and their wives and children sold into slavery. The prophet selected from among them one woman more beautiful than the others for his concubine.

As another evidence of his demoralization and licentiousness, Mohammed claimed about this time to have received other revelations allowing him to take to himself wives beyond the usual limit of the law.

He added one after another to his harem, until he had ten wives, besides his slave concubines.

The latter part of Mohammed's life was passed in almost continual warfare with tribes rejecting his, to them, new doctrine. But he seems to have been more successful as a military leader than a reformer.

In 630 A. D. he took Mecca and destroyed the pagan idols, after which the tribes throughout Arabia acquiesced in the prophet's authority. They all either accepted his religion or paid him tribute. "His success was complete. He had overcome his two most bitter enemies, Aswad and Museilama, and in truth brought his enemies under his feet. The prophet, however, lived but a short time after this. The hardships and exposures incident to a warrior's life, in connection with the mental excitement which necessarily accompanies an intestine war, such as he had been engaged in, caused his speedy death." A writer has said: "It is a sad sight and a sadder reflection to see a great soul conquered by success." The last ten years of the prophet's life had been spent in building up a fanatical army of warriors destined to conquer half the civilized world.

We haven't the time, and it would be out of place here, to enlarge upon the character of this man, one of the greatest the world has ever produced; for many years a pure man, a man of the deepest convictions, but drawn down at last under the delusion that the ends justified the means. The religion of Mohammed is not the only system of religion which has been founded upon this false theory; for the theory is not only false in fact, but contrary to every principle of right and justice. The means used to accomplish the end may entail upon humanity a hundredfold greater evil than the end could possibly do good, even if the end be accomplished in all of its anticipated parts. Mohammed died on the 8th of June, 632 A. D., in the arms of his favorite wife, Ayesha.

CHAPTER X.

IN the foregoing pages I have endeavored to give the reader in brief an answer to the questions asked, and it now remains for me to tell you something more of the religious doctrines and practices among the Mohammedans.

"The essential doctrine of the Mohammedans, as before stated, is the absolute unity and supremacy of God as opposed to the old pagan Polytheism, or plurality of gods, on the one hand, and the Christian trinity on the other." They believe in the angels and genii. Gabriel and Michael are regarded by them as the angels of power; Azriel, the angel of death; and Israfil, the angel of resurrection. They call Satan, Eblis. The Koran teaches the doctrine of eternal decrees or absolute predestination. It teaches that there were prophets and revelations before Mohammed. They claim that there have been in all about one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets; but they differed very widely in rank and mission. Their principal prophets, and those whom they revere more highly than the others, are: Adam, whom they regard as a perfect pattern of human perfection; Noah, whose history is related more than once in the Koran; another of their favorite prophets and a great teacher, Abraham, is spoken of in the Koran as he is in the Bible, and is called "a friend of God." He is regarded by the Moslems as a person of the utmost importance, not only on account of the religion of

Abraham, but because he was the progenitor of their race through Ishmael.

He is represented, and they believe, that he built the temple or Kaba at Mecca, where they claim to show you his footprints to this day. In the Sixth Sura of the Koran we find this language: "Call to mind when Abraham said to his father, Azer (the Bible tells us Abraham's father was named Terah), Dost thou take images for gods?" Terah is said in Scripture to have served strange gods. "Verily I perceive that thou and thy people are in manifest error, and thus did he show unto Abraham the kingdom of heaven and earth, that he might become one of those who firmly believed."

"And when the night overshadowed him he saw a star and said, 'This is my Lord,' but when it set he said, 'I like not gods which set.' And when he saw the moon rising he said, 'This is my Lord;' but when he saw it set he said, 'Verily, if my Lord direct me not, I shall become one of the people who go astray.' And when he saw the sun rising he said, 'This is my Lord, this is the greatest.' But when it set he said, 'Oh my people, verily I am clear of that which ye associate with God. I direct my face unto him who hath created the heavens and the earth.'"

It will be seen from this quotation from the Koran that Mohammed adds force and strength to his own teachings by claiming the experience of Abraham in his search for the true God to have coincided with his own. Therefore, they esteem Abraham as one of the greatest of the prophets.

Moses, another of their prophets, is presented in the Koran with no new or special features of interest. He

is called the "Speaker of God." Jesus is called "Isa" in the Koran, and is represented as the son of Miriam, the sister of Moses (but Isa is properly Esau, a name of reproach among the Jews). He is also styled the "Word of God," as in the gospel of John. A parallel is also drawn between the creation of Adam and the nativity of Christ. Like Adam, Jesus is said to have been a prophet from childhood, and to have wrought miracles which surpassed those of all other prophets, including even Mohammed himself. It represents another as having been crucified in his stead, but it says: "God caused Jesus also to die for a few hours before taking him up to heaven." No one can read the Koran without being clearly convinced that Mohammed merely repeated what he had learned from various sources. First, from the Jews, and afterwards from Christians. Many of the statements in the Koran show that Mohammed made them from memory, and that his memory was often seriously at fault.

Alexander the Great is enumerated as one of the prophets by the Mohammedans. He is associated with the Khidar, or the animating power of nature, which is sometimes mentioned as identified with Elijah.

Mohammed, coming last, is called the seal of the prophets, *i e.*, summing up and closing all the revelations of God to man. Unbelief in the scriptures is put by Mohammed on a level with unbelief in the Koran itself. In the fortieth Sura he says, "They who charge with falsehood the book of the Koran and the other sacred scriptures and revealed doctrines we sent our former apostles to preach, shall hereafter know their folly, when the collars shall be on their necks

and the chains by which they shall be dragged into hell."

This places the Mohammedan in a bad fix. It requires him to believe in the scriptures and the apostles, which not only contradicts the stories of the Koran, but explodes their whole system of religion. "They are commanded and threatened with the horrors of hell if they refuse to accept Jesus as a prophet, and at the same time commanded to accept Mohammed. Just as though they taught the same grand truths; when, in reality, their doctrines are as far apart as the poles. They believe with some theologians in an intermediate state after death. They also believe in a resurrection and a day of judgment. According to their creed all non-believers in Mohammedanism will be sent into eternal punishment, a veritable hell fire. They are more charitable, however, than one would suppose, or than some people are in regard to the heathen. The Moslems believe there are separate hells and separate degrees of punishment. One for the Jews, one for the Christians, another for the Sabians, another for the Magians, one for idolators, and another for the hypocrites of all religions.

They teach that the Moslem is judged by his actions, that a balance is held by the angel Gabriel, one end of which is suspended over Paradise and the other over purgatory; and his good deeds are placed in one end of the balance and his bad deeds in the other. If his good deeds outweigh his bad he is forwarded on to Paradise. But if his bad deeds predominate or outweigh his good he is without any further ceremony dumped into Hades, or a purgatory, to await the final judgment day. If he goes to Paradise he finds there seventy-two

houris, nymphs of Paradise, more beautiful and enchanting than angels, awaiting him to conduct him to gardens rich and fragrant with ever blooming flowers, groves and marble palaces. These houris delight his ears with sweet strains of heavenly music."

But that you may judge for yourself how far this prophet was responsible for impressing upon the minds of his followers his idea of a material paradise, I give you a description of it from the Koran. It says: "These are they who shall be brought nigh to God in gardens of delight, a crowd from the ancients, a few from later generations. On inwrought couches, reclining on them, face to face, immortal youths go round about to them with goblets and ewers and a cup from the fountain. Their brows ache not from it, nor fails the sense. And with such fruits as they shall make choice of and the flesh of such birds as they shall long for, and theirs shall be the houris with large dark eyes like close-kept pearls, a recompense for their labors past. No vain discourse shall they hear therein, nor charge of sin, but only the cry, peace, peace! And the people on the right hand, how happy the people on the right hand! Amid thornless Lote trees, and bananas with flowers, and extended shade and flowing waters and abundant fruits, unfailing and unforbidden, and lofty couches. Verily of a rare creation have we created the houris, and we have made them ever virgins, dear to their spouses, of equal age with them, for the people of the right hand, a crowd from the ancients and a crowd from later generations."

Great stress is laid upon the importance of prayer, fastings, ablutions and once during life a pilgrimage to Mecca.

I have heretofore explained the hours of prayer and the postures and genuflexions used in this part of their religious exercise. Another important duty of the believer is a strict observance of the month of Rhamadan. From daybreak to sunset eating and drinking are absolutely forbidden, and the zealous ones among them avoid swallowing even the saliva which accumulates in the mouth. When on pilgrimages or conducting caravans across the desert, this religious observance entails great suffering from thirst. But it is endured with that calm fortitude and steady submission which becomes a faithful Moslem.

"As the Arabic year is lunar and therefore eleven days shorter than ours, this fast runs through all the seasons in the course of thirty-three years. Consequently its strict observance, as before intimated, causes much suffering from thirst when it comes in the hot summer months. "Many shops and offices are kept closed during the entire month of Rhamadan. This fast is not a pretense or merely abstaining from the heavier or richer articles of food, as some may have thought; it is a bona fide total abstinence from all manner of food, drink and use of tobacco from daybreak to sunset, each day, throughout the whole month."

The hard wrought laborer, in the burning streets or under the Eastern noonday sun, must endure his misery; or, should he be on the desert, blinded by the ever drifting sand and scorched by the ever burning sun above, still he bears all, enduring all, and murmurs not. Is he prompted in this by a deep-rooted consciousness of performance of duty? Or is it blind obedience to religious law? "He may fall from his camel or sit insensible in his saddle, but he will chew nothing, taste

nothing, not even smell anything that might have a tendency to revive, for a time, his over-taxed energies."

Dr. Burton says this fast is not obligatory in cases of illness, but, says he, "I found but one patient who would eat even to save his life."

There is great and universal rejoicing when this long and rigid fast is over. Drums are beaten, guns and pistols fired, and a general jollification and rejoicing indulged in. Even the Arab children throng on the streets shouting "Rhamadan Mat" *i. e.*, "Rhamadan is dead."

I suppose they fondly anticipate a change in the tempers of their parents, as it is a notorious fact known the world over that a hungry man is an angry man.

The Koran enjoins it upon every believer to be liberal in his contributions to relieve the distress of others. "A liberal unbeliever" says Ali, "may sooner hope for Paradise than an avaricious Mohammedan." The Mohammedan religion makes provision for a tax by government officials to be expended in affording relief to the poor. This Zakar, or legal alms, or tax, however, like our income tax, is exacted only from those who have a certain amount of revenue and have been in possession of the same for a year. He must give a prescribed amount or portion of all his property, one-tenth of his fruit and farm products, one of every hundred of his camels, and two and a half per cent of his money, both capital and increase.

In Sura Ninth, directions are given for the distribution of this two and a half per cent fund. It says: "It shall be for the relief of debtors who can not pay their debts, for the aid of slaves who wish to buy their free-

dom, for strangers, travelers, pilgrims, and the destitute poor."

The next requirement of the Mohammedan religion to which I now call your attention is pilgrimage. This duty is enjoined by the Koran. Every believer, male and female, no matter where they may live—distance and expense are not to be considered—must, at least once in their life time, visit the holy city and temple of Mecca. It is reported that Mohammed said, "that a man had as well die a Jew or a Christian as to die without having made a pilgrimage to Mecca."

This language doubtless conveyed a much deeper and truer meaning than the prophet intended.

Reader, you will remember when we went aboard the vessel at Piræus, Greece, to embark for Egypt, we found on board some five or six hundred Mohammedans en route for Mecca. Since the completion of the Suez canal thousands of Mohammedans from Constantinople, from the Black Sea country, and Egypt, make the pilgrimage to Mecca by water, passing through the canal and down the Red Sea as far as Jeddo, where they land and walk out to the holy city, which is only some twelve or fourteen miles distant in the interior. The stricter sect of Moslems say that every one who is able to walk and earn his bread on the way is under obligation to make this pilgrimage. This strict requirement of obedience to this religious law compels many of these poor creatures to leave their homes in northern India and inner Africa and beg their way to Mecca, facing the terrors of the desert and the sea, and traveling long distances through foreign countries. Pauper pilgrims are now provided by the Turkish government with free sea passage, and the overland pauper pilgrims

receive a stipulated sum from the government to aid them in the undertaking. I was told that the government annually contributed some three or four hundred thousand dollars for this purpose.

In Syria the great bulk of pilgrims make Damascus their starting point and follow the caravan route by way of Medina. A large caravan, comprising some fifty or seventy-five thousand, were preparing to leave Damascus on this pilgrimage when we were in that old city. When the pilgrims get within five miles of the holy city (believing the ground holy for five miles around the great temple), they undress, laying aside even their head-gear, and put on the pilgrim garb, *i. e.*, they put on aprons made of a piece of white cloth without seam, and throw another piece over the left shoulder, and put sandals on their feet. This comprises the proper pilgrim garb. On arriving at the sacred building itself, the pilgrim first prays, then drinks a cup of the distasteful water of Zem Zem (Hagar's Well), and begins his circumambulations, or, as the Molsems call it, "Tawaf." The pilgrim goes around the Kaba, or temple, seven times, keeping his left side next to it, uttering prayers and exclamations of praise as he goes.

"The first three or four circuits which he makes is done in a manner representing his body as meeting with resistance or opposition, and as though he were determined to praise God and perform his duty in spite of all opposition. The remainder of the circuits of the Kaba are performed more quietly and easily, indicating that he has succeeded in overcoming all barriers or resistance which has been thrust in his way. This circumambulation is claimed by Moslems to be done in imitation of the worship of the angels going in proces-

sion around a temple which stood in the garden of Eden.

The black stone is then kissed and the whole body pressed against the sacred edifice. They say when Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden an angel was placed in the garden to keep watch over them; but, being negligent of his duty in allowing Eve to transgress, the angel was converted into a stone of pure whiteness and thrown from Paradise with Adam and Eve.

After the flood Gabriel found the stone, and when Ishmael and Abraham were building the Kaba, or National temple, at Mecca, he brought the stone to them to be placed in the wall. They further say that the stone has been turned black by the oft-repeated kisses of sinful lips. On the day of judgment it will be restored to its angelic form and appear as a witness in behalf of faithful pilgrims.

After which (he) the pilgrim returns to Mount Arafat and hears a sermon. Then he makes seven runs between the Mounts Safa and Marwah. He then pelts Satan with stones in the valley of Mina, and concludes the services with a great sacrificial feast. On the day when this takes place at Mecca, many sheep are slaughtered and a festival called the Great Beiran is observed throughout the whole of Mohammedan countries. At the close of Ramadan a feast is also observed throughout the country called the lesser Beiran. The month which closes the Mohammedan year is chosen as the month of pilgrimage.

Many pilgrims who travel long distances by land fall victims to the hardships and privations incident to the journey and die by the roadside.

The law of marriage and divorce among the Arabs is given in the Koran. Every Mohammedan is allowed four wives at a time. But owing to the difficulty of maintaining so many women and children, the majority of the poorer classes have but one wife at a time. The women are said to be very quarrelsome, and unless their lord is able to furnish separate apartments for them, the poor fellow has a hard lot in life, and his home is more like a small Gehenna than an earthly paradise. We learn from history that women have from a very remote period been treated as mere chattels by the Orientals. No doubt this is true. For we find all their habits and customs to have been handed down to them through the long past centuries. They live just as their forefathers lived centuries ago. The condition of women among the Jews and nominal Christians in the Orient is but little, if any, better than among the Mohammedans. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and are regarded as being of far less intrinsic value than the donkey. They dislike to see their women praying or engaged in any kind of religious services; nor do they allow them to go into the mosques or places of religious worship under any circumstances. They are treated in all departments of life as inferiors, having only such rights as their masters may see fit to accord them.

The practice of polygamy and the custom of having concubines (both of which are sanctioned by the Koran), taken in connection with the easy law of divorce, destroys all peace and happiness which in more civilized and Christian nations grow out of the marriage relation. Even the so-called Christian churches and the Jewish synagogues have apartments for the women,

separated from the congregation of men by lattice work. I found this the case in a Jewish synagogue of Armenians which I visited.

If a Mohammedan becomes offended with his wife he has only to say "I divorce you," and repeat it three times, to irrevocably cast her off. He can not, if he would, take her to wife again until she marries another man and he dies and she becomes a widow; he can then marry her again if they will to do so. When divorced in this manner, however, she is entitled to retain the dowery, or purchase money, which she received from him before marriage. If, however, he treats her as a brute, forcing her by ill treatment to sue for a divorce, she is not entitled to even a dower.

The custom of wearing veils is not confined to the Mohammedan women, but is universal in the East; the only exception being the peasant and the Bedouin women. An Oriental woman would regard it as an affront and humiliating to be allowed to mingle in society with the same freedom as do the ladies in our own country. She feels and thinks in this way, however, because she has been brought up from infancy to look upon it in that light. In other words, she has been educated to regard this custom in this way. Writers and tourists have given various reasons for this custom. Some say the women of the East wear the veil as a badge of modesty and innocency and protection from insult. Others say that the Mohammedans require their women to go veiled to prevent Christian dogs or infidels from looking them in the face. If I am to judge of the beauty of those who wear the veil by those who do not wear it, I would say that it is a custom or invention of the women themselves, in keeping with many other

deceptive arts and devices not confined to the Orients. They, like advertised women, or patent medicines, sell much faster and at higher prices when the purchaser is kept ignorant of the ingredients or the genuine merit of the article he is purchasing. It seems to be a universal trait or ingredient of human character to be fond of humbuggery. They bite at the "humbug" as readily as they do at the genuine bait. Half the world are regular "suckers" anyway, there is no denying the fact.

Children are brought up in strict subjection and implicit obedience to the will of the parents. Unlike many Americans, the parents regard their children as children, and rear them as children. Our American parents (many of them at least) raise their children, *i. e.*, they feed and clothe them, love them too well to correct them; turn the boys loose on the streets to learn to chew tobacco, smoke cigarettes, talk big and curse loud, frequent saloons, gaming houses, etc., so that by the time the boy is ten or twelve years old he is master of the situation. He calls his father "the old man" and his mother "the old woman." Of the two extremes, that of the Arab is preferable. The Arab boys make sober, law-abiding men, and that is more than can be said of very many of our fast young Americans.

Mohammed believed and taught his people that God was the creator of all things, and that his maintaining power is constantly exercised for the preservation of the world. They believe he uses the angels as instruments for the accomplishment of his purpose, and that they are also his messengers and the medium of communication or meditators between God and man.

Therefore, before or just after praying they salute Munkar, the recording angel of their good deeds who stands upon their right side, and Nekir, the recorder of their evil deeds, who stands upon their left side.

Throughout Egypt, Palestine, and Syria the tourist will notice that every Mohammedan grave has a stone set on each side or at the ends. These are placed there for the recording angels to sit upon the night after the individual is buried. The Mohammedans believe the soul remains with the body a night after interment. The ceremony of burying the dead is therefore in accordance with this belief. If the Mohammedan dies in the morning the body is buried in the evening; but if in the afternoon, it is buried the next morning. As soon as death occurs, the body is washed and mourned over by the family, and the professional mourning women. The schoolmaster then reads several Suras of the Koran by the side of the corpse. The ears and nostrils of the deceased are then stuffed with cotton and the body enveloped in the white or green winding sheet. If a man, his turban is used for this purpose.

The dead, placed in a shallow wooden coffin or litter, is borne on the shoulders of four men; in advance are a lot of children carrying palm branches. Behind these, and just in advance of the coffin, are a lot of very old men, blind ones preferred, who go in advance of the deceased and chant verses of the Koran, such as "There is no God but God. Mohammed is the embassador of God. God be gracious to him (the dead) and preserve him, etc." Immediately following the bier come the female relations with disheveled hair, sobbing and wailing aloud. With these, or immediately behind them, are the professional mourners who cry aloud the merits of

the deceased. These hired mourners visit the grave for days or weeks, mourning, wailing, and weeping over the grave of the deceased, fulfilling a contract. They are hired to do this, and they comply with their agreement. That's funny, trading in hypocritical moans and crocodile tears. Woman's tears are cheap.

The corpse is carried to the mosque for whose patron saint the relatives entertain the greatest veneration, where prayers are offered on behalf of the deceased. After the exercise of prayers and chanting of verses of the Koran have been gone through with, the procession is formed anew and the body carried to the family cemetery, where it is interred in such a position that its face is turned toward Mecca.

In our country a man usually desires to be buried by the side of his wife, and the wife by the side of the husband. But it is not so with the Mohammedans. The separation of the sexes is carried out in the disposal of their dead, as it is when living. One side of the family vault is set apart for the males and the other side for the females. For the most part these family burial places are natural caves in the limestone hills, or they are hewn in the rock in the form of a small room with a low entrance door; the vaults or tombs being hewn into the side walls one above another.

These burial houses are closed by a stone hewn out in the shape of a mill-stone, which is set on edge in a groove hewn in the rock in front and for some distance to one side of the entrance, so that by rolling this circular stone, it can be made to cover the entrance, or it can be "rolled away" from the entrance and thus open the door to the vaults.

The Mohammedans usually place the bodies of their

dead in a sitting posture, so they can better answer the questions propounded to them by Munkar and Nekir, who, it is believed, will visit the dead the night after interment and examine them as to their proficiency in the creed as well as to their sins of omission and commission. If the poor fellow gives a good account of himself his soul is quietly withdrawn from the body, but if it happens that he is not well posted in the teachings of the Koran, or if it turns out that he has been a bad fellow during life, the angels beat him over the face and head with iron clubs and wrench his soul from the body with great violence.

I do not mean to make the impression upon the mind of the reader that all Mohammedans are buried thus. Many of the poor are buried in stone coffins, hewn in the rock on the surface of the ground. Others are buried high up on the bluff sides of the mountains. How they arrange their scaffolding or suspend themselves to hew these shaft tombs in the sides of the mountains I am unable to say. I have counted as many as fifteen or twenty in the same mountain, as much as fifty or seventy-five feet above the level of the base or plain below. On the tops of the highest hills also, throughout all Palestine, the white dome-covered buildings with grated windows called Welies may be seen; Welie signifying either a saint or his tomb. Shreds of cloth are often seen suspended from the railing. The same may be seen on certain trees which are considered sacred.

On the shore of Lake Galilee is quite a good-sized tree literally covered with these strips of cloth, the tree being regarded as sacred.

The worship of saints and martyrs was taught in

connection with Mohammedanism at an early period. Pilgrimage to the graves of the dead were made in the belief that death did not interrupt the possibility of holding converse with them. Thus the tomb of Mohammed at Medina and that of his grandson, Hosein, at Kerbela, soon became famous, and every little town and village throughout the length and breadth of the country soon boasted of the tomb of its particular saint.

All this seems very strange to the individual who has never studied any other system of religion than his own. I would further say that Christianity, unlike Mohammedanism, is progressive, it has altered its type from age to age; it has had its night of darkness. Its devotees have in time past been obliged to submit their reason to unreasonable dogmas and blindly receive unintelligible mysteries and accept without daring to call in question doctrinal notions or denominational tenets, no matter how repugnant to common sense, reason, and the character of God as he manifests himself in the light of nature and revelation. But Christianity is moving onward and upward. It is getting away from dogmas and getting nearer and nearer to God.

And I thank God with all my heart and call upon all that is within me to rejoice and bless his holy name that the "way" the "truth" and the "light" do not lead me through a rigid ritualism. I do not have to walk with "gravel in my shoes." I do not have to "cut my body with lances." I do not have to bring myself to the verge of the grave by "starvation and thirst." No Rhamadans, no pilgrimages. I do not have to "pray at the street corners." I do not have

to weep and moan and sigh, day in and day out, and go through the world looking like an impersonation of hopeless despair or a breathing monument of woe.

All this appears very strange to us who take Christ as our great example and his teachings as the rule and guide of our faith and practice; us who regard the New Testament teachings as a revelation by which we are to be guided, teaching us how to live and how to die.

"Science need not give up any part of its domain to faith nor the reign of natural law be violated by a single rent in the vast web of universal order.

"No innocent pleasure, no natural joy of life, nothing beautiful in art, literature, society or home need be sacrificed to make room for Christian faith."

Mohammed, on the contrary, requires his devotee to bow the neck to the yoke of submission and blind servitude. Their donkeys, camels and buffaloes are blindfolded and made to walk round and round from day to day and week to week and listen to the wailings of unoiled machinery which lifts the water to irrigate their parched lands. And so the Mohammedan, blindfolded morally, socially and in all the walks of life, rejects progress, science, literature and blindly submits to the dictum of his great prophet and leader Mohammed, as revealed in the Koran.

But I promised to show you some of their handsome mosques. You will find them like the cathedrals, immense structures; in fact, their magnitude can only be realized by comparison, and you will have to do this to appreciate what I shall show you to-day. The exterior of the mosques in Cairo, in the main, are surrounded by and are joined to other buildings, so that

you can form but a poor idea of their extent or interior magnificence until you enter them.

In construction they conform to the general style of oriental buildings, *i. e.*, they have an enclosed open square around which are the various apartments. Very many of them are magnificently decorated. Suppose we drive down this grand old boulevard, "Mohammed Ali." It is eighteen hundred and fifty-seven yards in length, and leads straight to the foot of the citadel. At the end of this long street is the "Place Sultan Hasan," with two large mosques. The one on the left is named after an order of dervishes, Gami Rifa-iyeth, and was erected entirely at the expense of the mother of the ex-Khedive, Ismail, but is still unfinished. On the right rises the Gami Sultan Hasan, the "superb mosque." This mosque is regarded as the finest monument of Arabian architecture known. It was begun in the year 1356 A. D., or the year 557 of the Hegira.

"The lofty walls with their shallow niches are pierced with six or seven windows, one above the other. The huge gateway, and the south minaret which is still preserved, present a majestic appearance. The building, as you see, is in the form of an irregular pentagon, on the east side of which the minarets and the mausoleum form symmetrical projections. The windows in the side are disposed somewhat irregularly, and the wall terminates in a broad cornice. The angles of the edifice are embellished with columns built into the wall, with a wreath of stalactites at the top, forming, to some extent, a new order of capitol. According to an Arab legend, Sultan Hasan ordered that the architect who drew the design and superintended the erection of this mosque should have his hands cut off, in order that he might

not erect another of equal splendor. It is said that one of the minarets was overthrown by an earthquake, killing three hundred persons.

"The one which stands furthest south is the highest minaret in existence, measuring two hundred and eighty feet."

On entering this mosque we first pass a vestibule, then, after turning first in one direction and then in another, we enter the open court, thirty-eight yards in length by thirty-five in width. In the center of the court is a fountain. The interior of the mosque is in the form of a cross. The four arms of the cross are roofed with lofty painted vaulting. At the extremity of one of the arms of the cross is a sanctuary, from which the Sultan sometimes addresses the people. To the right of this is the entrance to the Makura, an interesting and majestic structure. It is surmounted with a dome one hundred and eighty feet high, and contains the tomb of Sultan Hasàn. Around the walls run a frieze with texts from the Koran in large letters intertwined. Near this is the mosque of Mohammed Ali, the alabaster mosque. This building was begun by Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, on the site of a palace which was blown up in 1824. Its plan resembles the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

The whole interior of this immense mosque is lined with slabs of alabaster, which gives it a rich, soft, mellow appearance, unequaled by any other finish I have ever seen. At the southeast corner may be seen the tomb of Mohammed Ali. The lofty graceful minarets form one of the conspicuous landmarks of the city. The

dome roof of this immense edifice rests on four huge pillars. The ceilings are beautifully painted.

Minarets, from the Arabic word, Menareh, meaning "a signal," or "signal station," are generally built square at the base, but as it rises story after story it is changed to an octagon or to a cylinder. The Oriental architects seem to have expended their utmost skill on these imposing towers. The highest story is sometimes formed of pilasters or columns, which bears a roof composed of one or more domes. Within them are winding stairs which lead to the galleries of the different stories and to the balconies which run around on the outside near the top, from which the Muezzins sing out the hour of prayer.

They vary in height from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty feet, and, like the spires of our modern churches, add much to the perspective view of a city. The domes in like manner are a very striking feature of oriental houses, especially of the mosques and mausolea. It is no unusual thing to see the roof of a mosque finished off with ten or more beautiful domes varying in size and height.

Mohammedan mosques, unlike Christian churches, have no regular worshiping congregations. They are usually built by some rich Mohammedan for the use of Mohammedans in general. Every believer is privileged to enter them at all times and perform his ablutions, say his prayers and read or hear the Koran read. The weary traveler often turns into a mosque to drink, eat a lunch, take a nap and refresh himself. They regard their mosques as holy places, and require visitors who are not Mohammedans to pull off their shoes and substitute slippers which are

usually kept at the doors by Arab boys for this purpose. The Arabian women are kept so thoroughly separated from the men that a young man never has the opportunity of selecting a wife, or paying his addresses to the young lady of his choice.

When an Arab gentleman concludes it would suit his convenience to marry, either for the first time or to add another wife to his harem, he goes to a relative or to a woman whose profession it is to arrange marriages, a regular skilled match-maker (reader, you see they have regular match-makers in these oriental countries as we have in this), and gets them to negotiate with the parents of some ten or-twelve-year old girl to secure her for a wife. The matrimonial agent makes all necessary arrangements and agrees with the parents of the child (for she is but a child at that age) what amount is to be paid by the bridegroom, which amount is usually expended in the bridal outfit. For a young girl they usually pay from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. For a widow, about half that amount. In our country, you know, a young widow can marry off in half the time a young girl can, *i. e.*, if she doesn't get too frisky and advertise her desire to marry too extensively. It would seem from this that they pass at par value, and, if she happens to be a rich widow, at a premium in our country, but they sell at half price among the Arabs.

Two-thirds of the amount agreed upon is paid in advance, which fixes the engagement. The remaining one-third is not required to be paid until the death of the husband, or when she is divorced against her will.

Before the wedding day the bride is dressed in gala attire and with pomp and ceremony conducted to the

bath, and, if one is to judge from appearances, this is the first and the last and the only bath the poor woman ever takes. This procession is called Zeffet et Hammans. It is headed by several musicians with hautboys and drums. "No, I will not slander music by calling the loud discordant unearthly noise made by these Arabs music, or the performers musicians." After these discord-makers, come the relations and friends of the bride in pairs. These are followed by a lot of young girls; behind these may be seen the bride covered from head to foot, first by her dress and veil over which is spread a cashmere shawl with a small paste-board cap perched on the top of her head. Another body of discorders bring up the rear. Sometimes behind these other friends participate in the ceremonies by singing and clapping their hands. The singing consists of hideous shrieking, and such squealing and yelling one seldom hears. This ceremony is called Zagharit. I guess it is properly named. Ten days before this child-bride is to be married she is kept secluded, attended only by her mother or some female member of the family.

The marriage ceremony consists of forming another procession just as described above. This procession moves very slowly, the parties stepping only two or three inches at a time. It is very novel and unique to one who sees or participates in the ceremony for the first time. The procession moves so very slowly that it would be tiresome even to a stranger, but the hilarity is kept up by frequent libations of a drink composed of a mixture of alcohol and anise. I can't say it is the best of drinks, but still it helps. It was my luck, call it good or bad as you please, to join in one of

these processions at Nazareth, and of course I was too polite to refuse the offered refreshments. When the procession reaches the groom's house and the bride has been seated (on the floor of course) the groom comes in and removes the coverings of the bride's face, even to the veil. This constitutes them man and wife, and in the vast majority of instances this is the first time the Arab gentleman ever saw the face of *this one* of his wives. The Mohammedan law allows every man to have four legal wives at the same time, as before stated. And it may be the groom has married and divorced dozens of wives. I was told at Cairo that some of the resident Arabs of that place had married and divorced as many as twenty or more wives. They seem to marry for the fun of it.

I suppose they enjoy the novelty and fun of marrying, or it may be that they are like an old servant once belonging to my father who lost his wife and in three weeks thereafter wanted to marry another, giving it as a reasonable justification of his course that "he thought the best way to get out of one trouble was to get into another."

But, reader, as much as we are interested in this old land of the Pharaohs and in this cosmopolitan city of the Caliphs, time admonishes us to be up and going, so we will now go to the depot and be off for Ismalia. Our route runs through the land of Goshen. "And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee. The land of Egypt is before thee. In the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell, in the land of Goshen let them dwell."

You remember, reader, it was also said in Exodus,

"That the children of Israel took their journey from Succoth and encamped at Etham. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baalzephon, before it shall ye encamp by the sea.

"For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, they are entangled in the land. The wilderness hath shut them in." Again, in Numbers, we read, "That the children of Israel departed from Rameses the next day after the Passover and pitched their tents in Succoth, and from Succoth they moved to Etham. And they removed from Etham and turned again unto Pi-ha-hi-roth before Migdol. And from this part they departed and passed through the midst of the sea into the wilderness; and went three days journey in the wilderness of Etham and pitched in Marah."

You will see from the above scriptures that the bible mentions a considerable number of places situated in the land of Goshen. By the aid of Egyptian monuments several of these sites have been identified, and in this way the approximate boundaries of this most interesting land have been determined. Goshen lay east of the Damietta river, and was situated between the residences of the Pharaohs and Palestine. In the route from Palestine to Goshen, no mention is made anywhere in the bible of having to cross the Nile. This piece of land was triangular in shape. The southermost point of the triangle was probably that upon which Heliopolis was located, whence the district seems to have extended in a narrow strip as far as Belbes. This strip of fertile land is, doubtless, much narrower now than it was when occupied by the children of

Israel, for the ever encroaching sand of the Arabian desert has been making inroads on it for over three thousand three hundred years, since Moses conducted the children of Israel out of this land.

When we leave Cairo the railroad runs nearly due north some nine or ten miles through the highly cultivated fertile valley of the Nile to Kalyub, a station. The minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali and the beautiful range of Mokattam hills remain in sight to this point. And as we neared the station the pyramids of Gizeh come in full view off to our left. From Kalyub we turn northeast and run through a beautiful, fertile and well watered country shaded by numerous trees. The next station is Nawa, thirteen miles and a half from Cairo, and the next Shibinel Kanatir, twenty miles out. One and a half miles southeast of this station is the ruined site of Tellel Yehudiyeth (hills of the Jews). It was here Onia, the high priest of the Jews who had been expelled from Palestine about seven hundred years after the exodus by the Syrian party, erected a temple for his countrymen.

When Onia was opposed in this undertaking and was told that no true temple could exist anywhere but at Jerusalem, he answered them in the language of Isaiah xix, 18: "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan and swear to the Lord of hosts. One shall be called the city of destruction."

This temple stood on the bank of the Nile and is said to have occupied the site of a ruined pagan temple. "Recent excavations made in this locality have led to the discovery that a town stood on this spot as early as Rameses II." The temple erected by Onia was

built after the model of King Solomon's temple. This tended materially to widen the breach between the Syrian and Egyptian Jews. In the excavations made here some massive substructures of oriental alabaster and a number of interesting mosaic tiles with which the walls had been overlaid and on which were not only rosettes, decorations and figures, but representations of battles, sacrificial and other scenes, have been found.

After leaving this, and passing one other, we reached the station called Belbes. Here we are near the fresh water canal which was probably constructed by the early Pharaohs. It is positively known to have existed in the fourteenth century B. C. and afterwards fell into ruin until it was again utilized in the construction of the present fresh water canal. Considerable remains of this ancient canal may be seen near Belbes. It appears to have been about fifty yards wide and from sixteen to eighteen feet in depth. Strabo and Herodotus both speak of this canal. Herodotus says its length was four days journey, and Pliny says it was sixty-two Roman miles in length. This canal was dug from the Nile near Cairo and had a branch running to Lake Timsah (crocodile lake) and either another or the same canal may have been continued on down and emptied into Bitter Lakes. These old canals are interesting, as they show us how the children of Israel were supplied with fresh water; as the inhabitants of Ismaelia are now supplied in a similar way by a fresh water canal from the Rosetta branch of the Nile.

The old canal, as the new, was not only a means of irrigating and fertilizing that part of Goshen through which it passed, but then, as now, was used by small

barges for the transportation of the produce of the country.

From Belbes the railroad turns north to Zakazik. My readers may ask, of what interest can this be? I answer, you should remember that you are now passing through the land of Goshen, the land inhabited by the children of Israel during their sojourn in the land of Egypt. And surely a description of this land can not be void of interest to the bible reader.

Zakazik, a semi-European town of about forty thousand inhabitants, is the capital of one of the Egyptian provinces. It is situated in the midst of a very fertile section of country, well watered by several canals, and connected with the richest districts of the Delta. The country around Zakazik has been carefully cultivated since the days of Mohammed Ali, *i e.*, since 1826. "During the late Confederate war the production of cotton was encouraged and carried on to such an extent as to threaten the destruction of other agricultural interests of the country." But an equilibrium seems now to have been restored. Many Europeans have settled and are doing business here, and the large cotton factories which have been established here give the place a somewhat European appearance. Fifty thousand tons is said to be about the average annual production of cotton in this section; all of which I presume is manufactured in the mills at Zakazik.

Near this important station are the ruins of the ancient temple of Bubastis. The large dark mounds of debris are visible from the station. "Wherever the site of an ancient Egyptian town or city has been discovered there has always been found mounds of earth, rubbish, broken pottery, etc." Herodotus tells us that

Sabaco, an Ethiopian monarch, who reigned over Egypt for fifty years, never caused criminals to be executed, but sent them back to their native places for the purpose of heaping up rubbish to raise the sites of towns. If this be true there must have lived a lot of scamps about old Bubastis, as the mounds here seem to be numerous and unusually high. I think the height of these mounds, however, is governed by the age of the city or town located there. The ancient Egyptians, as now, built their houses with sun-dried brick, which in the course of time melt and crumble down. When this takes place the heap is leveled off and another house reared upon the same site, and in this way the altitude of a locality is constantly being increased.

Not a vestige of the celebrated Egyptian temple called Pi-Bast is now to be seen. Herodotus says there were many other temples larger, and more costly, but none equal to this for beauty of form. The temple stood in the middle of the town Bubastis, and the site of the town was raised from time to time, while the temple remained at the same elevation upon which it was built. The temple, therefore, could be seen from every part of the town which surrounded it, that is, the temple could be overlooked in whatever part of town the spectator might happen to be.

The temple of Sekhet Bast (the goddess worshiped here) is represented as a woman with a cat's head. She wears on her head a disk, over the convex surface of which is a serpent, and holds in her hand the scepter and symbol of life. This was one of the most important and celebrated pilgrimage shrines in lower Egypt.

The same bacchanalian and licentious festivals which were celebrated in honor of Hathor, the goddess of

love, the great mother who accords her divine protection to all earthly mothers, the dispenser of all earthly blessings, etc., etc., also took place here with similar magnificence and riotousness.

In Ezekiel we read as follows: "The young men of Anen (Heliopolis) and of Pibeseph (Bubastis) shall fall by the sword and these cities shall go into captivity."

Pi-Bast is represented with the head of a lion, or a cat, and the cat was held sacred to her. And Herodotus says they received honorable burial at Bubastis, where hundreds of their skeletons have been found.

Hundreds of thousands of the ancient Egyptians used to come down the Nile in boats at certain seasons of the year to attend these festivals. "One historian informs us that the men and women come in the same boats, and that the women make a noise with rattles, and the men blow pipes during the whole journey, while others sing and clap their hands. All of the people except the very aged and the children made the pilgrimage. When they reached the sacred city of Bubastis they began the festival with great sacrifices, and on these occasions drank more wine than during the whole of the rest of the year."

After leaving Zakazik it is not long until we run into the desert. And, reader, when I made the trip from Zakazik to Ismaïlia, quite a sand storm was blowing, which was so unbearable that we were compelled to keep the windows and doors of the cars shut closely, notwithstanding it was an oppressively hot day.

I think these siroccoes must be of frequent occurrence on the deserts, for before we reached Port Said we encountered another in the afternoon of the same day. We often hear people complain of the dust here in our

Texas towns, especially on windy days in summer or autumn, and no one will deny but that at times it is exceedingly disagreeable. But even when at its worst it is not comparable in the way of actual suffering inflicted to these sand storms upon the desert Ismailia. While the Suez canal was being constructed, this place being regarded as the headquarters, many officials and traders settled here and built up a beautiful little town. The ground has been reclaimed from the desert and there are now many beautiful gardens and orchards to be seen, making in reality the "desert to blossom as the rose." Modern poets speak of it as the "wonder of the desert."

After the completion of the canal Ismailia declined for a time, but it is now a flourishing little town. It has been made an "oasis in the desert," for it is surrounded by the sands of the desert in every direction, except on the south. The Vice Royal or governor of Ismailia has a beautiful castle here with lovely grounds attached.

It is situated on the north side of Lake Timsah (crocodile lake), and when we leave the wharf it takes some fifteen or twenty minutes to reach the mouth or entrance of the canal. The hills of El Gisr cross the course of the canal a little north of the lake. This rise of ground is more like a plateau than like hills, its average height is fifty-two feet above the level and about eighty-two feet above the bottom of the canal, the average depth of the canal being twenty-eight or thirty feet; its width varies from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet. This elevated piece of ground makes such high banks to the canal that it obstructs



STEAMER IN SUEZ CANAL.

the view from the deck of the little steamer, but only for a short time, however.

A few miles further up the canal we pass across the lake Balah and soon reach Se Kantara, "the bridge," or the "bridge of treasure," situated on a high ridge of ground between two lakes and forming a kind of natural bridge or highway between Africa and Asia. This highway was cut through, and a ferry across the canal is now established. Beyond this we enter lake Menzaleth, through one side of which the canal is cut in a straight line from Port Said. Distance from Ismaïlia to Port Said (canal route) is about fifty miles. In this distance we met some six or eight large ocean steamers. It looks strange to see these huge leviathans of the ocean steaming along a narrow channel through a seemingly unbounded desert.

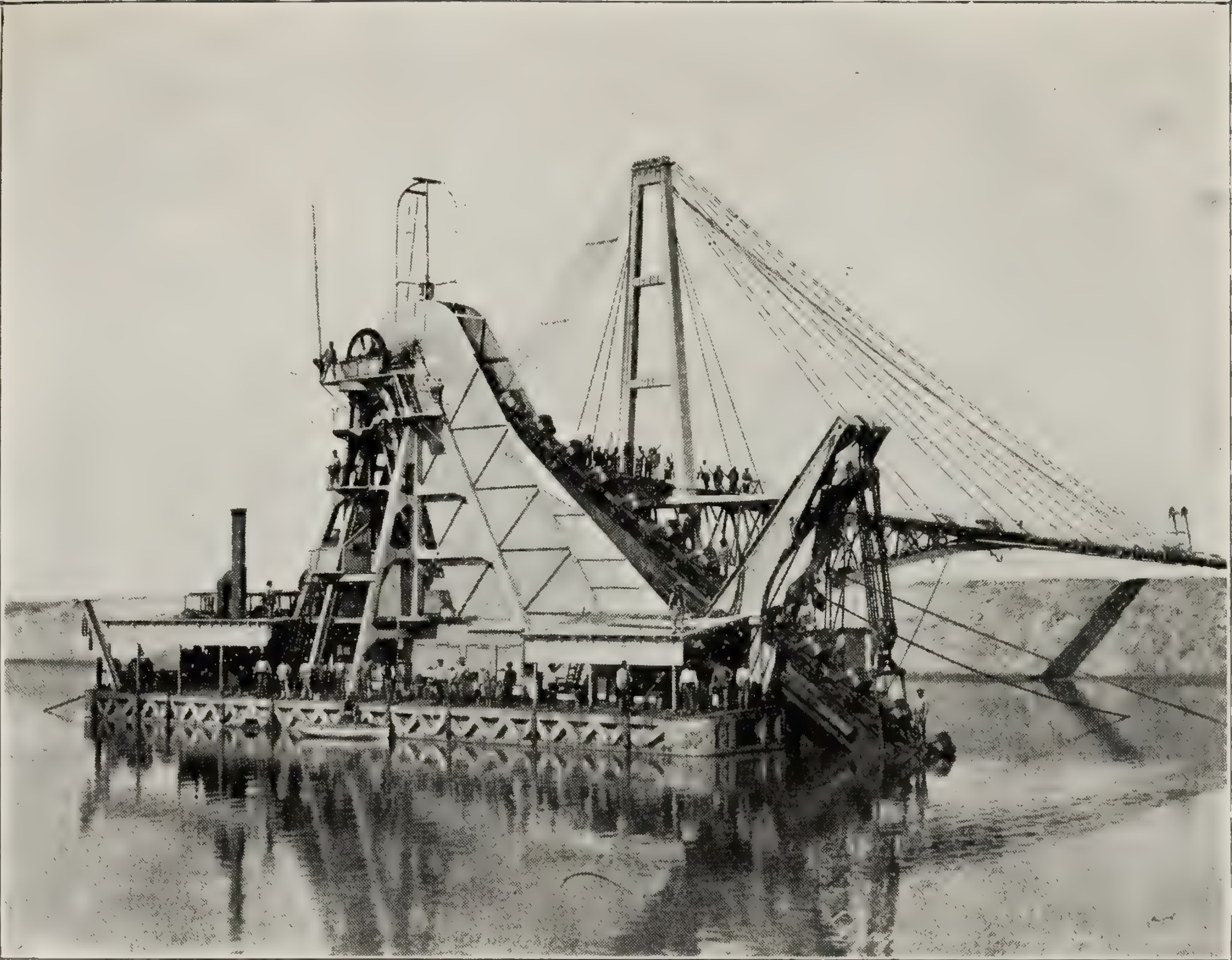
Arrived at Port Said Saturday, April 10th, late in the afternoon, being very much fatigued. The day has been very warm, and the trip from Cairo to this place upon the whole very disagreeable. About 3 P. M. we were driven from the deck of our little steamer to the cabin below, a sand storm as stated, the sand being driven by the wind with such force that it was intolerable and drove the passengers to the saloon of the little steamer. As before intimated, they seem to be very frequent in this desert country.

"Port Said owes its origin to the Suez canal." It is situated on the east end of an island, which is a narrow strip of land separating lake Menzaleth from the Mediterranean sea.

"The officials connected with the management of the canal reside here." It has a population of seventeen thousand, which includes six thousand Europeans,

the French element predominating. The harbor dredge boat occupies an area of five hundred and seventy acres, and has been excavated by dredge boats to a depth of twenty-six feet. The harbor is protected by two massive piers, one running from the land north into the sea an English mile, the other running northeast one and a half miles. Their starting point from the land are fourteen hundred and forty yards apart. But they approach each other until at the outer extremities they are only seven hundred and seventy yards from each other. The navigable entrance between the ends of these piers is marked by the buoys, which are lighted at night; it is only one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in width. One of the dangers of the harbor is being choked with Nile mud, which is deposited on the Pelusiac coast by a current in the Mediterranean constantly flowing from the west. This current sweeps along the northern coast of Africa like the Gulf stream.

I copy the following written while sitting on the veranda of the hotel facing the harbor: Twenty large ocean steamers are now anchored in the harbor coaling and taking on or discharging cargoes. Several nationalities are represented. Besides these I count fifty or more coasting steamers of smaller size. The sidewalks and even the central part of the streets of this place are crowded with Arabs and people of every imaginable nationality, offering their wares, fruits, meats, and vegetables for sale. Dragomen with their donkeys and dragomen with their goats, donkey boys and pack mules, strange tongues fill the air and impress one with the new and strange things around him. The houses of Port Said are built of stone or sun-dried brick and stuccoed, many frescoed, all covered with tiling and made



Dredge Boat.

fire-proof. The streets are wide, the storehouses or shops are for the most part small and filled with goods and wares gathered from every country under the sun.

I copy further from memorandum book as follows: Gibraltar has its forty thousand inhabitants, Naples its million and a half, massive Rome five hundred thousand Brindici forty thousand, old Patras forty thousand, Athens eighty-five thousand, Alexandria two hundred thousand, Cairo three hundred thousand; in addition to this, Italy, Greece and Egypt are densely populated, and yet I have not seen where a house has been burned, nor have I seen a man under the influence of intoxicating drinks among all these people. Whereas in America the saloon constitutes one of the first business houses erected at every cross road town. A blacksmith shop, post office, saloon and a retail dry goods store constitute or make up the neighborhood town, and the curse of drinking sends its baneful effects into hundreds of otherwise happy homes, dragging hundreds and thousands of our men, possessing grand, noble natures, down to shame and ignominy and moral death.

On board steamer *Aurora*, a large, substantial vessel, finely finished on the interior, with nice accommodating officers, quiet in their manners and gentlemanly in their deportment. These Austrians are a superior people. We expect to cast anchor off the coast of the Holy land by daylight tomorrow morning, in which land we expect to spend at least one month in the saddle, riding from place to place, visiting the ruins of its towns and cities, the names of which are familar to every lover of that God-given treasure, the Holy Bible.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOLY LAND.

READER, the human mind is so constituted that pictures of scenes, places, objects, etc., once impressed upon it, remain perpetually photographed thereon; and by the power of speech and the use of that faculty of the mind called "imagination" duplicates of these pictures (more or less imperfect, I confess) may be conveyed from mind to mind, as the photographer prints many pictures from one and the same negative.

I trust in reading the foregoing pages you have not only learned many useful facts, but that I have also been enabled to impress upon your mind scenes of countries, cities, old ruins, and monuments of antiquity, that the recollection of them may be a source of pleasure to you in the years to come.

Now, if you will stand with me on the deck of our steamer as she lies at anchor in the quiet blue waters of the Mediterranean off the coast of Palestine opposite the old far-famed city of Joppa, I will try to draw the outlines of a picture upon the trestle board of your mind, which I trust may never be dimmed during your probationary pilgrimage in this life. Yea, more. Let me ask our common Heavenly Father to so impress the picture of this earthly Canaan upon your mind and heart that it will only fade and pass away when replaced by a vision of the brighter and more glorious heavenly Canaan above.

The mellow gray dawn of morning is just being brightened and lit up with the roseate tints of the rising sun as it climbs slowly but grandly and majestically over the Judean hills. See how those grand old mountains of Judah and Benjamin take shape and form and reflect back a cheery greeting as their hoary summits are kissed by the first rays of the rising sun.

Now the darkness and gloom which precedes the dawn of day has been dispelled and we have spread out before us this bright beautiful spring morning the land of Palestine, the Holy Land, the Land of Promise.

This is the land of the patriarchs, the land of prophets and prophecy, the land of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the land which gave us a Savior, a Redeemer; the land that gave birth to Him "who spoke as never man spake;" the land that gave to man knowledge of the true and living God; the land that gave to man God's revelation of himself; a revelation that will continue to unfold and reveal new truths, new promises, and new comforts to fallen man till time shall be no more.

One has said of this land that "its very hills and mountains, its rocks, rivers and fountains, are symbols and pledges of things far better than themselves. It is true it is now a land of solitary hills, plains and mouldering ruins; these, however, vindicate the truth of God and rebuke the pride of man. It is a land where trees speak parables and brambles allegories, while little sparrows sing hymns to the happy, and lilies give lessons of comfort and wisdom to the poor."

Those grand old mountains standing like so many fortresses bound on the east the valley of Sharon. That little village sitting on the water's edge and reclining as one asleep on the side of the hill, which

gradually rises to the height of one hundred and fifty or more feet, is the old, old city of Joppa.

As you run your eye up the coast, seemingly near by we see the old time-honored mount of Elijah, Mount Carmel, projecting its rugged crest into the valley. Now turn south, and in the distance you see the old city of Gaza.

These are the landmarks of the great valley of Sharon, the former home of the Philistines, with whom the children of Israel had so many hard-fought battles in the years long gone by.

This is the land of Israel, the chosen people of God; the land of which the Lord said unto Abraham, the father of the faithful, "Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee. For all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever."

If this is to be understood literally, it has yet to be fulfilled; and many theologians and bible scholars so think, and believe, that the Jews will yet be restored to the promise land again, as before, and dwell together there as a distinct nationality. Others perhaps with more consistency interpret this and other like prophecies by the aid of the scriptures as recorded in the 3d, 11th and other chapters of the Hebrews; and also in the 3d chapter of Galatians, as not referring to a literal restoration of this people to the land of Palestine. I leave these vexed questions for the D. D.'s to settle.

This is Palestine. Take the landscape on your mind and carry it with you all through the remaining years of your life. For it has witnessed scenes nowhere else enacted on this earth of ours.

Here come the Oriental hacks (little boats), and

among them one which has floating from its bow the stars and stripes, the flag of our country, which was hailed with hats off by a hearty hurrah. Those who have never been out of their native land can scarcely conceive, or imagine, with what pleasure they will greet the flag of their country when traveling in foreign lands.

Our company had read of the dangerous coast of Palestine, especially the danger of attempting to go ashore in small boats when the sea was rough. The Mediterranean is like a bad-tempered woman, it can get up a little storm at any time and on short notice. All along the coast large boulders extend out into the sea covered to various depths with the restless water, against which vessels are dashed to pieces during the prevalence of the frequent storms which occur here.

Less than twelve months preceding our visit, some six or eight vessels were driven ashore here during a storm and dashed to pieces against these hidden boulders, and many lives lost. But now the sea is as calm and quiet as heart could wish. Mr. Rolla Floyd and his corps of assistants came aboard, took charge of our baggage, and leading off in the little boat, unfurling the American flag to the breeze, conducted our grateful party ashore. We landed in the custom-house, in the old city of Joppa, which lies nestled on the shore like a sleeping infant in the arms of maternal love, young in size, but old in history and fame.

You will find a great many of the names of these old cities spelled and pronounced differently by different people and at different periods. For instance, we find this place spelled Jaffa, Jaffe, Joppa, Japho, and now

by the natives Yafa. A pretty little town of fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants, it lies at the foot of a rock one hundred and sixteen feet in height. Except some modern buildings erected by Europeans, the houses are low, one-story, flat-roofed structures, built of tufa stone, a soft or porous stone formed by depositions from water, usually calcareous. The streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy beyond description. The old town itself is of more interest to the traveler than the scriptural localities pointed out, on account of the uncertainty which pertains to the latter.

When you have passed through the custom-house where you have to go and exhibit your baggage, you have to walk up the hill, on the sloping side of which the town is built to the hotel, there being no hacks, carriages, or omnibuses kept for the accommodation of travelers as in our country. Even baggage is carried from the custom-house to the hotel on the backs of a class of men who supply the place of baggage wagons, drays, etc. When the baggage of our company was being carried to the hotel I saw one of these men loaded with four steamer trunks, a greater burden than we would impose upon a mule. The only wonder is, however, that they don't make the women do this work, as every other kind of hard labor and degrading occupation seems to be imposed upon the women.

Leaving the hotel we follow our guide who will conduct us to the reputed site of Simon, the tanner's house. We go back down the street we came up from the quay, until we reach a small open square which is called here the bazaar or market place; here we find old Arab women sitting around on the ground with their baskets of vegetables, fruits or wares before

them, men with their donkeys or camels loaded with the products of the country, children and dogs, making a motley set. On the north side of the plaza we enter a narrow street—we would call it an alley—which leads off in a northwest direction, a gate once stood here at the entrance of this street, called the Jerusalem Gate. This street is about ten feet in width, very crooked, and reeking with filth. It is enough to take all the romance out of the tourist to go along a street like this, I am sure. This one we find crowded from one end to the other with old broken down Arab men, old hags of women, half-clad and nude children, dogs, donkeys, and all sorts and sizes of beggars. These Arabs seem to think they are complimenting a stranger by asking for Backshee. If in truth it is so intended, they are the most complimentary people to be anywhere found. At the far end of the street we come to a two-roomed one-story building situated at the water's edge. This is a Latin hospice and was founded in 1654, and from that period tradition points it out as occupying the site of the house of Simon the "tanner." The scriptures read as follows: "And now send to Joppa and call for one Simon whose surname is Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose home is by the seaside." This hospice is by the seaside, as are many other houses all along the coast here. This, however, and a traditiou since 1654, leaving a silent period of nearly sixteen hundred years before that time, is all the evidence furnished of its being Simon's house.

We will go through the east room to the rear of the house, up a rude stone stairway, to the top, where, if it was Simon's house, Peter fell into a trance and saw heaven open, and a certain vessel descending unto him,

as if it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth. "Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth," etc.

The rear of this building adjoins a light-house and from the top of the building we get a very pretty view of the sea. A large fig tree which has grown up near the wall of the house spreads its branches over the roof, which, if it were there when Peter was on the house top, afforded him a nice shady place to take his noonday nap while waiting for dinner, as he says he was.

I call your attention to the door sils and lintel of the rear door of the room through which we passed in going to the rear of the building. They are of fine marble. The door sill is worn down more than half through its thickness in the center. It is said these two slabs of marble are all that is left of the original house of Simon.

If his house was constructed of material like this and corresponded with these two slabs, Simon must have resided in a fine dwelling, and lived sumptuously every day, and I expect he did, as Peter was lodging with him for a few days. Brother Peter, you know, was a preacher of the gospel and was stopping in Joppa, and it is reasonable to suppose that he would stop where he could get the best accommodation. This custom prevails to a considerable extent, even to the present day, you know.

Somewhere along this coast, near or at all events not far from where we now are, the cedar and fir wood cut on Mount Lebanon and used in building Solomon's temple was landed, being brought from Lebanon to Joppa in floats and carried overland to Jerusalem.

Here Jonah, son of Amittai, got aboard a vessel, paid his passage, *full rates*, and tried to get over to Tarshish. The Lord had told him to go to Ninevah, that great city, and cry against it, but Jonah fled from the presence of the Lord.

That was a strange idea those ancient people had. They seemed to think if they went from a country having a certain form of religion they could leave behind them all religious obligations, and be free to adopt the system of religion of the country unto which they went. Jonah thought by running away from Palestine and going over to Tarshish that he could get away from God and the duty which God required at his hands. But it is a good deal the same way now. A Baptist will move into a Methodist neighborhood and, Chameleon-like, turn Methodist, or a Methodist under like conditions will be a Baptist, or Presbyterian, or a reformer, or something, or anything, that happens to be popular in that immediate neighborhood. Their religious faith seems to be very unstable and latitudinarian in its nature, to say the least—made out of India rubber, I guess; it's convenient, at all events.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken, etc. Fear seized the crew, "and every man prayed to his god." People do the same now. Let death come and stare a man in the face and you will see him calling upon God to help him and save him, if he never prayed before. Then they lightened the ship by throwing the wares, etc., overboard. But this didn't seem to do any good; so they finally come to the conclusion that it was a disaster sent upon them for the evil-doing or sin of some one on board

the vessel. So they cast lots and the lot fell upon Jonah, and at his own request they cast him into the sea, and the sea ceased from its raging. Jonah was evidently sea-sick and didn't care whether he lived or died, so he told the sailors 'to take him up and cast him overboard.' The scriptures further tell us that the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah "and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." The strange thing about that event to me is how that fish could swim around for three days and nights with one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty pounds of sea-sickness in his stomach before throwing it up. I couldn't keep even half a pound of anything in mine when I was sea-sick. Jonah tells us that he was in very uncomfortable quarters during that time and that he did some responsible praying. I have often wondered if Jonah in this instance was not like the majority of mankind, put off praying until he got into trouble or danger. I guess those three days and nights were the longest days and nights of Jonah's life, and when that fish vomited him up on dry land Jonah was a changed man. He was very willing to do now what God commanded him to do at first. If God was to punish his people in these days as he did Jonah for disobedience, I wonder how many of us would be riding around in the Mediterranean or the Atlantic in our fish steamers?

The site of the former residence of Dorcas, or Tabitha, whom Peter raised from the dead, as recorded in the scriptures, is pointed out, although the traditional site dates back to a much more ancient period.

A church called St. Peter's, located on the south side of the town, was said as early as the eighth century to

occupy the site of her house. Some old walls also on the east side of the town are now shown the tourist as being the site of her house. The truth is, it is not now known where the house of Simon, the tanner, or the house of Tabitha was located. As before stated, there is but little of interest to be seen at Joppa except the site of the old city itself, which was given to the tribe of Dan in the division of the land by Joshua. When the kingdom was established under David, it became the port of Jerusalem.

As we leave Joppa for Jerusalem, which we do in second-grade hacks kept for the purpose by tourists' agents, we drive through beautiful gardens of orange, lemon, pomegranate, apricot and other tropical fruits, until we reach the plain of Sharon. These orchards can only be seen through the gaps and breaks in the high cactus hedge which flank each side of the road for some distance out from the town, that is, from one and a half to two miles.

These orchards and gardens are irrigated by means of water-wheels or water-mills, as you may please to call them water being found everywhere at a moderate depth.

After passing these orchards and gardens we come into the lovely valley of Sharon, which in the spring, the season I passed through it, is covered with a variety of wild flowers; the rose of Sharon being in great profusion. To see this valley at this season of the year you do not wonder that Solomon made it a theme of song, for it is one of nature's flower gardens.

The valley is from twenty to twenty-five miles wide, reaching from the sea east to the foot of the mountains of Judah and Benjamin. Soon after

entering the valley we pass on the right some extensive modern brick buildings. This is a Jewish agricultural school, established by Charles Netler, of Paris, France, in 1869.

Leaving this we pass on the left a modern Arab village, thought to be on the site of ancient Hazarshual. The village is situated on an eminence or sandy ridge in the valley. This is where Sampson lived when he took revenge on the Philistines by catching three hundred foxes and, tying their tails together two and two and putting a fire-brand between them, and set them on fire and turned them loose in the ripe wheat fields of the Philistines and burned them up. This looks to us as a bad thing for Sampson to have done, but he said: "Now shall I be more blameless than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure." "Displeasure" is certainly a very mild way to put it.

The next place of any importance is Ramleth, fourteen miles from Joppa. And, reader, here we see a deplorable sight. Here about twenty lepers crouched down by the roadside, poor, despised, forsaken creatures. Some this dreadful disease has made blind, others have no nose, others the hands have fallen off. They gather in here to beg. Listen to the unearthly gutteral nasal sound which comes up through their hollow palateless throats. It is enough to excite the sympathy of the most heartless, unfeeling wretch that bears human form. Death certainly would be a mercy to these poor creatures. It appears that they have been perpetuated in this land and especially around Jerusalem from the remotest antiquity. It is not confined to this particular locality, however. Other countries are afflicted with this horrible, loathsome disease to as great an

extent as Palestine. I made particular inquiries in regard to this disease in Palestine, and was informed that it was gradually on the decrease. I will have more to tell you about this unfortunate class of humanity when we reach Damascus.

Before reaching Ramleth we crossed the grade of a railroad now being constructed from Joppa to Jerusalem. But from the way they are building the grade I think Gabriel will blow his horn to wind up things in this little world before they complete it. The earth to make the road-bed is spaded up by Arab men and put in baskets, which the women take up and carry on their heads or shoulders and pour out on the grade; it looks like children's play.

Ramleth is quite a nice town for this country. It has about twenty-five hundred or three thousand inhabitants, or thereabout. One-third are Latin and Greek Catholics. It is surrounded by luxuriant orchards, which, in connection with the thrifty growth of the olive, sycamore and Corab trees, show conclusively the fertility of the soil.

We are now fourteen miles from Joppa on the road leading directly to Jerusalem. In looking over this plain as we come you see that this pretty valley of Sharon is not a level plain. In every direction are elevated plateaus varying in extent or area. These differ from what we would call ridges, the ascent being more abrupt, and when you have reached the top of the elevated plateau it spreads out as a pretty level, unbroken plain before you.

Ramleth is the traditional Arimathae. You remember it is said in Matthew "that in the evening of the day our Lord was crucified there came a rich man of Arima-

thea named Joseph who was a disciple of Jesus, and went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And Pilate commanded the body to be delivered unto him, and he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out in the rock, etc." This custom of preparing a tomb while living in which to be buried when dead is still kept up in Palestine.

When we reach Jerusalem I will show you what I believe to be Calvary and a tomb wherein I believe Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of our Lord and Savior.

Now, whether this pretty little town now called Ramleth be located on the site of the old Arimathea where this good man Joseph lived or not, we don't know. The bible doesn't tell us just where the town was. Tradition says it was here, and by common consent it is conceded that this was its location.

We will now visit that great stone tower which we passed on our right a few hundred yards before reaching the town.

This stone tower is claimed by the Mohammedans to have been built by the son of Caliph Omar, the second Caliph from Mohammed; but it is more generally believed and probably more justly thought to have been built as a part of a christian church erected by the Franks; whether about the time of the crusades or antedating that period is a fact undetermined. Near this tower may be traced the quadrangular walls of an ancient building which was about six hundred paces in circumference. The mosque or church, for it, like the mosque of Saint Sophia at Constantinople, may have been used as a church and then again as a mosque, was

repaired in the time of Saladin, 1190, and about the same time Sultan Bibars added a dome and minaret. The present tower looks as though it was erected for a minaret. Various openings in and around the ground floor of the old building leading to vaults beneath show that the whole of the ground here was undermined with subterranean chambers.

There is a tradition to the effect that there are forty companions of one of the Caliphs, or, if the christian version of the matter is to be believed, forty christian martyrs repose in these subterranean chambers. Near the remains of this old mosque or church, as the case may be, is a large cemetery. In the center of the remains of the court of the church is the remains of a fountain.

The tower is ascended by a winding staircase of one hundred and twenty stone steps on the interior. The steps are very much worn, but well lighted by openings through the wall. The upper part of the tower tapers, and near the top is a low narrow door opening out onto a balcony, from which we get a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country.

Here we have spread out before us and all around us the valley of Sharon. In the distance, to the west we see the valley is bounded by the silvery band of the Mediterranean, which can be seen as far as the mountain range, Carmel on the north and Gaza on the south; while in the east, in full view, are the blue but barren hills of Judea, to which you will find distance lends enchantment.

Within this radius we find a nest of scriptural towns, which I will now take pleasure in pointing out to you,

and at the same time give you the scriptural reference to them.

You see that elevated little piece of ground a little east of south? Take your field glass, and you can see an Arab village on the highest point of it. That is Ashdod. In the days of old a battle occurred at Ebenezer, not far from Shiloh, between the children of Israel and the Philistines. The children of Israel having been defeated, losing about four thousand men, the Israelites sent to Shiloh and had the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord brought to them, believing that it would save them out of the hands of their enemies. In the second engagement, however, the Philistines were again successful. "Israel was smitten, and every man fled unto his tent. And there was a very great slaughter, for there fell of Israel thirty thousand foot men. And the Philistines took the Ark of God and brought it from Ebenezer to Ashdod"—the place we are now looking at.

The Ark of the Covenant of God proved to be a white elephant to the Philistines. They brought it over there to Ashdod and put it in the house of Dagon, their god, and set it by Dagon. I infer from the reading of the scriptural account that they set it by Dagon in the afternoon, for it says, "And when they of Ashdod rose early on the morrow, behold! Dagon was fallen on his face to the earth before the Ark of the Lord." Not being satisfied with this exhibition of God's displeasure, they took his majesty and set him in his place again. And when they went early the next morning to see about him, he had fallen to the ground before the Ark and cut off his head and the palms of both hands on the threshold. "Only the stem of Dagon was left

to him." That gave the priests and worshipers of Dagon such a scare that they were ever afterwards afraid to tread on the threshold of Dagon.

This was but the beginning of the troubles and disasters, however, which befell this people for bringing the Ark of the Covenant into their country. For the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the people of Ashdod, and many of them died. All the people around the place were sorely afflicted with hemorrhoids, to such an extent, in fact, that they said that the Ark of the God of Israel should not abide with them. "They sent therefore and called the lords of the Philistines and asked them what should be done with the Ark of the God of Israel." And the lords told them to let the Ark be carried to Gath, the village you see on the plateau to the right, or just west of Ashdod.

That is where the boasting giant Goliah lived. You remember him. He was a regular Sullivan of a fellow, thought he could clean up Saul and his whole army. As we go to Jerusalem I will show you where tradition says this little encounter between the giant and the little Jew boy occurred.

But I must tell you what troubles and afflictions were visited upon the Philistines on account of the presence of the Ark. After they moved it over there to Gath the "hand of the Lord was against the city with a very great destruction and he smote the men of the city, both small and great." And they too suffered with the same disease the Ashdodites had done.

So they moved it again and carried it to Ekron, a few miles south of Gath. Josephus tells us that the god of Ekron was a "fly." That was a funny deity, "a fly." Of all the gods I ever heard of, this is the most insignifi-

cant and annoying. We see people now-a-days who worship very small gods, but their worship aspires to a higher object than this.

But these people would have none of it. They cried out, saying, "They have brought about the Ark of Israel to us to slay us and our people." So they gathered all the lords of the Philistines, and said, "Send away the Ark of the God of Israel and let it go again to its own place, that it slay us not and our people, for there was a deadly destruction throughout all the city. The hand of the Lord was very heavy there."

It had now been in the land of the Philistines seven months. The Philistines called on the priests and diviners, and consulted them as to what to do with the Ark. And they said, "If ye send away the Ark of the God of Israel, send it not empty; but in anywise return him a trespass offering." Then they said, What shall be the trespass offering which we shall return to him? They answered, "Five golden emerods and five golden mice, according to the number of the lords of the Philistines, for one plague was on you all and on your lords."

It appears that their crops had been injured by wood mice, consequently golden mice were added to the trespass offering. The priests and diviners advised them to make a new cart, and take two milch kine on which there hath been no yoke, and tie the kine to the cart and bring their calves home from them."

So they took their advice, and made a new cart and laid the Ark upon it, and put the trespass offering in a coffer and set it by the Ark. The priests and diviners told them further, "If, when the cows were turned loose with the cart, they took the straight road that led

to Bethshemesh, and went lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left, that they might know that their afflictions were sent upon them. But if not, then they might know that it is not his hand that smote them but that it was a chance that happened to them.

The men of Philistia did as they were told, and when the cows were turned loose with the cart they took the straight way to Bethshemesh and went along the highway, lowing as they went, turning neither to the right nor left. And the lords of the Philistines went after them to the border of Bethshemesh. Some of the people of Bethshemesh were harvesting their wheat in the valley, and, lifting up their eyes, saw the Ark coming and rejoiced to see it. The cows carried the cart with the Ark on it into the fields of Joshua (a Bethshemite) and stopped where there was a great stone. When the five lords saw that the cows had stopped they returned to Ekron.

These Bethshemites, it seems, had a good deal of curiosity and looked into the Ark of the Lord, and as a consequence fifty thousand and seventy men were killed, and they said, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" So they sent messengers to Kirjath-jearim, informing the people that the Philistines had brought the Ark of the Lord, and requested them to come and get it. The citizens of Kirjath-jearim went down and got the Ark of the Lord and carried it up to the house of Abinadab, up in the hills of Judea, and sanctified Eleazar, his son, to keep it. And here it remained for twenty years.

We are still on the tower of Ramleth, with our faces to the south. Now if you will look to your left, that

is, a little east of south, you will see Gezer, a Canaanish town, which Pharaoh, king of Egypt, came up and took and burned and then gave it to his daughter, Solomon's wife. Solomon afterward rebuilt the city of Gezer.

Looking still further east just north of Gezer we see where old Gimzo stood. There is an Arab village there now, you can see it in the distance. Our route to Jerusalem, however, runs between Gezer on the right and Gimzo on the left, and as we ride on to Jerusalem on the morrow we will have a better view of both these historic places.

This city was taken from the Israelites by the Philistines in the reign of the wicked and idolatrous King Ahaz.

Now turn around and look just over there north and you will see the city of Lydda (ancient Lod). It is only a couple of miles off. The first city of which we have any account of being built there was called Lod and was erected fourteen hundred years B.C. by the sons of Elpaal. You know on one occasion Peter came down to Lydda to "see the saints that dwelt there," and found a poor paralyzed man named Æneas, who had been bedridden eight years, and the apostle healed him in the name of Jesus Christ, saying to him, "Arise and make thy bed," and he arose immediately. It was while Peter was here that they sent two men for him to go speedily to Joppa to see Dorcas. She was dead, however, when he got there, "but Peter put them all forth and kneeled down and prayed, and, turning himself to the body, said, Tabitha, arise, and she opened her eyes, and when she saw Peter she sat up. He called the saints and widows and presented her to them alive."

This is the only instance on record that we know of where the Lord ever conferred a special blessing upon an "old maid."

By raising our eyes from off the town of Lydda and casting them far up the plain we can see Mount Carmel. But as we will be near this celebrated mountain, perhaps at it, as we go from Jerusalem to Damascus, I will not detain you upon this tower to talk about it. I trust you have enjoyed looking at the sites of these old scriptural towns, which in the scriptures are called cities. And as you see them now, built by piling rough stone one upon another, as we would build a rock fence, and then daubing it with mortar, in like manner they were built in the old bible days.

You perhaps noticed that all these Arab houses are built upon mounds, just as we saw in Egypt. These mounds are created in the same way, by the melting down or disintegration of former buildings which stood on the same site.

The accommodations for tourists at Ramleth are fairly good. After leaving Ramleth we travel for some eight or ten miles over the red, gravelly soil of the valley of Sharon before reaching the foot of the Judean hills.

A few miles out from Ramleth we passed Gimzo on our left and Gezer on the right. Gezer was a royal Canaanitish city on the frontier of the tribe of Ephraim. Ephraim allowed the Canaanites to dwell in Gezer, notwithstanding the city was apportioned to him.

At about six or seven miles we cross the valley of Ajalon. We frequently hear people say "that some of the stories in the old bible they don't believe." For instance, they will say, "I don't believe the story about

Jonah and the great fish, and I don't believe the story about Sampson and the foxes, nor that the sun and moon stood still at Joshua's command." And yet their own life to live is a far greater mystery and a much more wonderful exhibition of God's omnipotent power than either or all of the three narrations objected to.

Reader, if you slept as long and as soundly as I did at Ramleth in the Latin monastery last night you were, so far as any consciousness of your own existence was concerned, as though you were dead for eight hours. Is it any more of an incredulous phenomenon for the Lord to stop the earth in its diurnal revolution upon its axis for one day, or even longer, for the scriptures tell us that Joshua "spake to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered the Amorites, etc."

I say, is it any more strange or incredulous than that your heart should dilate and contract with a far greater exactness of regularity than the tick of your watch, sending a rich stream of life-blood through every microscopical atom of your body, making its round or circuit seventy times a minute, or four thousand two hundred times an hour, or thirty-three thousand two hundred times while you are asleep and wholly unconscious that you had a heart; when your judgment was at rest and your will held in captivity? And would you say to me, "I don't believe it," were I to say to you that during that eight hours sleep, while my body was resting and being prepared for another day's labor, my mind took an eight-thousand-mile journey across the continent of Europe, the Mediterranean sea and the stormy Atlantic, leaving the electric spark which flew along the submerged wires of the Atlantic Cable Company far behind, crept into my far-away happy

home and there received new pictures of the dear ones at home and showed them to me in all their beautifully clear delineations and endearing associations the moment I awoke? Can you deny this when your own experience confirms the truth? And yet you say you don't believe that God commands and controls the universe and the laws by which the universe of his own creation is governed? Are you not permitting yourself to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel? "The world is His, for He made it."

The valley of Ajalon, like the so-called valleys around Jerusalem, are for the most part what we would call ravines, or water drains, in the wet season of the year, and Ajalon is a depression in the vale of Sharon, near the foot of the hills with a water drain running through it. The occasion of the moon standing still in this valley and the sun upon Gibeon, which is a valley over and at the foot of a hill which rises just east of Ajalon, is exceedingly interesting.

Let me relate it. Five Amoritish kings had combined forces and made war upon the Gibeonites, because Joshua had entered into league with them. The Gibeonites played it sharp on Joshua and his princes. Hearing what Joshua had done for Jericho and Ai and their kings, they sent embassadors to Joshua's headquarters at Gilgal. They made these embassadors dress in old worn-out clothes, take old sacks to put on their donkeys, and old rent and bound-up wine bottles (their wine bottles were made of skins of animals) and dry mouldy bread, and old dilapidated sandals, and they represented to Joshua that they came from a very far country, that they lived a long way off; but, having heard of Joshua and the success of his

army, not only at Jericho and Ai, but also on the east side of the Jordan, they said they had been sent to him by their people to make a league with him.

Joshua, being deceived by these men as to their place of habitation, entered into a league with them, promising immunity from hostilities, etc. Joshua soon found he had committed a blunder in this. The Gibeonites being one of the strong tribes of Canaan, occupied one of its greatest cities. To punish them for the misrepresentations and duplicity, Joshua put them in bondage and made them "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation of Israel."

When the five Amoritish kings moved their combined forces and encamped before the city of Gibeon, the Gibeonites sent word to Joshua to come up quickly and help them, saying "all the kings of the Amorites had gathered against them." As soon as Joshua heard this, he made a forced march by night and surprised the enemy and "slew them with a great slaughter before Gibeon," putting them to route, chasing them along the way that led from Gibeon to that mountain which I showed you yonder on the far left Beth-horon. While fleeing before Joshua's victorious army, when nearing Azekah, the Lord sent a terrific hailstorm from heaven "upon them and they died." We are told that more of them were killed by the hailstones than were killed by the sword.

It was while Joshua and his army were engaged in this running fight that he asked the Lord to prolong the day by making the moon to stand upon Ajalon and the sun to stand still upon Gibeon—part of his army being in one place and the remainder in the other—that a decisive victory might be gained.

We next come to the Hotel Latron, where we get a fairly good lunch and rest for an hour. Just beyond the hotel we pass a small village by the same name There is a magnificent spring here of good, sweet water. Our road now enters the "Wady Ali," a mountain gorge which comes down between the mountains. This valley widens out as we ascend it, and, after riding a mile or so on the side of the mountain—the gorge or valley being to one side of us—we leave the valley and soon come to a grove of Terebinth and fruit trees, called "the trees of the Inman Ali," with an adjoining spring. The hills here are covered with undergrowth, among which you see the wild olive and Carob trees.

The Carob tree resembles our wild honey locust. From this point we turn north up the hill for a short distance, and then east again, going up and down hills, going up a great deal more than down, however. After riding a few miles we see a small village on the north side of a hill to the right and below us. This is Abu Gosh, named for a notorious robber chief, who, with six brothers and eighty-five descendants, were a terror for a number of years to this whole section of country, especially to pilgrims; and the muleteers, I am told, still fear to pass the castles of this notorious family. These castles, or the village of Abu Gosh, is located on the site of old Kirjath-jearim, where, as before stated, the Ark of God remained twenty years, and was carried from there by David to Jerusalem.

At Kirjath-jearim we enter the land given the tribe of Benjamin, and a little further, on from the top of a hill, Mizpah, or, as it is now called, Neby Samwie, may be distinctly seen (a village on the top of the highest peak in this part of Palestine.)

A very sad occurrence took place at Mizpah about 1250 B. C. At the time I speak of, a Gibeonite, a mighty man of valor, was living there. He had been driven from his father's house by his brethren, because his mother was "a strange woman." He was a married man, having an only child, a gay, happy daughter. Trouble, war and oppression came upon his father's house and his people. The Amorites were gathering their forces and waging war on the Gibeonites. The latter were without a leader, and in the emergency they thought of Jephthah, whom they had driven from his father's house, and sent the elder men of the family to see him and beg him to return and take command of their army. Jephthah finally consented to do so, "and vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

This was a rash, foolish vow, made by an ambitious leader. God didn't ask Jephthah to make this vow; as far as it entered into or became a condition of his success, it was made so by Jephthah himself. He took command of the army and passed over into the enemy's country and made a successful campaign against them, capturing twenty of their cities, and with a very great slaughter bringing the Amorites in complete subjection to Israel. "The Lord delivered his enemies into his hands," which he would have doubtless done had Jephthah not have made the vow. When he returned to Mizpah unto his house, " behold, his

daughter, his only child, his beloved child, came out to meet him, her heart bounding with joy and gladness at the safe return of her father. She run to meet him with timbrals and dances.

"When Jephthah saw her he rent his cloths and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have made a vow unto the Lord." This child insisted upon her father fufilling the vow, which we are told he did. Poor, rash, ambitious father, your hasty vow doubtless sent your gray hairs to the grave in sorrow.

You remember that it was here that Samuel anointed Saul king. The Israelites saw Samuel was growing old and feeble, and he had also made his sons, Joel and Abiah, judges of Israel in Beer-sheba. It appears that they were avaricious, money-loving fellows, and were accused of taking bribes and perverting judgment. So all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together and went to Samuel and demanded that he be made king to rule over Israel as other nations had. The Lord said to Samuel, "They haye not rejected thee but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

"They have forsaken me and have been serving other gods ever since I brought them out of the land of Egypt. Therefore hearken unto them and do as they desire, make them a king, but protest solemnly against it and tell them just the kind of a king they will have. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto them that asked of him a king."

And Samuel told them that the king that would reign over them would take their sons to attend his chariots and to be horsemen and some to be runners

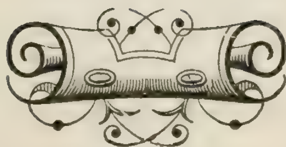
before his chariot, and that he would appoint captains over thousands and fifties, and make them plant his ground and harvest his crops, and that he would make others of them make war and chariot instruments. And that he would make cooks, confectioners and bakers of their daughters; that he would take the best of their olive groves, their fields and vineyards and give them to his servants; that he would take the tenth of their seed and of their vineyards and give it to his officers and servants, that he would take their men servants and their maid servants and their goodliest young men and their donkeys and put them to work, and that he would also take the tenth of their sheep, and that they would be his servants. He further said "You will cry out in that day because of the king you have chosen."

Notwithstanding all this, they would not hearken to Samuel, but still demanded that he make them a king, and in obedience to the demand of the people, and under the direction and command of the Lord, Samuel at Mizpah, on that high peak you see off to our left, anointed Saul, the son of Kish, king of Israel.

When we descend this hill, which we will do by a zigzag road, you will see off to the right, across a ravine, a very pretty little town, situated in the midst of vineyards and fruit trees. Now look just over there and you will see it. That is Ain Karim. This place has been handed along down the line of centuries as the birth-place of John the Baptist. "And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judah and entered into the house of Zacharias and saluted Elizabeth."

This village of Ain Karim is located on a bench of

land that runs out from the ravine in the shape of a horse-shoe between two hills. It is a pretty little village. At the foot of the hill that we are now descending by this zigzag road is a narrow valley with a brook running through it. The valley is known by the name of Kuloniah. This is where tradition says the little Jew shepherd boy killed the giant Goliah. Four miles further on we reach Jerusalem.



CHAPTER XII.

Jerusalem.

AFTER a long wearisome journey of over eight thousand miles we find ourselves at last at the city of David, Jerusalem, "vision of peace." To every christian this is a place of untold and inexpressible interest. No man can give expression to the feelings which he experiences when this long thought of, often read of, and a thousand times imagined, city first comes into view and is fully spread out before him in all of its reality. He involuntarily says to himself, if not aloud, "and this is Jerusalem, the venerable type of the heavenly Jerusalem."

And now, when you see it, a feeling of disappointment and sadness comes over you, and you say, "Can it be possible that this is the place of which so much has been said, so much written and so much sung? Is this all that there is of the great and glorious city of Zion and Moriah, the far-famed capital of the Jewish empire? Can this old city, with its low, flat-roofed houses; its narrow, crooked, filthy streets; its degraded, ignorant population, be the "Holy City," once the fountain head from which the knowledge of the true God was wont to be vouchsafed to mankind, and which has exercised the supremest influence on religious thought throughout the world?"

How fallen, how degraded! What a wonderful material decline! What a melancholy moral decay time has brought about! What stupendous scenes

were once enacted in this old royal city! What do we find here now? Blind superstition, combined with the merest ritualism or formalism, everywhere forces itself upon you. "The chief modern characteristic of Jeru. salem as we see it now is the fanatical idolatry, and the pharisaical arrogance and egotism of the various so-called religious sects or communities comprising its population!" A population numbering twenty-four thousand. Of these about thirteen thousand are Mohammedans, seven thousand so-called christians, and about four thousand Jews.

The city is surrounded by a stone wall, twelve to fifteen feet in thickness, thirty-eight and one-half feet in height, on the top of which are thirty-four towers. The area enclosed is an irregular quadrangle two and a half miles in circumference. The city is built upon four mountains; the valleys between the mountains within the city walls, however, have been filled in with the accumulated rubbish of ages, until they are nearly obliterated. It is also surrounded by mountains. David says: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever."

You noticed after leaving the plain of Sharon and climbing the hills of Judea that very many of these hills were susceptible of being brought into cultivation and being made to yield profitable crops of olives, figs, pomegranites and grapes, and I have no doubt that in the time of David and Solomon, more particularly during the long peaceful reign of Solomon, and perhaps long before that period, an abundance of fruit and cereals were raised throughout all this hill country north and west of Jerusalem.

Now, reader, I have tried to the best of my ability to explain to you all the sights, new and strange, which have fallen under our observation since we first landed on this side of the Atlantic; our travels have extended over a distance of eight thousand miles, and now we are in comfortable quarters at the hotel near the north-west corner of the walls of Jerusalem. And as we expect to spend at least a week in and around the old city, and you will be asked, when you reach home, a great many questions, such as, Were you at Jerusalem? —Did you visit Mount Calvary?—Did you see where the cross of Christ stood?—Did you see Joseph's new tomb in which the body of our Savior was laid?—Did you see Pilate's house and his judgment hall?—Did you see any part of the cross upon which the Savior was crucified?—Did you see the crown of thorns which was placed upon his head?—Did you see any of the nails with which he was nailed to the cross? —Were you in the large upper room where the Savior instituted his supper, and where the disciples were gathered together on the day of Pentecost?—and many, many other such questions—now, let me say you will be shown all these, and many other places and things, which were directly or indirectly associated with the trial, condemnation, crucifixion, descent from the cross, burial, resurrection and ascension of our Lord. And you will be told that the places shown you are the identical places, and the things shown you the identical things, associated with that tragic scene. I want to prepare your minds, therefore, by the relation of some historical facts concerning Jerusalem and the finding of the so-called sacred places and things, so that you may be able to draw your own conclusions, and at the same

time feel assured that your conclusions and decisions are rational and intelligent deductions, drawn from and arrived at with all the facts pertaining to the matter in question fully before you.

I will first give you the scriptural account of the crucifixion. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, *suffered without the gate.* Pilate said unto the Jews, 'Behold your king.' But they cried, 'Away with him, away with him!' 'Crucify him!' The chief priests answered, 'We have no king but Cæsar.' Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth unto a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side of him, with Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross; and the writing was '*Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.*' This title was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, 'Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews.' But Pilate answered, 'What I have written I have written.'

"And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear his cross. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say a place of a skulls, they crucified him." The particulars of this tragedy are so familiar to my readers that I regard it as unnecessary to repeat it here in full. If the reader will open the bible and read the 19th chapter of St. John's gospel and the 27th chapter of Matthew, he will find a full and clear relation of the whole matter, and from these scrip-

tures we learn the material facts concerning the Crucifixion.

We learn first that the Jews almost to a man rejected Christ and regarded him not only as an imposter and pretender in claiming to be "He of whom the prophets spoke," but also a blasphemer in claiming to be "the son of God." We further learn that he was crucified without the gate and consequently outside the wall which at that time surrounded the city; the gate spoken of referring to one of the several gates leading out of the city. These were then, as now, closed and securely locked at night, and no one was allowed to enter or leave the city after a certain hour in the afternoon until the gates were opened on the following morning. This custom is kept up at Jerusalem, Damascus and other oriental cities at the present time.

You see, from what the Jews themselves say, that Palestine at the time of the Savior's crucifixion was a Roman province. You know it was such at the birth of the Savior, for Herod had been made king of the Jews thirty-seven years before the birth of Christ.

Our Lord was crucified when he was in his thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, *i.e.*, A. D. 33 or 34. Toward the close of the year 64, or thirty years after the Crucifixion, the Jews in Palestine revolted against the Roman authority, and Nero, then emperor, sent Vespasian with a large army into Palestine to quell the revolt and to bring the Jews again into subjection to the Roman authority. Here Vespasian, the commander of the Roman army, was joined by his son Titus, who came up from Egypt with twelve thousand additional troops.

Vespasian threw his army around Jerusalem and laid

siege to the place, and while thus engaged Nero died by suicide, and Vespasian, leaving the army in the command of his son Titus, went to Rome and entered into a contest with Vitellius for the crown. When the Roman army approached Jerusalem there were four contending factions in the city. The Zealots, under Giscala, occupied the castle of Antonia, a strongly fortified place and named for Anthony. This castle was at the northwest corner of the temple precincts and the court of the Gentiles. The upper part of the city was held by what was known as the robber party, commanded by one Simon of Gerasa, and they were all the name implies—they continued their vocation, robbing the temple of its gold and silver vessels after it had been set on fire by the Roman soldiers.

A third party, under Eleazar, were in the possession of the inner temple and court of the Jews; and lastly, the conservative party were also established in the upper part of the city. Josephus says of these three factions, "I suppose that, had the Romans made any longer delay in coming against these villains, the city would either have been swallowed up by the ground opening upon them, or been overflowed by water, or else been destroyed as the country of Sodom perished, by fire, for it had brought forth a generation of men much more atheistical than were those that suffered such punishment. For it was by their madness that all the people came to be destroyed.

"Ever since the land had become a Roman province a storm had been gathering. The Jews, being swayed by national pride, were unwilling to yield to Roman subjugation. Factions had sprung up and these soon began warring one with another.

"In addition to this marauding parties under daring leaders infested the city and hill country around Jerusalem. The whole country was in a disquieted and truly demoralized condition."

When Vespasian's army entered Palestine thousands of the people from the surrounding country fled to Jerusalem as a place of safety, and when the place was besieged it was estimated that there were not less than six or eight hundred thousand or more people within the walls of the ill-fated city.

The four factions above mentioned were at war one with the others, each making desperate efforts to gain supremacy and power and get undisputed control of the defenses of the city. "This was the state of affairs in this doomed city when in the beginning of the year 70 A. D. six legions of Roman soldiers were stationed in the environs of Jerusalem. The people in the overcrowded city blindly trusted in some divine interposition of providence to save them and destroy their enemies. They had been taught that God had often fought the battles of Joshua, and they seemed to think that he would do the same for them in this emergency."

Surely it was a deplorable condition, a sad picture indeed, to see the old renowned, revered city, its strong walls filled with people riven by contention, strife and internecine war, while the Roman army, serpent-like, was drawing its deadly coil around it.

After the city had been closely invested by the Romans, the Jews, seemingly with suicidal intent, refused all terms of capitulation. During each cessation of hostilities with the besieging army these factions fell upon and butchered each other with an insane madness and a barbarity unparalleled in the annals of

history. Famine in all its horrors prevailed to such an extent that, Josephus tells us, the inhabitants were driven by hunger to chew strips of rawhide and leather and wisps of hay gathered up in the filthy streets; that they devoured things that even their starving animals refused to eat. It is related that a poor, starving mother, driven by hunger to the verge of insanity, killed and like a ferocious beast devoured her own child.

The following extract describes the horrors which prevailed in the doomed city the last night of the siege. And while the picture may be somewhat overdrawn in some particulars, it will give the reader insight into the total destruction of the city and the horrors which accompanied it.

This writer represents himself as being in the fated city. He says: "The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy, and to the last hour of our national existence Rome held out offers of peace and lamented our frantic determination to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the later days of the siege a hostility, to which that of man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that it drives on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air, visions startling us from our short and troubled sleep, lunacy in its most hideous forms, sudden death in the midst of vigor, the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads. We had every terror and evil that could beset humannature but pestilence, the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded and the dead.

Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied, though every well and trench was teeming, though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the ramparts and naked to the sun, pestilence came not. If it had, the enemy would have been scared away. But the "abomination of desolation," the pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plow passed over the ruins of Jerusalem."

"On this night, this fatal night, no man laid his head on the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us, the ground shook under our feet. The volcano blazed, the wind burst forth in irregular blasts and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our sides, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot tenfold fire, showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightnings in immense sheets, of an intensity of duration that turned the darkness into noonday, withered eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by the forest of flame and the shattered summits of the hills. Defense was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear, but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear and crouched before the descending judgment."

I know the sufferings and horrors endured by the Jews during the siege of Titus are familiar to many of my readers. But to some they are not, and I speak of the siege and the fall of Jerusalem under Titus to impress upon the mind of the reader the devastation,

ruin and, I may say, total destruction of the city and all that it contained. The city was reduced to heaps of shapeless ruins, and their beloved sanctuary, the temple, burned, and as many of the Jews as escaped and survived these awful calamities were scattered over the face of the earth and rendered a mockery, a proverb and a reproach among nations.

After the lower part of the city had been burned, the upper still resisted, and on the 7th of September it was burned to the ground. The fall of the city took place in the year 70, some thirty-six or seven years after the crucifixion of Christ. Please bear this in mind. For half a century after this, Jerusalem had ceased to exist and lost its identity, and it was not till A. D. 130 that the Emperor Hadrian erected a town on the site of the Holy City, which he called Aelia Capitolina, or simply Aelia.

We are informed that at the end of the fourth century a statue of Jupiter occupied the site now occupied by the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and that a temple of Jupiter, containing statues of Jupiter and Hadrian, stood on the site of the ancient Jewish temple.

Now, reader, the object I have in view in writing the foregoing historic facts in relation to the real condition of Jerusalem at the time it was visited by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who claimed to have been converted to christianity, and was regarded as the first Christian Emperor of Rome, is to show you and to forcibly impress your mind in regard to the true condition of Jerusalem at the time this fanatic and old crank Helena visited it.

Saint Helena visited Jerusalem A. D. 325 and claimed to have discovered the sepulcher of Jesus, and also the

cross on which he died. In addition to these it is now claimed that she found the crown of thorns, and the nails with which our Lord was nailed to the cross. You will see from the above that about three hundred years elapsed from the time of the crucifixion of Christ to the professed finding of the cross and the identification of the several places mentioned in connection with his crucifixion, burial, resurrection, etc. In addition to this, let me call your attention to another fact: there is not a word or a line in the scriptures which would indicate that the apostles or any of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ ever visited the cross of Calvary, the place where it stood, or the tomb in which his body was laid after his resurrection and ascension.

There is not an expression in the scriptures to indicate that they cherished a feeling of reverence or adoration for any of the instrumentalities of his passion. If idolatry means the worship of idols, images or anything made by hands, or which is not *God*, you will see here in this old city as gross idolatry robed in the garb and bearing the name of christianity as was ever practiced by Jeroboam at Bethel and Dan, where he erected the golden calves and tore down the altars of God and erected the altars of Baal.

I repeat, you will see as much idolatry in this city among professed christians as can be found in heathen lands. If to be a christian means to be like Christ, or Christ-like, the sects here which are called "christian," in contradistinction to the Mohammedans, are as far from being Christ-like in their lives, in their creed and mode of worship as the Mohammedan or the heathen; yea, farther.

Without further comment I will now go into the city and let you see for yourself and judge for yourself, and hear for yourself, the lies, the frauds, the base imposition and the mockery of Christianity practiced by the priests, abbots, monks, nuns and leaders of the various so-called "christian sects"—and by them through a system of ritualism, consisting of bells, images, holy water, a service in a dead language, choirs, processions, incense, confessions, fasts, purgatory, a reverence for a divine mother and child, relic worship, pilgrimages, shrines of saints, and every other imaginable tomfoolery that could possibly be imposed upon a credulous, ignorant people, to fall down and worship these fictitious places invented by their leaders from mercenary motives, and for the sole object of gaining proselytes and money.

Now, reader, our hotel, as before stated, is located near the northwest corner of the wall which encircles the city. By going east along a wide road which runs just outside the north wall, at about half the length of this wall we come to the "Damascus gate." Here we will enter the city and then turn to the left or east and ascend the hill of Bezetha; on the top of this hill we come to a house belonging to one of the Turkish officials, from the roof of which we get a magnificent view of the whole city. Permission to go upon the roof of this house is always granted to tourists.

You see a large majority of the houses are one and two-story flat-roofed buildings thrown together, totally destitute of architectural skill or beauty. The taller buildings with domes and minarets are mosques. Those with spires and crosses are Catholic cathedrals. The streets look like little winding paths running in every

direction. Now, isn't it an old hard-looking place? If you will look over near the east wall of the city you will see a large octagon building, from the center of which rises a beautiful dome. That is the temple of Omar, situated on the brow of Mount Moriah, where stood Solomon's temple. Now look over somewhat to the west of the center of the city and you see another large building covered with a more conical dome. That is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Beyond that and still farther west you see the tower of David.

We will now descend to the street and work our way among these Arabs, Jews, donkeys, children and dogs that crowd these narrow, crooked, dirty streets from morning till night, and go to the "orphanage and school of the Latin Sisters of Zion," a large, new house said to be erected on the site of "Pilate's judgment hall." I here insert the 13th and 14th verses of the 19th chapter of the gospel of John, for you will understand better what I have to tell you about the house which we now propose to enter. It reads as follows: "When Pilate, therefore, heard that saying he brought Jesus forth and sat down in the judgment seat, in a place that is called the pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha, and it was the preparation of the Passover and about the sixth hour, and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your king.

When they were excavating for the foundation for this orphanage and school building, they found an old stone arch (Ecce Homo), which was believed to be a part of the original building which constituted Pilate's judgment hall and the door where Pilate stood with the Savior when he said, "Behold your king."

This stone arch reaches over the street, one end of

which extends into the orphanage. It was left in situ and the wall of the new building incorporated with it, so that the arch can now be seen spanning the street.

By going down a stairway into the basement of this building, some ten or twelve feet below the present level of the street, we find a considerable area of old Roman pavement, worn by travel. This is, doubtless, the same pavement once trodden by the Savior. Here you see, also, two large flat stones, which is believed by a great many to be the "pavement" from which, in the time of Christ, laws and judgments were promulgated.

We now go back a short distance, the way we came up the street, and on the opposite side from the orphanage we see a two-story house, which is now used for a Turkish barracks. This is said to stand upon the ground once occupied by the residence of Pilate, and was called the "Praetorium." Allow me to say just here that in the fourth century the site of Pilate's house was said to be in a different part of the city.

And then again in the 6th century it was claimed to be in another place, and toward the end of the Crusaders' period it was located by tradition, where it is now revered.

This is now claimed to be the beginning of what is called the Via Dolorosa, "street of pain," or "way of grief," the way by which the Savior is said to have borne his cross to Golgotha. You see the barracks is upon the second floor and is reached by a broad flight of steps running up from an off-set in the street. And the so-called "holy steps" which I showed you in or near the Lateran church at Rome is said to have been removed from here by St. Helena on the occasion of her visit to this place A. D. 325.

This street of pain was not claimed as the route traveled by the Savior until the 16th century, fifteen hundred years, or near that, after the Crucifixion. There is a small chapel in the barracks which the Catholics claim to be the first station, the place where the Savior stood before Pilate, or the place from which he started on his way to Golgotha. There are fourteen prayer stations on this route. The first one is the chapel in the barracks already mentioned, the second is in the street at or near the step leading up into the barracks. Here it is claimed the cross was laid upon the Savior. We now retrace our steps going west and pass under the stone arch above spoken of, going by the orphanage which is on the north or opposite side of the street, *i. e.*, on our right. From this arch we go down a gradual descent. We are now going down into what was formerly the Tyropean valley; the valley was originally a deep ravine, but now comparatively a slight depression. The accumulated rubbish of centuries has filled it in until the original bottom is now fifty or more feet below the street that runs across it. This is the old cheese mongers' valley, as it was once called.

The street we are now in runs west and very soon enters at a right angle the street coming from Damascus gate. Soon after entering this street we see on our left a broken column leaning against the wall of a house. Near this broken column is where they say Christ sank under the weight of the cross. This event was formerly assigned to a different place. After passing this the street runs a little to the south. About forty or fifty steps further on we come to the traditional house of "the poor man Lazarus." If Lazarus owned this house, or even the lot upon which it is built,

he could have sold it for enough to have supplied all his wants. There must be a mistake somewhere. Either he was not the poor man who begged for the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, or this house and lot did not belong to him. These relic worshiping people ought to make up a more plausible yarn than this.

Beyond the house of Lazarus is the fourth station where they say Christ met his mother. Not a great way beyond this point the Via Doloroso turns into a street running west. At the corner of the street to the right is a handsome house for Jerusalem; they say this was the house of Dives, the rich man at whose gate lay poor Lazarus full of sores and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.

There was no mention of this being the house of Dives before the 15th century. Here is located the 5th station where Simon the Cyrene took the cross from Christ. Beyond this in the next house to the left a stone has been built into the wall having a depression in it, they say caused by the hand of Christ to keep from falling. They seem to have forgotten they placed the cross upon Simon just before reaching this place.

We now go up the opposite side of the Tyropean valley about one hundred paces, to near an archway, where we enter a narrow doorway on the left side of the street. This leads us into a vault where we see the tomb and bust of St. Veronica. They say she wiped with her handkerchief the perspiration from the Savior's face at this spot, and they show you her handkerchief with the dim outlines of a face upon it, which is claimed to be the identical handkerchief which the young lady used upon the occasion. That's thin. The

yarn is thin, and the handkerchief is thin. It is a very improbable story throughout. I say this to keep from appearing rude by calling it by its proper name.

A little further on the street makes two bends and crosses a street running north and south. Just before crossing this street we are shown on the left a house against which the Savior is said to have leaned or where he fell the second time. This is pointed out as the seventh station.

A little further on at the eighth station is where the Savior is said to have addressed the women who accompanied him. Here the Via Doloroso ends, the ninth station being in front of the Coptic monastery and near the church of the Holy Sepulchre. At this ninth station it is said the Savior again sank under the weight of the cross (which was being carried by Simon, the Cyrene), a strange statement.

The last five of the fourteen stations are in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The tenth station, or place where Christ is said to have stopped, is marked by a circular stone in the pavement constituting the floor of the church, and is the place where he is said to have been undressed.

The eleventh, where he was nailed to the cross, is in front of an altar. The twelfth, that of raising the cross, is in a Greek chapel near to and adjoining the altar above mentioned. The thirteenth, where he was taken down from the cross, is between the eleventh and twelfth stations. And the fourteenth is the Holy Sepulchre itself. All of these last five places mentioned are within a radius of twenty or thirty feet.

We are informed in the Scriptures quoted at the beginning of this chapter that Golgotha lay without

the city, and one of the difficulties of locating this place has resulted from the inability of determining where the city walls stood at the time of the Crucifixion, no two authorities agreeing in regard to it, so thoroughly and completely was the city walls destroyed or torn down by Titus.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is claimed to have been built upon Golgotha, is now in the center of the modern city. Another difficulty in the way is that there is no evidence that the spot was revered or regarded as sacred or even known in the early centuries of the Christian era. Nor do the old authorities agree as to the kind of building Hadrian erected on the place called Golgotha; some asserting that it was the temple of Zeus, others that it was the temple of Jupiter. Again, the whole story of St. Helena finding the cross, crown, etc., in a cave or grotto under the present church of the Holy Sepulchre in the fourth century of the Christian era, after a long and diligent search, goes far to establish the fact that there was not even a traditional locality known as Golgotha at that time. All we know is that there was a church erected here in or about 336 A. D; in 614 this church was destroyed by the Persians, and that it was rebuilt between 616 and 626 again; again in 963 it was materially injured by fire, and in 969 it was again further damaged by fire. It was very seriously damaged in 1010 by the Moslems, but was rebuilt in 1055. In the beginning of the twelfth century the crusaders erected over the locality a large church, which embraced all the holy places and chapels.

Many additions have been made to this building, and many disasters have befallen it from time to time.

We find now, however, a pile of edifices three hundred and fifty feet from east to west, and two hundred and eighty from north to south, containing seventy stations and "innumerable isles, windows, stairways, tombs, dark recesses, chapels, oratories, altars, concealed relics, and other holy *inventions*."

It has been said, "Verily, nothing is too hard for stout-hearted credulity." And when you visit Jerusalem and witness the idolatrous worship of these invented places you will heartily endorse the saying.

As before stated, there are some seventy places in this church, including altars of worship and places regarded as more sacred than others. I can only point out a few of these, as it would be tedious, if not tiresome, to attempt a minute description of them all, and tend only to confusion.

Upon entering the church, the first thing which attracts the attention is a squad of armed Turkish soldiers sitting in the vestibule. The Savior admonished his followers to "love one another," but the sects or so-called Christians worshiping in this church are so completely moved by jealousy and fanaticism—and, I may add, the almighty dollar—that they often quarrel and fight like cats and dogs, and it frequently becomes necessary for the soldiers to interfere to keep order.

What a commentary upon their professions of Christianity to have to record the fact that this armed force of Mohammedan soldiers, these so-called heathens, have to be stationed in a church to keep peace among the professed followers of Him who said, "Peace be with you, my peace I leave with you."

Passing the guard we next see a large stone eight and a half feet long and four feet broad. This slab is

about six inches in thickness, and is raised some six or eight inches above the stone-paved floor. You ask me what all these dozens and scores of people are crowding around that stone, dropping on their knees, putting first one cheek and then the other and then kissing it for? You remember the apostle John tells us that after the Savior was crucified Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate secretly, being afraid of the Jews, and asked for the body of Jesus, that he might take it away for burial. And there came Nicodemus, bringing about a hundred pounds of a mixture of myrrh and aloes, and they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes, with the spices, as was the manner of the Jews. Now, I will answer your question. This is called the stone of anointment, on which they say the body of Jesus was laid when it was anointed by Nicodemus. What do you call such adoration as you see here?

Before the period of the Crusades (the first Crusade occurring in 1099 A. D.), we are informed that a separate church, called the church of St. Mary, was built over the place of anointment; but when the Franks built a house covering all the sacred places it was moved to the place we now see it. We are further informed that the stone has been frequently changed and has been in possession of the various religious sects at different times. "In the fifteenth century it belonged to the Copts. In the 16th to the Georgians, from whom the Roman Catholics purchased permission for five thousand piasters, or about a thousand or twelve hundred dollars, to burn candles over it." It afterward belonged to the Greek Catholics. The Armenians, Latins, Greeks and Copts are now entitled to burn lamps over it. This reddish-yellow marble slab which

you see these misguided creatures worshiping was placed here in 1808. Formerly pilgrims were in the habit of measuring this slab to have their burial sheet made the same length.

Now look just over there a few steps off, and you see a circular stone fitted in the paved floor enclosed with iron railings. The railings, as you see, do not reach the floor by some fifteen inches or more. They are left in this way so that these devoted worshipers of wood, stone, etc., can put their heads under the railings and kiss the circular stone which is said to mark the place where the women are said to have stood when Jesus was being crucified. That is fanaticism in the extreme.

A few steps further on and to the right brings us to the center of the rotunda, where we find the Holy Sepulchre. This is placed under the great dome of the church. In the scriptures we read: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was man never yet laid." If we have taught ourselves to believe all that is told us we see here the new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid; in which the body of Jesus was laid. This one fills the bill literally and truly, for it is a new sepulchre, and no man was ever laid therein even to this day, not even the Savior.

"Around the sepulchre of Jesus have clustered the hopes and affections of the Christian world since the day Jesus taught the world by example the grand soul-stirring truth of the resurrection of the dead. But it was the person of Jesus who arose, and who taught this grand doctrine, and the Christian's hope and affections should follow him in his ascension to the right

hand of the Father, and there fix and chain him as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast." It is not the cold, bare stones composing the tomb of Jesus or any saint which should be the object of our adoration.

In the center of the rotunda, beneath the dome, is the so-called Holy Sepulchre, or sacred tomb of the Savior, the supreme object of veneration of the so-called Christian sects at Jerusalem. In the course of Helena's search for the sepulchre a rock cavern was discovered and a chapel was soon erected over the spot. The chapel of the tomb itself is a small marble room not more than six or seven feet in length and six in width. On the north side and to the right of the entrance lies the slab covering the tomb; the tomb being five feet long, two feet wide, and raised three feet above the floor. From the ceiling of this small chapel are suspended some forty or more fine gold and silver lamps, which are kept burning day and night. "This small chapel is surrounded by another, sixteen-sided, twenty-six feet long, and seventeen wide. In front of the low door on the east is a kind of ante-chamber, provided with stone benches and a large candelabra. When entering the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, oriental Christians remove their shoes in the ante-chamber."

Passing through the antechamber we enter a vestibule called the angels' chapel, sixteen feet long and ten wide. In the center lies a stone set in marble, which is said to be that which the angels rolled away from the mouth of the Sepulchre, and on which he afterwards sat.

A fragment of this stone is said to be built into the altar on the place of Crucifixion. In this chapel another lot of lamps are kept burning continually.

The Resurrection, like the Crucifixion, was announced by an earthquake; we are told, "There was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it." It is a part of this veritable stone that is claimed to be in this chapel of the angel.

In the time of the Crusades the sanctuary covering the Holy Sepulchre was circular in form and covered with a dome. In 1719 the whole building was renewed and enlarged.

From the description given by Luke we would expect a tomb hewn out of the rock wherein the body was laid and then arched over, such as we see all around Jerusalem. But here, however, the whole surface was overlaid with marble as far back as the Middle Ages, and it would require very critical examination, and such as no one would be allowed to make, to ascertain whether a rock chamber ever really existed here or not. Under the Latin altar they raise a small marble slab and show you three holes chisled in the stone, or in a stone put there for the purpose, for all I know, which they say are the holes in which the three crosses were placed. These holes are cut round and are about six inches in diameter, and eight or ten inches deep, all three of the holes being placed in a row some eighteen or twenty inches apart. The whole space given the three crosses is not more than would be required for the erection of a single cross.

To the right of this altar a silver slide in the floor can be moved to one side and brings to view a rent in the stone beneath, which appeared to me to have been made with a chisel, which you are told is where the rock was rent in twain on the day of the Crucifixion;

and the credulous are told that a skull miraculously leaped from the crevice.

In this church of inventions you are shown the tombs of Joseph, Nicodemus, and Melchisedec; the place of Abraham's sacrifice, the center of the world where dirt was obtained to make Adam, and chapels without end. I mention a few only; chapel of the Copts, chapel of the Syrians, chapel or prison of Christ, chapel of Mary Magdalene, chapel of forty martyrs, chapel of scourging, chapel of the crowning with thorns, chapel of the finding of the cross, etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum.*

"During the festival of Easter the church is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality, and there are enacted, both in the church and throughout the city, many disorderly scenes, which produce painful impressions. During the Crusades the Roman Catholics used to represent the entry of Christ riding a donkey from Bethphage, spreading palms and olive branches on the way. And now they annually send to Gaza and get palm branches, which they consecrate and distribute on Palm Sunday. On Holy Thursday they celebrate a grand mass and walk in procession around the Holy Sepulchre, after which the washing of feet takes place at the door of the sepulchre. The Greeks also celebrate the washing of feet, but not on the same day with the Latins. The Franciscans used to celebrate Good Friday with a mystery play, which terminated with nailing a figure to a cross. I was told that the Greeks had a similar performance now.

Reader, that you may have a more correct idea of the ceremonies enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, under the garb of religion and religious worship, I give you a description of it as witnessed by Rev. W.

M. Thomson, who was a resident of Palestine for many many years. He says: "I arrived from Ramleh fatigued, but as an important ceremony was going forward in the church I hastened hither at once. The whole vast edifice was crowded with pilgrims (it is estimated that it will hold six or seven thousand people), from all parts of the world, and it was with difficulty that I followed my companion into the rotunda. A priest who knew us came up, and after inquiring about the news of the day asked if we would be conducted into the interior of the Greek chapel, where the religious services were going on, and then summoning a Turkish Cawaas (officer) we began to move in that direction. To my amazement and alarm the Cawaas began to beat the crowd over the head, when down they crouched to the floor and we *walked over their prostrate bodies.*

There was no help for it, those behind rising up thrust us forward. After proceeding some distance we paused to take breath where the crowd was more dense and obstinate than usual, and I was seriously informed that this was the exact navel of the earth. And these obstinate pilgrims were bowing and kissing it. (I never knew until I was in this church of the Holy Sepulchre that the earth had a navel. I am glad I saw it, however, although it is a different looking affair from all the other navels I ever saw. I don't dispute its being the navel of the earth, however. I have too high an opinion of.respect for the veracity of these robed gentlemen who, indeed, and, in fact, with a holy regard for the truth, say it is the *navel of the earth.* It must have been very nicely done up and thoroughly disinfected, for it is a nice, pretty navel.)

"Finally," says brother Thompson, " we reached the

altar at the east end without any serious injury to the living causeway which we had traversed, and I had time to look about me. The scene throughout had all the interest of entire novelty. I was young and fresh from America, and was seized with an almost irresistible propensity to laugh. The noise was deafening and there was not the slightest approximation to devotion visible, or even possible, so far as I could judge; while the attitudes, costumes, gestures and sounds, which met the eye and stunned the ear were infinitely strange and ludicrous. Such splendor, too, I had never seen. By the aid of numerous lamps the whole church seemed to flash and blaze in burning gold. I stood near the altar, which was covered with gold cloth and decorated with censers, golden candlesticks, and splendid crucifixes.

"A bench of bishops and priests filled the entire space within the railing, and two monks were waving, or, more accurately, swinging their censers before them. The 'cloud of incense rose wreathing and circling to the upper dome, diffusing on all sides a strong aromatic odor.'"

"After some delay the whole priesthood of those denominations which then united in this ceremony were assembled, properly robed and fumigated, and with a lighted candle in either hand stood ready for the grand feat of the day. In single file seventy priests and bishops in long robes of gold and silver texture marched out into the body of the church with solemn pomp. Turkish officers went before, beating the heads of the crowd who bowed down as they had done for us. Slowly the gorgeous procession worked its way along the north side, singing with nasal twang and stentorian

lungs harsh harmony in barbarous Greek. In a few minutes they returned, laid aside their robes, extinguished their tapers, and the multitude dispersed, greatly enlightened by a great number of wax candles, and edified by a devout manifestation of splendid canonicals."

In speaking of the miracle of the Holy Fire he says: "I will not shock sensibilities with details of the buffoonery and the profane orgies performed by the Greeks around the tomb on the day of holy fire. I doubt whether there is anything more disgraceful to be witnessed in any heathen temple, nor are the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic monks on the night of the Crucifixion a whit less distressing and offensive. The whole scene in all its parts is enacted before a strong guard of Turkish troops stationed all around, to keep the actors in this dismal tragedy from being assaulted by the rival players in the Greek comedia, a precaution absolutely necessary, and not always successful. Furious and bloody riots have occurred several times since I have been in the country, and many travelers mention similar battles between the monks of former years. I was here in 1834, when several hundred pilgrims were crushed to death on the day of the holy fire.

"Khaliff Hakim was told that the priests used to besmear the wire by which the lamp was extended over the Holy Sepulchre with some kind of resinous oil and set it on fire from the roof. Large sums of money are paid the priests by those who are allowed to first light their lamps at the sacred flame, which they are made to believe to have been miraculously sent down from heaven. The wild and noisy scene usually begins on

Good Friday. Large numbers pass the night in the church in order to secure favorable positions, and to hold them. Some tie themselves with cords to the sepulchre to prevent others from pushing them to a more unfavorable place.

"On Easter eve, about two P. M., a procession of the bishops, priests monks, etc., moves around the sepulchre; all lamps are put out in full view of the crowd. The priests engage in loud chanting of prayer, and the patriarch enters the sepulchre, while the mob, for you can't call them anything else, are in the utmost suspense. At length the celestial fire gleams from the sepulchre, and the priests rush out with bundles of burning tapers. And now there is a general knock down and drag out rush, every one trying to light his taper.

"It is easier to imagine such a scene that follows than to describe it. Candles are let down by cords from the galleries, and in a few minutes the whole church is illuminated. Fights are frequent, and deaths from being trampled underfoot not unfrequent. In 1834 a general riot occurred. The Turkish soldiers, thinking they were being attacked, fired on the pilgrims, and some three hundred persons were killed. It was estimated that there were six thousand persons in the church on that occasion."

The fire obtained from this pious fraud is carried thousands of miles to be used in their churches and shrines, being watched with jealous care to prevent its being extinguished during the year.

On one occasion, it is claimed, the fire ran along the marble floor and ascended a stone pillar standing on the left-hand side of the doorway. The stone was said to

have been rent or cracked by the flame, and now, day after day, hundreds of poor ignorant Catholics go to that pillar and kiss the rent stone. I saw long strings of men and women kissing this pillar in turn. As fast as one kissed the stone they gave way to the next, and so on.

I know not what others think, but I do not hesitate to say that, in my judgment, any man or set of men who would resort to such fraudulent means as this to obtain a following, and to extort money from the poor and ignorant classes of mankind under the garb of religion, are worse than the thief or the midnight assassin. If that fire came from heaven, it would consume not only this den of thieves, but the hypocritical host of robed villains that play their nefarious game of fraud and deception at its numerous altars.



CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW rods southeast of the Church of the Sepulchre are the ruins of the hospital of St. John, called by some "Knights of St. John." The place is now called Muriston. Two hospitals were built upon this locality in the eleventh century for the reception of Christian pilgrims.

In 1869 these ruins, or at least a part of them, were given by the Sultan of Turkey to the Crown Prince of Prussia, who had excavations made which, at a depth of fifty feet below the present level of the surface, brought to view the old Roman pavement of the streets, cisterns, etc.; proving conclusively that the modern city is now from twenty to fifty feet above the old Jerusalem of the days of the Savior.

Now, all this seems very strange, that is, that, notwithstanding these people, and the thousands upon thousands of pilgrims who visit Jerusalem annually, can see for themselves that the rubbish which has been gradually accumulating over the site of the old city for the past eighteen hundred years, has long since buried forever out of sight the streets, the sites of houses, and other places which might have been regarded as sacred in consequence of the very associations which render these invented places objects of idolatry, they still continue to revere and represent these as the true and holy places.

"I am sure no one of all these places which I have endeavored to name and describe can truthfully be

associated, even in the most remote degree, with any act of our Savior."

Now, I ask the reader to read again the above expression, for I heartily, sincerely and conscientiously believe it to be true, and more, I believe every intelligent priest, monk, abbott, or other religious leader in Jerusalem believes and knows the same thing.

In my humble opinion these, like many other places which might have become places of idolatrous worship, have been buried in oblivion, never to be made known until God sees fit to reveal them. The same watchful care which has concealed from the knowledge of man the last resting-place of Moses, Joshua, John the Baptist, Mary the mother of Jesus and other illustrious scriptural characters has wisely and graciously interposed to save his people from idolatry, and doubtless for good and wise purposes has hid forever the instruments of our Savior's passion; also the spot where his Crucifixion took place, the tomb in which his body lay for three days and nights and from which he arose to life again, and the place from which he ascended to the heavenly Jerusalem.

"And since God has concealed the *realities* we have no need of all these fictitious shams," by which the ignorant and unlearned are deceived and imposed upon to a pitiable extent. But there are other places in this city of David to which I must take you before we take a stroll around its walls.

Since these places are located in the southwestern part of the city we will go south down the western wall, which you observe runs a little east of south, the south wall being the shortest wall on the four sides of the city. After going about half the length

of the western wall we come to the Joppa gate. We go through this gate and enter Zion street. On our right near the gate rises the tower of David, the stronghold of Zion. David was anointed king of Israel at Hebron, and when he and his men went up to Jerusalem the Jebusites spoke unto David, saying: "Except thou take away the blind and lame thou shalt not come in hither." The Jebusites depended upon this tower and the natural defenses of the city of Jerusalem; it being surrounded by deep ravines and perched upon high hills was thought by the Jebusites to be impregnable, and could be defended by the blind and the lame. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David."

This city of David, or stronghold of Zion, consisted of an irregular group of five square stone towers. In the olden times it was surrounded by a moat or trench, and a part of this can now be seen. The chief or principal tower up to a height of about forty feet is built of large stone, some of them ten feet in length and from three to four in thickness, showing a rough face. The form and size of the stone indicate that this much, at least, of the old tower is very ancient. Above this the finish of the stone and the workmanship are different. When Titus captured Jerusalem and utterly destroyed it he left this tower standing untouched and unharmed.

When Jerusalem was taken by the Franks this castle was the last place to yield, and at that period it was called the "City of David," from a tradition that David had his palace there. This is one of the interesting landmarks of the city, situated as it is on the ridge which was called Mount Zion. These so called mounts, such as Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives,

etc., are not, as one might suppose, sugar loaf in form, but they are what would be called high mountain ridges. Mount Olivet, for instance, north and south is half or three-fourths of a mile in length. Mount Zion was separated from Mount Moriah by the Tyropean valley.

From the top of this tower it was said the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea may be seen, and also the lower part of the Dead Sea. On the opposite side of Zion street (remember we are just inside the Joppa gate) is a large modern building, the foundations of which were laid in 1885. When the deep excavations were made they came to the tower of Hananeel, and a part of the foundation of the present building rests upon the foundation walls of that tower.

Now let me call your attention to this prophecy made 600 B. C. It reads: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes and all the fields unto the brook Kedron, unto the corner of the horse gate towards the east shall be holy unto the Lord. *It shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more forever.*"

The excavations made for the foundations of this structure, the first first-class building in Jerusalem which is non-sacerdotal, determined and located on the ground one of the corners or starting-points given in the above prophecy. That this prophecy is being fulfilled, one has but to notice how all the modern improvements and buildings start from this locality, and a street running from the Joppa gate as far as the hotel at the northwest corner of the wall of the city is now

built up with shops on both sides, and a lively trade carried on, while residences extend beyond both north and west. I have no doubt but that ere long these improvements will be extended even to the horse gate and the old location of the horse gate be thus shown and determined, for no one at this time knows where the horse gate spoken of in the prophecy was located. Another prophecy made 487 B. C. says, in speaking of Jerusalem, "that it shall be lifted up and inhabited in her place from Benjamin's gate unto the place of the first gate, unto the corner gate and from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's wine-presses, and men shall dwell in it and there shall be no more utter destruction, but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited."

These two prophecies, one made six hundred years before the time of Christ, and the other 487 B. C., are verily being fulfilled at the present time, at least as regards the building up of Jerusalem from the tower of Hananeel, and also as to its being safely inhabited. In fact, commencing at the tower of Hananeel, just inside the Joppa gate, as I have just shown, one can pass over the hills Gareb and Goath to the king's wine-presses, which are still to be seen, and are a well-preserved boundary mark, as mentioned in the prophecy, as well as a witness to its fulfillment. Then pass along the valley of dead bodies over to the ash heap and down the Kedron valley to the northeast corner of the city wall; within these boundaries, as laid down in the prophecies, nine-tenths of the modern permanent buildings and improvements are now embraced.

We now follow Zion street further down and soon come to a very large building said to be one of the largest in the city. This is the Armenian convent. It is

said to hold eight thousand pilgrims. Within this building we are shown the church of St. James, which is said to mark the site where he was killed by Herod. "Now about that time Herod, the king, stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." In this church we are shown his tomb and chair, also three stones, one taken from Sinai where Moses received the law, one from the midst of the Jordan where the Israelites crossed and Jesus was baptized, and the third from Mt. Tabor, where some think the transfiguration took place. The end of each stone is left uncovered that pilgrims may kiss them. These pilgrims to Jerusalem, as well as the resident so-called "Christians," are the greatest kissing people you ever saw. They kiss everything from Golgotha to the navel of the earth.

Continuing along Zion street and passing out at the south gate, which leads out of the city, through the south wall, we find about half of Zion hill, outside and south of the south wall of the city. The south wall is the shortest of the four sides, as before stated. Just after passing through the Zion gate we come to an old building called the palace of Caiaphas, where it is said the "Savior was brought before the high priest, scribes and elders." "And they that laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas, the high priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled."

Again we read: "And as Peter was beneath in the palace there cometh one of the maids of the high priest; the maid, looking at Peter, said, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth;" but Peter shook his head and pretended not to know what she was talking about and denied being with him. Poor, self-confident Peter.

His courage failed him at that critical moment. "And the cock crew." I know Peter wished in his heart that he had hold of that old rooster by the neck to wring his head off. And a maid saw him again and, anxious to play a part in this exciting trial, she, too, said, "This is one of them." But Peter having told a "yarn" he bravely stuck to it and denied it again. By this time these officious maids, women-like, had excited the attention of the bystanders who said, "Surely thou art one of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee." You can't go back on your tribe and country, Peter.

I imagine Peter was very mad by this time, for he began to say curse words and swore by all that was good and bad that he didn't know the man. The second time the same old rooster crowed again, which lifted Peter out of his boots and sent a pang of shame and remorse to his troubled conscience for Peter called to mind the words that Jesus said unto him: "Before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice." Now, Peter, what can you say to this, what do you propose to do? Jesus told you that you would deny him thrice before the cock crew twice, but you said: "If I should die with thee, I would not deny thee in any wise." And Peter was not alone in making this pledge of fidelity. "For they all said so likewise."

Peter and all the others doubtless thought they would do just what they said they would; but poor, fallen human nature often makes us do what we didn't intend doing and what in our hearts we don't want to do. Paul puts it about right when he says, "For that I do I allow not, for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that do I."

I think if there ever was a man excusable for swear-

ing a little when he was mad, it was Peter, for everybody knows that if there is anything in this wide world of ours that can make a man cuss it is a provoking woman, and from the narrative given us of this circumstance there were several of Caiaphas' long-tongued meddlesome maids worrying the very life out of brother Peter.

Now, it is not my intention to make a joke of this matter, but Peter was a man having like passions as other men, and every honest, sincere man is ready to acknowledge his fault. Peter did wrong, and he knew it. How many of us do as Peter did, go out and weep over the frailties of our human nature, our shortcomings, open violation of God's law and our broken vows.

In this building they show you where Christ was in the prison and where Peter stood when the cock crew, and the stone which closed the sepulchre door.

Not far from the palace of Caiaphas is a cluster or group of buildings, over one of which is a black dome. This is said to be over the tomb of David, Solomon, Jeroboam and other kings of Israel. "So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David." Josephus tells us that David was buried by his son Solomon in Jerusalem. When we enter this house we are conducted to a large upper room called the Caenaculum, a room fifty feet long and thirty wide. As early as the fourth century this has been pointed out as the place where the apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost. It is a large stone building, and doesn't seem now to be much used.

Peter acquitted himself like a man to whose heart had been "restored the joys of salvation" on that occasion, and in his sermon he referred to the tomb of

David as being with them. He said: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead, and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day."

That was the grandest sermon Peter, or any of the apostles, or any of their successors, have ever preached from that day to this, all the surroundiug circumstances being taken into consideration. Peter even beat our fashionable modern evangelists, who have reduced the making of *church members* to a science. Peter was not preaching to make church members, mind you. His doctrine was of a different kind. He cried out in all sincerity and from the depths of a genuinely converted heart, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation. And they that *gladly received* his word were baptized. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." I suppose here is where the great mistake is made. We are told the *Lord added to the church* daily such as should be saved, or the saved. And we are further told that they remained steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, etc. Unfortunately very few, lamentably few, of our modern church members added by fashionable evangelistic work "remain steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship."

In this room the Roman Catholics at stated times wash the feet of pilgrims, as they maintain that here the Savior washed the disciples' feet. Before hearing this I had thought it possible at least that this might be the room in which the supper was instituted, but now I have changed my opinion. I would like to believe what these robed, sanctified hypocrites, these designing frauds, say, but, to tell the truth, would spoil their trade, and they never do it.

Now, reader, if in your imagination you have kept with me, you will see that this part, the ridge of Mt. Zion, is not as wide as that within the city walls.

We will now turn east and descend the eastern slope of Mt. Zion and re-enter the city by the dung gate, spoken of by Nehemiah 3:13. A short distance from this gate we come to the southwest corner of the temple area. I bring you here to show you, first, those large stones in the temple wall. Some of them measure thirty-eight feet in length, three and one-half feet deep and seven feet high. You see that they are now near the present surface of the ground, but they are seventy-five feet above the foundation of the wall. The wall was originally set into the side of the mountain near the bottom, I suppose, or it may have been on a level with the bottom of the Tyropean valley. You see how this valley has filled in.

Near these stones was discovered what is called Robinson's arch. This was a bridge connecting Mt. Zion with the temple. A short distance northward is the wailing place of the Jews; this part of the wall is the nearest to the temple that is accessible to them.

The Jews resort to this place every evening, but in greater numbers on Friday afternoons between three and five o'clock. Here you will see numbers of them of all ages and both sexes. It is really pitiful to see these old, long-bearded men, barefooted, many of them dressed in rags and skins, bewailing the desolation of Israel and Jerusalem and praying for deliverance.

They put their faces in the crevices of the cold unfeeling stone, and weep, and moan, with tears chasing each other down their wan, furrowed cheeks. On

certain occasions, an old man as a leader will sing aloud in the Hebrew tongue:

LEADER —For the place that lies desolate

ALL THE OTHERS RESPONDING.—We sit in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For the palace that is destroyed

RESPONSE.—We sit in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For the walls that are overthrown

RESPONSE.—We set in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For our majesty that is departed

RESPONSE.—We sit in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For our great men that lie dead

RESPONSE.—We sit in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For the precious stones that are buried

RESPONSE.—We sit in solitude and mourn.

LEADER.—For the priests who have stumbled

RESPONSE.—We sit in solitude.

Another of these wailing prayers is as follows:

LEADER.—We pray thee have mercy on Zion.

RESPONSE.—Gather the children of Jerusalem.

LEADER.—Haste! Haste! Redeemer of Zion.

RESPONSE.—Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

LEADER.—May beauty and majesty surround Zion.

RESPONSE.—Oh! turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.

LEADER.—May the kingdom soon return to Zion.

RESPONSE.—Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

LEADER.—May peace and joy abide with Zion.

RESPONSE.—And the branch (of Jesse) spring up at Jerusalem.

It is enough to stir the emotional part of any one to see these old Jews, whom we imagine resemble Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, praying and longing for their long-promised Messiah, their deliverer and their king.

Looking forward to his coming as earnestly and sincerely as they did in the days of the advent of the Savior, never considering or believing that "He came unto his own and his own received him not."

Now, as we wind our way back through these narrow crooked streets, see what poverty and degradation exist among this people Look in at the low doors of their mud-besmeared houses, see how bare and destitute of all household furniture, how filthy the bare dirt floors look. See the people, how old, pinched and dried up their countenances are, both Jews and Arabs. You see the Arabs are of every hue except fair. The majority of them are light yellow, but many of them are very dark skinned.

The Armenians wear their hair cut short on the back of their heads, with long locks hanging down in front of their ears. When I was a boy some people wore their hair cut in that style, and we called it "soap locks."

Here you see a man measuring grain. You see he gives the scriptural measure, "pressed down, piled up, and running over." This grain is in a small room, at the back of which, in a cellar, is a rude horse mill. The screeching lever is drawn slowly around by an old blind horse. This mill is something extraordinary—for these people—and the miller takes great pride in showing a stranger through his mill and explaining the machinery, which comprises a main upright shaft, and two of the rudest and roughest wheels possible. But this beats the hand mills, which are almost universally used in the country. Here you see the same little shops, and all kinds of work carried on in them and on the streets, just as we saw in Cairo. Nearly all these



Lepers (Jerusalem).

shops have from eight to ten and twelve feet front, and vary in depth from four to ten and twelve feet. The tradesmen seem to be using in nearly all instances second-hand material. The tinners are using old oil-cans, out of which to make their ware. The saddlers are repairing old saddles or second-hand harness, and so on through nearly all the trades.

In Cairo, however, we saw in the European part of the city nice mercantile houses such as we see in our own cities, but here they are all small and second or third rate in every respect. Jerusalem has been a Moslem or Mohammedan city ever since 1224, and progress is contrary to their nature and disposition. They have no water works, gas works, or street railway in the city; no architectural skill displayed in the erection of their buildings; in fact, everything plods along just as it did centuries ago.

Reader, if you will accompany me, we will now visit one of the most intensely interesting localities in the world, the Mosque of Omar, the site of Solomon's temple. The summit of Mt. Moriah has been consecrated to the worship of God since the days of Abraham, for we read in the scriptures that God tried Abraham and said unto him, "Abraham," and Abraham answered when he was called, not when some one else was called, nor did he answer till he was called, then he said, "Behold, here I am."

Now, reader, if you are a father or mother and have a son, a bright, sweet little fellow that plays around your hearthstone, whose innocent prattle and merry laugh is music to your ears from morning till night, and from day to day, the bright sunbeam that enlivens and brightens the darkest days and saddest hours of

your life; this God-given treasure dropped down from heaven to cheer, comfort and solace you in old age, around whom the most endearing emotions that ever thrilled your heart are entwined; I say, put yourself in Abraham's place and listen to what God says: "Take now thy son, thine *only son Isaac* whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Abraham lived down at Beer-sheba when God told him this. And what did he do?

Father, mother, what would you have done? Could you have acted under the circumstances as did this faithful man of God? Ask your own heart.

He rose up early in the morning and saddled his donkey and took two of his young men with him and his son Isaac, and split up the wood for the burnt offering. I imagine old Abraham—for he was an hundred years old when the boy was born—made the two young men cut and split that wood. The strokes of the ax even then, no doubt, fell upon his ear like the funeral notes of a tolling bell. "On the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off." No doubt this father's heart, like his eyes, had been cast down, often looking at the features of his beloved boy that he might have his image indelibly stamped upon his mind so that he could comfort his heart-broken mother when he returned without her darling boy, by telling her how he looked and repeat to her his innocent prattle on the way.

My whole heart goes out in sympathy for this old heart-broken father as he journeyed these three days along this lonely road. The sunbeams of joy and glad-

ness are leaving his heart and their place is being filled with sadness and sorrow. But who can tell his thoughts? Who can tell what mountains of sorrow filled his soul, or what flashes of hope may have flitted through his mind when he recalled the promises of God that Sarah, his wife, should be a "mother of nations," and with Isaac he would establish his covenant for an everlasting covenant? We are told that "without faith it is impossible to please God." What a test of faith is here given us. How many could do as did this old man, this aged father, this faithful servant of God?

Upon the summit of Mt. Moriah is a large stone called Es-sakh-ra. This rock is fifty-seven feet long, forty-three wide, and rises six and one-half feet above the surrounding pavement.

There is no mention of this sacrificial rock in the Old Testament. The earliest mention of it is to be found in the Jewish traditions and also in the Jewish interpretations of the Old Testament. According to Jewish tradition, upon this rock which, as before stated, crowns the summit of Mt. Moriah, Abraham was on the point of sacrificing his son Isaac. And it is furthur said that Melchizedek sacrificed here. "The attempt, however, to identify Jerusalem with the ancient Salem, the city of Melchizedec, for several reasons has been far from successful. The Ark of the Covenant is said to have rested here, and after that to have been concealed here by the prophet Jeremiah, and it is even now claimed to be buried somewhere beneath this rock.

"On this rock was written the Shem-ham-pho-rash, the great and unspeakable name of God." Another question connected with this rock and one which interests my masonic brethren is, can this rock be con-

nected with the "Holy of Holies?" Some investigators of the matter say not. Others affirm that the great sacrificial altar stood here, and they have discovered on the rock what they believe to be traces of a channel for carrying off the blood, water for flushings, etc., into the valley of Kedron. When we descend (which we can do by some rude stone steps) to the cavern or grotto beneath the rock, we find by stamping the floor of the cavern that the ground below is hollow. This, it is claimed, is an underground acqueduct for carrying off the blood of the sacrifices, and also the water necessarily used for cleansing the altar. In the rock overhead is a round hole, and it has been suggested that this cavern or artificial excavation was intended for a cistern; but if so, what of the well or hollow ground beneath? The cistern evidently could hold no water, as it would be carried off into the crevices of rock beneath. There can be no question as to Mt. Moriah being the location upon which Solomon built his temple. When David took it into his head against the advice of Joab, the captain of the hosts of Israel, to number Israel and Judah, he proceeded to do it in spite of advice to the contrary. David soon realized, however, that he had acted very foolishly, and prayed the Lord to forgive or take away his iniquity for so doing. As a punishment for his presumption the Lord sent Gad, David's seer, to him and told Gad to tell him, "I offer him choice between three punishments. I will send seven years famine upon the land, or I will make thee to flee three months before thine enemies, or I will send three days pestilence in the land. Now choose ye one of them." David fully realized that he had done wrong and that he had gotten him-

self into a bad scrape, but finally concluded to throw himself upon the mercy of the Lord, wisely preferring to trust to the mercy of the Lord than that of man. It appears that man's inhumanity to man was as well known in those days as it is now. "So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even to the time appointed, and the people died from Dan to Beersheba."

And when David saw what had befallen the people on account of his own act of disobedience he had the manliness to say that he was the guilty one. David did not do in this instance like the great majority of us do, try to pack off his sins and meanness on some one else. He was even more manly than Adam, who tried to avoid the responsibility of his act of disobedience by laying it on his wife, Eve. When the Lord called Adam, and asked him, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?" what a mean, cowardly answer he made: "The woman whom thou gavest me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Is it any wonder that mankind are as mean and unprincipled, as we know them to be, when we find our first great-grandfather, the progenitor of the race, guilty of as mean a trick as this, and that, too, while he was yet in Paradise! Shame on you, Adam, for treating our grandmother in any such style!

I knew a man once who came in and raised a quarrel with his wife because an old sow had died and left some motherless pigs; blamed his wife for it; said she ought to have fed the sow, when the truth of the matter was, he, himself, was too stingy to give the sow a few ears of corn.

David didn't act that way. "So Gad came that day

to David and said unto him, Go up, rear an altar unto the Lord in the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite." David did as Gad advised him to do. He bought the threshing floor and Araunah's oxen for fifty sheckles of silver, and built an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt offerings, and peace offerings, and the plague or pestilence was stayed from Israel.

The scriptures tell us further, in regard to this locality, "that Solomon began to build a house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mt. Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David, his father, in the place that David had prepared, in the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite." All this, it occurs to me, identifies the locality with sufficient clearness, to say that Solomon's temple, the grandest and most magnificent, as well as the most beautiful, little structure ever erected by human hands, once graced the summit of Mt. Moriah and inclosed within its sacred precincts this far-famed es-sakh-ra (sacred rock). This temple of King Solomon's was only about one hundred and ten feet long, thirty-six wide and fifty-five high..

The long sojourn of the Jews in Egypt, and the fact that they were employed in making brick, dressing stone, and preparing material for building purposes, acquainted them with the architecture of that country. The Egyptians were the first operative masons of whom we have any knowledge. There are ruins of temples in Egypt erected a thousand years before Solomon's temple, ten times as large, and requiring for their construction architectural knowledge and skill far superior to that displayed in the erection of King Solomon's temple.

The mosque of Omar, as it is called, which is erected

on the summit of Mt. Moriah, and surrounds the sacred stone, is an eight-sided building, each of the eight sides being sixty-six feet in length; it is fifty-eight yards, or one hundred and seventy-four feet, in diameter. The whole exterior down to the pedestal is covered with porcelain tiles; below this, with marble. "The porcelain tiles, manufactured in the Persian style, are beautiful, and handsomely arranged, and produce a fine effect." The gates, or doors, four in number, which face the four cardinal points of the compass, are square in form, each having a vaulted arch above. The interior of the mosque is divided into three concentric parts by two series of supports, the whole interior being beautifully ornamented with rich, variegated designs in mosaics, consisting of fantastic lines intertwined, and frequently of garlands of flowers, vases of flowers, also grapes and ears of corn on a gold ground. These mosaics are composed of small pieces of colored glass. The dome of this mosque, ninety-seven feet high, and sixty-five feet in diameter, is made of wood, and covered with sheet lead. The temple area is an extensive irregular quadrangle, with buildings scattered over it. The west side of the enclosure is five hundred and thirty-six yards, the east side five hundred and seventy-two, the north side three hundred and forty-eight, and the south side three hundred and nine yards in length. The enclosed precincts of Solomon's temple was six hundred by seven hundred feet square. The grounds are irregular, set in trees, chiefly cypress.

Down to about 1854 none but a Mohammedan was allowed to enter the temple precincts without the risk of losing their lives. Before Mohammed had finally broken off his relations with the Jews he expressed

great veneration for the temple at Jerusalem. He even commanded the faithful to turn toward Jerusalem when praying. We find the Koran also mentions the Mesjid-el-aksa, that is the mosque most distant from Mecca. The chapter, or Sura, in which this occurs, reads thus: "Praise be unto him who transported his servant by night from the sacred temple of Mecca to the farther temple of Jerusalem; the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show him some of our signs, for God is he who heareth and seeth."—Sura 14:1.

You will see here Mohammed professes to have been at the mosque in person, and to this day the Mohammedans regard the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem as the holiest of all places, after Mecca. I am informed that it was on this account that all Christians were for so long a time forbidden access to it. The Jews have never tried to gain admission to the temple precincts, fearing that they might possibly commit the sin of treading upon the "holy of holies."

The Mohammedans say Mohammed and his horse, El Burak, were translated to heaven from the cavern under the sacred stone, making the hole in the center, and the stone wanted to go with him, but the angel, Gabriel, put his hand on it and kept it in its place. You are shown a cavity an inch or two deep and six or eight in diameter, where the angel put his hand. When I was in the cavern under the stone I was shown some hairs sticking to the rock on the margin of the hole. The hole is round and some eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, and was made by Mohammed and his horse as they ascended to heaven. It is further said that on this occasion the rock opened its mouth as

it did when it greeted Omar, and it therefore has a tongue which may be seen over the entrance of the cavern. This hair, the Moslems say, was pulled out of Mohammed's head as he went up through the rock. If the old fellow stuck to his horse, I should say he got through with a "tight squeeze." It is a wonder it didn't take all the hair off his head, and all the skin off his back. After seeing the hole he went through I think he was in big luck to get through as well as they say he did. You may learn from these stories that when these Jerusalemites tell a lie they tell a whopper. They can tell as big a lie as a tombstone, and that's saying a good deal.

In front of the north entrance of the mosque, and near the north side of the great stone, there is let into the marble slab floor a slab of jasper some ten or twelve inches or more in diameter. Into this slab, it is said, Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails; a nail falls out at the end of every epoch, and when all of them are gone the world will come to an end. Unfortunately for the world and mankind in general, Satan slipped into the mosque one day and succeeded in stealing all the nails but three and a half, but the angel Gabriel happened to catch him at his devilment and run him away. It was fortunate Gabriel happened to be watching around just at that time; had the old thief succeeded in stealing all the nails, the world might have come to an end long before this, as has been predicted at various times by smart Alicks, who thought they knew more than "the Angels of heaven."

"But of that *day* and *hour knoweth no man*, no not the angels of heaven, but my father only."

At the angle formed by the east and south walls of

the temple area stands the mosque of El Alsa, a complex pile of buildings. This building was especially allotted to the Knight Templars; in fact, apart of the building was erected by them, and they resided here and in the substructions.

The main body of this mosque was built for a Christian church, and dedicated to the Virgin by the Roman Emperor Justinian, about the middle of the 6th century. Just in front of the mosque is a large cistern which is supplied with water by an aqueduct from Solomon's pools, ten miles away. Near where this cistern now is, it is believed Solomon's brazen Sea stood, containing, according to Josephus, three thousand baths. This mosque is two hundred and seventy-two feet long and one hundred and eighty-four wide, the interior supported by forty-five columns. Twelve of these are of common stone, and the remainder marble. By going down a flight of stone steps, we reach the underground vault, called by some Solomon's stables. Some think they were designed to enlarge the temple courts. This building now fronts west, but along the east side of it is where it is believed Solomon's porches stood where the Savior often walked.

"And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch."

Any one desiring to visit the mosque of Omar must first apply to their consul, who will procure for them permission from the Turkish authorities, and provide one or more soldiers as attendants. It will be convenient also to take slippers along from your hotel, as you will not be permitted to enter this or any other Mohammedan mosque with your ordinary wearing shoes.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOW, reader, we will take a stroll outside the city walls, and, as it is more convenient, we will go south along the west wall of the city, passing by the Joppa gate. This wall, as I have before stated, runs somewhat east of south.

Now we read in the best history of Palestine and Jerusalem extant (the scriptures that Hezekiah, son of Ahaz, reigned thirty-nine years in Jerusalem, and that " this same Hezekiah also stopped the upper water course of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David."

Just beyond the Joppa gate this valley begins, or, rather, we come to the head of the valley. The ground dips down precipitously on all sides, and here we find the upper pool of Gihon. Isaiah in two instances calls this " in the highway of the fullers field." We go on down the valley of Gihon between the city wall and the valley, a rough, rocky path on the steep sides of the hill which leads to the lower pool of Gihon.

These pools are made by throwing dams across the deep ravine, just as we make pools at the head of hollows or ravines in this country. There is this difference, however, these hills are high and rocky, and the water courses between them, called valleys, are narrow and deep. We read that Adonijah, the son of Haggith, seeing that David was old and in a manner helpless, exalted himself, saying, " I will be king." And prepared himself with chariots and horsemen and fifty

men to run before him. Every man has his friends. and Adonijah had his. He slew oxen and sheep and fat cattle, and, in short, made a great feast and flattered his brethren and the people, calling them the "king's sons," and the men of Judah "the king's servants," etc. As we proceed down the valley we come to a well called "Job's well." It marks the place in the scriptures called En Rogel. It was here Adonijah spread his feast and, as the children say, "played king."

But Nathan, the prophet, told Solomon's mother that Adonijah was playing king, and that David knew nothing of it, and advised her to inform David of the matter, and at the same time remind him of the promise, or rather the oath, he had made her that Solomon should reign after him. He told her further, that while she was telling the king about what Adonijah was doing, he would come in and confirm it. Bathsheba, Solomon's mother, did as Nathan advised her, and informed David of the usurpation of the crown by Adonijah. Whereupon, David renewed his oath to Bathsheba, and told her to "call to him Zodak, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, and Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, and when they came to him he said unto them, "Take with you the servants of your Lord and cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule and bring him down to Gihon. And let Zodak, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, anoint him there king over Israel, and blow ye with the trumpet and say, God save King Solomon."

Having done as David commanded, "all the people came up," for Gihon is down in a valley, "after him and the people piped with pipes and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them."

When it was made known to Adonijah, his followers and pretended friends, what had been done, his friends evaporated like the friends of every unfortunate man. How often do we see instances similar to this in life. And Adonijah endeavored to screen himself by taking hold of the horns of the holy altar. Adonijah's royalty oozed out of him about as fast or a little faster than it went into him. And now we see him relying upon the sanctity of the holy altar to save his life.

Well, it is worth our little stroll to see the place where this little play at royalty occurred, twenty-nine hundred years ago, for David slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David, ten hundred and fifteen years before the Christian era.

When we get below the lower pool of Gihon the valley is called the valley of Hinnom, or the valley of the son of Hinnom, the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. "And the border went by the valley of the sons of Hinnom into the south of the Jebusites, the same is Jerusalem."

The hill here on our left, as you know, is Mt. Zion, and on the opposite side of the valley of the son of Hinnom is the traditional site of Aceldama, or the field of blood. The site of the field is not so abrupt, but slopes down more gradually to the valley. If the side of that hill which is here before us be the place called Aceldama, or the "field of blood," it was the ground purchased with the money which was paid Judas Iscariot for the betrayal of the Savior.

Matthew relates it as follows: "Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests and said unto them, What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted

with him for thirty pieces of silver." After this iniquitous bargain was made, Judas, in order to carry out his treacherous design, gave them a sign saying, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he, hold him fast." Jesus is the only character known that was not one of a class. His life and character stand out isolated, separate and distinct from all other men of whom we have any account, his enemies being judges.

Judas was but one of a class. There are thousands of men in the world who, placed in precisely the same condition as Judas was, would have acted just as he did, yea, even worse. For I am sure some men would have betrayed him for two and a half dollars, if not less.

It is true, Jesus said he was a "devil from the beginning," and the same may be said of many others, and all of his traitorous class. It seems that even Judas, though a devil, had a little spark of feeling in his treacherous heart; for we are told that when he saw Jesus was condemned, he repented and brought the money back and told the priests that he had sinned in that he had betrayed " the innocent blood." What said the bribers to him? Just what such people might be expected to say: "What is that to us? See thou to that."

And Judas cast down the money in the temple and went and hanged himself. In this he did better than a great many of his class do. It's a great pity more of them don't follow his praiseworthy example in this particular.

The chief priests took the silver and, after consulting about the matter, bought the potter's field to bury strangers in, and that hill-side is the land or field which tradition tells us they bought. The top of the hill is

called the hill of evil council, where, according to the monks, the Jews took council that they might "take Jesus by subtlety and kill him."

Reader, you notice that the lower end of this valley comes around more to the east, so that if we stand down in the valley, which is wider here, we have Mt. Zion north of us and the hill of evil council south. Here, at the southern extremity of Mt. Zion, the valley of the Son of Hinnom and the valley of Jehoshaphat come together; the valley of Hinnom coming down on the west side of the city and the valley of Jehosha phat, with the little brook Kedron forming a central water drain, coming down on the east.

I am particular in thus describing these localities, in order to have them correctly impressed upon your mind, and if the reader will fix them upon the mind he can have not only a fair but a correct picture of Jerusalem and its environments.

The cliffs on the south side of this valley is the part that was called Tophet. Let me tell you what one of the prophets said about this place and Jerusalem 600 B. C. I give you here the exact language of the prophet, and ask you to read it carefully: "Thus sayeth the Lord, Go and get a potters' earthern bottle and take of the ancients of the people, and of the ancients of the priests; and go forth unto the valley of the son of Hinnom which is by the entry of the east gate, and proclaim there the words that I shall tell thee, and say, Hear thee the word of the Lord,O Kings of Judah and inhabitants of Jerusalem; thus sayeth the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; behold I will bring evil upon this place; the which whosoever heareth, his ears shall tingle. Because they have forsaken me and have

estranged this place and have burned incense in it unto other gods whom neither they nor their fathers have known, nor the kings of Judah, and have filled this place with the blood of innocents; they have built also the high places of Baal to burn their sons with fire for burnt offerings unto Baal which I commanded not nor spake it, neither came it into my mind: Therefore behold the days come, sayeth the Lord, that this place shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter. And I will make void the council of Judah and Jerusalem in this place; and I will cause them to fall by the sword before their enemies and by the hands of them that seek their lives: and their carcases will I give to be meat for the fowls of the heavens, and for the beasts of the earth. And I will make this city desolate and an hissing; every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished and hiss because of all the plagues thereof. And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend in the siege and straitness wherewith their enemies, and they that seek their lives, shall straiten them. Then shalt thou break the bottle in the sight of the men that go with thee, and shalt say unto them: Thus sayeth the Lord of hosts; even so will I break this people and this city as one breaketh a potters' vessel that can not be made whole again: and they shall bury them in Tophet, till there be no place to bury."

This denunciation was literally fulfilled when Nebuchadnezzar sacked and destroyed Jerusalem; but more emphatically so and to the letter when it was besieged and finally captured by Titus, as herein-

before described. Josephus tells us, and (as before stated) he was with Titus' army, "that when Titus saw from a distance these valleys below Jerusalem heaped full of dead bodies he was so horrified at the sight that he raised his hands and called heaven to witness that he was not responsible for this terrible slaughter."

The prophet was told to break the potters' bottle before the ancient people and ancient priests. What an impressive lesson this must have been! and I learn that this custom is kept up to this day among this people." When they wish to express their utter contempt or detestation of any one, they come behind or near them and smash a bottle in pieces."

The cruel sacrifice of children to the deity Moloch or Baal was long kept up by these ancient people. It appears from the scriptures that this monstrous worship was practiced in this particular locality to a greater extent than elsewhere.

The idol was heated red-hot and the children placed in its arms. The heart-rending shrieks of the poor little innocent sufferers were drowned by the noise of cymbals and the maniacal shouts of the frenzied worshipers. Milton thus describes this horrid, inhuman, unfeeling worship:

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
"Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
"Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
"Their childrens' cries, unheard, that passed through fire
"To his grim idol; in the pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet, thence
"And bleak Gehenna, called the type of hell."

The Greek word for Hinnom is Gehenna, and this word is used in the revised edition of the New Testament as synonymous with hell, or as being a type of hell. I have no doubt but that the horrid scenes enacted

in this valley, or on those cliffs before us, suggested the idea or description set forth by the Savior in the language as given by Mark when he says, "Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

The Savior uses almost word for word the language used by Isaiah seven hundred years before, where he says: "And they shall go forth and look upon the carcase of the men that have transgressed against him. For their worm shall not die, neither shall their fires be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring to all flesh."

The Savior taught by object lessons, and it seems that in this instance he used this horrible place and the indescribable and unparalleled cruelties and sufferings witnessed here to impress the minds of this cruel, idolatrous and disobedient people with the enormity of their sins of idolatry and disobedience. I don't think any bible student now believes that it teaches a veritable hell.

But we must leave this interesting place, interesting since there is no doubt of its being the locality spoken of in the scriptures above cited.

We will now turn to the left and go up the valley of Jehoshaphat, leaving the hill of evil council on our right.

The first place of interest, or of any importance, we come to is the pool of Siloam. The Arabs call it Ain Silwan; just below or nearly opposite the pool, on the side of the hill, to our right, is the village of Siloam. Near this pool was the outlet of the Tyropean valley, which comes down between the mounts of Zion and Moriah. This pool is fifty feet long and eighteen wide, and was, in the days of the Savior, included in the city walls. We read that upon one occasion Jesus passed

by and saw a blind man, and his disciples asked him, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" and Jesus answered them, "Neither this man nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." He then spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay and told him "to go wash in the pool of Siloam." I judge it was full of water then, and as I see it has filled up considerably by the dirt washing down into it from the valley above, I suppose it was much deeper then than now. It would hold now some ten or twelve feet of water, if full.

The man did not hesitate to obey him, but went, and did as he was commanded, and came seeing. Let me say just here that there never was a case of blindness, whether hereditary, traumatic, or resulting from disease of this delicate organ, that was curable by the simple means here used.

I mean that had Christ been nothing more than an extraordinarily good man, as some contend, the means he used would never have restored that blind man to sight. I am sure that every physician and oculist will confirm the foregoing expression. This pool, as are all the pools mentioned as being round and about Jerusalem, was walled up with stone. Where the valley of Hinnom and the valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kedron, come together—for it is sometimes called by one name and sometimes by the other—both valleys widen out and are planted in small gardens. These gardens extend as far up the Kedron valley as the pool of Siloam. The steps coming down the hill of Zion to the pool of Siloam can still be traced.

Higher up the valley we come to a fine, bold spring

called the Virgin's fountain, or the fountain of the accused woman, from a tradition that the virgin was once falsely accused and here drank of the water and established her innocence.

This spring is in reality a well, for the water doesn't rise to the surface of the valley. To reach the water we have to descend to a vault by a series of steps (some fourteen or sixteen) to a level space, and then down another flight of steps of about the same number. The well is on the west side of the valley, as is also the pool of Siloam. The water from this well is carried off through an underground aqueduct to the pool of Siloam, a distance of three hundred and sixty yards. It is conducted by the upper or smaller pool of Siloam now, but in the days of our Savior, when the upper pool of Siloam was within the city walls, I have no doubt but it emptied its water first into the upper pool and from the upper was conducted into the lower pool. The well itself fills a basin or reservoir eleven by five feet and several deep, with a gravelly bottom. The flow of water is intermittent. In winter it flows from three to five times daily, in summer twice. It was flowing in a full free stream when I saw it.

Directly behind the village of Siloam, which is upon a stool or bench of land projecting from the side of a hill, rises the "hill of offense." This is the hill where Solomon, in the latter years of his life, erected temples to false gods, notwithstanding the temple which the "glory of the Lord had filled" was in full view on the opposite side of the valley of Jehoshaphat.

We are told when Solomon was old his wives turned away his heart after other gods. "For Solomon went

after Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians, and after Milcom, the abomination of the Amorites.

No one need be surprised at this, however, when they remember that he had seven hundred wives, princesses. He was a more practical polygamist than Joe Smith or Brigham Young; besides these lawful wives he had twelve hundred unlawful wives, or concubines. The wonder is that he had any sense at all. Don't censure Solomon, but pity him. He was an accommodating man, and tried to marry every woman who aspired to royalty.

"Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon." The hill that I am now pointing out to the reader is the one referred to.

The Lord punished Solomon for all this by rending his kingdom. But for David, his father's sake, he told him he would not do it while he lived, but would rend it out of the hand of his son. Rehoboam was reared in the harem of Solomon, and petted and spoiled by all these Mrs. Solomons, and the old man might have known, and I think did know, that he was a failure. A spoilt boy isn't worth a copper.

The village of Siloam is a collection of filthy, squatty Arab houses; the whole side of the hill above, below and on every side of the village being filled with the tombs of the dead.

Passing on up the valley leading northward, we come to the southwestern slope of Mt. Olivet, which is covered from the brook Kedron to the top with Jewish tombs. In many places these tombs are put so close

together that the hill-side looks as though it had been paved.

If the reader will turn to the 37th chapter of Ezekiel he will see that the prophet says that these graves and all the graves of the Jews in Egypt and in heathen lands and wherever scattered shall give up their dry bones and that they shall be made into live men again; that bone shall go to its fellow bone; that tendons and muscles shall find their places and the skeleton be covered with skin; that the four winds of heaven shall blow the breath of life in them and they shall be as a great army and be brought back to Canaan and be made into one nation, and that God will be their God, and they shall be his people.

Now, I am not theologian enough to tell you whether this prophecy is to be understood literally, or whether, like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, it means a great deal more than appears at first sight. This is a matter you must look into for yourself. I propose to tell you what I saw in this tour around the walls of old Jerusalem and try to describe it so that you too may see it, or at least have a good idea of how it looks.

A few hundred yards higher up the valley and on the east side of it we come to a monument called the Pyramid of Zacharias, also tomb of Zacharias. This monument is twenty feet high and is hewn in the rock, *i. e.*, the rock is hewn down and removed, leaving the pyramid. It is sixteen feet square and the sides are adorned with Ionic columns and half columns, with square columns at the corners. Above the columns is a plain surface, over which rises a blunted pyramid. As no entrance to the interior has been discovered, it is presumable that it is solid stone.

In Matthew XXIII. where we find the Scribes and Pharisees severely rebuked, among other things the Savior says, "That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar."

We learn that 850 B. C. Zacharias rebuked this people, saying: "Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord that ye can not prosper? Because ye hath forsaken the Lord he hath also forsaken you. And they conspired against him and stoned him with stones at the commandment of the king in the camp of the house of the Lord." This pyramid is said to have been erected to his memory.

Just above the tomb or pyramid of Zacharias we find the grotto of St. James. This is an irregular structure. "In front towards the west the vestibule is open for a space of sixteen feet, and supported by two columns seven or eight feet high, adjoining which are two side pillars incorporated with the rock composing the structure." This grotto is claimed to be a natural cave, in which, according to tradition, the apostle James lay concealed from the day of the Crucifixion, till the day of Resurrection, neither eating nor drinking during the time. On account of this tradition, the so-called "Christians" of Jerusalem consider it holy. Another tradition is that this apostle is buried on Mt. Olivet. This, however, is only from the 16th century. Another tradition, dating from the 15th century, makes this grotto his burial-place. A band of monks are said to have lived here for a time. After that it was used for a sheep-fold.

Now, reader, try and keep in mind just where you

are, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the east side of Jerusalem, between Mt. Moriah and the Mount of Olives. This grotto of St. James is directly opposite the south-east corner of the temple plateau.

Just above this grotto is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, with a broad entrance nearly filled up with rubbish. It is somewhat irregular in shape, and surmounted by a gable. Whether this is in reality the tomb of Jehoshaphat no one knows. The scriptures tell us he was buried in the city of David, and that is all it says about it.

A short distance above the tomb of Jehoshaphat we came to the tomb of Absalom, a large cube six and a half yards square and twenty feet high. This tomb is also hewn out of the rock, but only on three sides. On the front the stone has been removed down to the base of the tomb, but on the two sides it is separated from the rock by a passway eight or nine feet wide. As the rock on the side of the mountain was not high enough to make the whole monument in a single block, a square superstructure of large stone was erected on the massive base. This monument is filled around with a good deal of rubbish, but above this it measures forty-seven feet in height. It is called Absalom's tomb. But I infer from the reading of the scriptures that Absalom's body was never recovered from the pit into which Joab and his armor bearers threw it, and on which they heaped stone, over in the land of Gilead, on the east side of Jordan.

"Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance:

and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place."

The valley of Jehoshaphat was in ancient times called the king's dale, but whether this stone house marks the site of the pillar Absalom had reared to his own memory or not, history does not inform us.



CHAPTER XV.

AFTER passing the tombs of Zacharias, St. James, and the pillar of Absalom, we reach the place the "Christians" of Jerusalem have improved and called Gethsemane, the word signifying oil press. It is laid out with numerous walks running between beds of flowers. Within the enclosed area are seven venerable olive trees which, judging from the bulk of their trunks, some of which are sixteen or eighteen feet in circumference, I take to be very old. It is claimed these trees have been standing here since the days of the Savior. We know, however, this is but another of their falsehoods, for it is well-known that Titus and Hadrian cut down all the trees round and about the city.

The garden is enclosed by a hedge eight feet in height, and is in the care of a Franciscan monk who not only admits strangers for a consideration, but watches them with the eye of a hawk after they enter to prevent them from plucking the flowers, or even taking a leaf from the olive boughs. Although I had serious doubts about this garden being the garden of Gethsemane into which our Lord entered with his disciples on the night of his betrayal, still as it was represented as being the place, I determined to carry some trifle home with me from its precincts, if I had to steal it. In walking up and down the garden I noticed a pretty stone lying in the walk just in front of me. When I came to it I, accidentally of course, dropped my handkerchief. It fell over the coveted stone, which I

took up with my handkerchief and dropped into my pocket.

I now have the stone with my collection and have labeled it "Stolen from Gethsemane." The garden is an irregular quadrangle and something like seventy yards in circumference. It has been designated as the garden of Gethsemane since the 4th century. At one time it was much larger than it is now, and had several churches and chapels within the enclosure. We read: "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and he sayeth unto his disciples, Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." One would infer from the narrative given us in the scriptures that the garden was a retired, unfrequented place.

This and the word meaning oil press, taken in connection with the fact that in the days of the Savior Mt. Olivet was truly a mount of olives, being covered with olive trees, and oil presses were neccessary to press the oil from the fruit, I say in these particulars it would seem to indicate that this was the Gethsemane, or the place referred to in the text. In these particulars this place seems to suit very well, for in order to reach it from Jerusalem one has to come down a long steep hill to the bottom of the valley of Jehoshaphat and then cross the valley. The place is but little frequented at the present time, but it will be remembered that the house, in the large upper room of which they say the Savior and his disciples ate the Passover, and then instituted the Supper, is located on Mt .Zion outside the southern wall of the city.

In order to reach the present Gethsemane, the Savior and his disciples would have had to walk the entire length of the city, from south to north, and then turn

east half the length of the northern wall, then go down this long, steep, rough hill to the valley below, then across the valley and the brook Kedron, to reach Gethsemane, on the western slope of the Mount of Olives, a distance altogether of considerably more than a mile.

In addition to this we learned, when in Jerusalem, that the Greek Catholics were making another garden of Gethsemane just south of the present one. The present garden belongs to the Franciscans, and in all probability it is a modern made garden of Gethsemane, with a manufactured tradition appended.

These priests and monks have no conscientious scruples in manufacturing places and traditions to order.

The entrance to the garden is at the southeast corner, and a rock just east of the gate is pointed out as the spot where Peter, James and John slept during the agony. Some ten or twelve paces south of this rock is a fragment of a column which, it is said, marks the spot where Judas imprinted upon the cheek of the Savior the betrayal kiss. Each visitor is expected to pay a franc (twenty cents) to the keeper for the privilege of entering the garden. So, upon the whole, the Franciscans made a good investment when they bought, or invented, as the case may be, the garden of Gethsemane, on the western slope of Mt. Olivet, near its base where we now find it.

We will now return to our hotel, as we have taken quite a tramp. We are now on the east side of the valley of Jehoshophat, opposite the northeast corner of the city wall, and at the foot of the Mount of Olives. We now go in a westerly direction across the water-drain Kedron, which is dry above the Virgin's spring,

except just after a rain. We cross this on a bridge, and just after crossing it we come to what is called the Tomb of the Virgin, where, according to the legend, she was buried by the apostles, and where she lay until her assumption, or until she was taken bodily up to heaven, as is claimed by the Roman and Greek Catholics.

As I did not enter this tomb, I give you a description of its interior as I have learned it from those who have examined it. The only part of the church which is above ground is the porch. "The descent to the main body of the structure is made by a flight of forty-seven steps, which are about nineteen feet broad at the top, narrowing as they descend to a depth of thirty-five feet. In descending you first observe a walled-up door on the right; this formerly led to a cavern where, it is said, the Savior was when, as it is written, "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

I have heard very many persons, in speaking of the agony of the Savior, referring doubtless to the above-quoted scripture, say that the "Savior sweat great drops of blood." Luke was a physician, and knew that, as a rule, the denser a fluid was the larger were its drops, and knowing blood was denser than water and had larger drops, he uses this expression as a comparison, *i. e.*, that the drops of sweat which fell from the Savior's face to the ground were, as it were, or like unto great drops of blood.

The Savior performed miracles enough; we will, at least, suppose he performed as many as he thought necessary to convince the fair-minded and unprejudiced

that no man could do the miracles he did except God be with him, and it is not necessary to misrepresent the plain statement of the apostle and convert what he said into a miracle when it was not a miracle, nor did he state it as a miracle.

"About half-way down these steps there are two side chambers. The one on the right contains two altars and, they say, the tombs of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Holy Virgin. The chamber on the left is said to contain the tomb of Joseph, the carpenter, the Virgin's husband.

"The church below is ninety-three feet long and about twenty-wide. It is lighted by numerous lamps. In the center of the left wing is the sarcophagus of Mary, the mother of our Lord. The sarcophagus is placed in a square chapel, somewhat like the sepulchre of the Savior in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. On the east side is the altar of the Greeks; the south of the tomb is the prayer recess of the Mohammedans, and on the north the altar of the Armenians.

It is said that Omar, who was the second Caliph after Mohammed, once prayed here; he certainly visited Jerusalem. The west wing contains the altar of the Abyssinians. Descending six steps we come to what appears to be a genuine cave or grotto, eighteen yards in length, about nine in width and twelve feet in height. This is called the "Cavern of the Agony." It is lighted by a small hole through the ceiling above. The cave contains three altars belonging to different sects. This comprises all that is of any interest in this so-called Virgin's tomb.

We now ascend this rough, rugged hill, and we will have to call a halt and rest several times before reach-

ing its summit. Before reaching the top of the hill we pass the northwest corner of the city wall on our left. You see what an immense quantity of debris has accumulated around the outer side of the wall. We are now walking on the outside of the wall going west. When in something like a hundred paces of the Damascus gate we come to the entrance of the immense stone quarry, where it is thought Solomon obtained the stone of which he built the temple. And if you are willing we will explore it. To enter it we stoop to near a half bend and go under the city wall and then light our candles. We must now be careful and not let our guide get too far ahead of us, or we might lose our way.

Soon after entering the quarry we go rapidly downward, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. This subterranean cavern extends two hundred yards in a southern direction under the city. In some places water drips down from the crevices of the stone overhead. After going say some fifty yards our descent is such that the rocky roof gets higher and higher overhead, supported by huge stone columns left by the quarrymen for the purpose. The quarry widens out as we proceed, all the while going deeper into the earth. Side chambers and channels now and then lead off to the right and left, stretching far out and below the city above.

It is not known when this quarry was first worked. It is evident to me that it was opened before the present north wall of the city was built. It has been generally supposed that King Solomon obtained the stone, if not for building the temple, for other edifices which he erected in Jerusalem from this subterranean quarry. The floor of this extensive cavern is very irregular and

rough, the candles give but a poor light, the air is close; and upon the whole it is a very fatiguing and unpleasant business to explore it.

Now here we are in the broad light of day once more, and let me show you right opposite to this entrance, *i. e.*, directly north of where we now stand, in the south face of that hill, some two hundred paces from us, the grotto of Jeremiah. It is, as you see, some two hundred paces from the Damascus gate. It has been called the grotto of Jeremiah only since the 15th century; it is said he wrote his lamentation there. The grotto is wholly uninteresting; it is, however, in the south and almost perpendicular side of a beautiful hill which rises some forty or fifty feet above the general level around it; the highest point being a short distance back from the bluff end (for the hill is larger north and south than it is east and west), in which we find Jeremiah's grotto or the old stone quarry, for I believe the grotto to be nothing more nor less than an old quarry. From this point the hill slopes off gradually northeast and west

General Gordon, Dr. Braudus, Dr. Talmage and all or nearly all modern visitors to Jerusalem believe this rocky ridge or hill to be the veritable hill of Calvary or Golgotha. Reader, I told you some pages back that I would show you what I believed to be Calvary. This is the place to which I then referred; and now if you will go down the hill in a northwest direction some seventy-five or eighty yards to the foot of the hill, here it is we step down two or three stone steps ten feet long and enter a door. You see we are in a small room, some six or eight by ten feet square, in which you see a stone coffin. This burial house is hewn in a rock under

the margin of the hill. It does not appear ever to have been used, and no attention is being paid to it in any way. No one ever visits it, except it is shown them by some one who doesn't believe the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre covers the localities connected or associated with the passion of our Lord. This bare hill, for there is nothing upon it except a few graves, and this isolated, lonely tomb-house, and this empty tomb within it, God in his providence may have kept unoccupied and undisturbed by human hands for some wise purpose; and to me and a great many other visitors it impresses as being Calvary, and the tomb as that of Joseph, far more forcibly than any other location in or around Jerusalem.

Just in front of the sepulchre is a level plot of ground comprising about one-half acre of land, which in my opinion was the garden referred to in the scriptures. In the absence of a knowledge of the exact location of the walls of the city at the time of the Crucifixion, there is no negative process of reasoning by which this place could be excluded; on the contrary, every scriptural requirement is here fulfilled, which is more than can be said of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which it is now said occupies that locality.

Seated in a Jerusalem hack with a pair of Jerusalem horses, hack and horses about in keeping with things in general, in and about this old city—I mean that they are none of the best, being kept here for the accommodation of tourists—horses thin, lean and lank; old, dilapidated hacks; old, worn-out men in rags and tatters; old hags of women, ragged children and mangy dogs; narrow, filthy streets; low, flat-roofed houses, occupied by family, donkey, dogs and vermin—that's

Jerusalem of to-day, once called the holy city, the beautiful city.

With an Arab driver we set out to visit the city of the nativity of our Lord, Bethlehem of Judea. From the Joppa gate we go south, crossing the valley of Hinnom or, as this upper part of it is called, the valley of Gihon, perhaps at the same place Solomon was anointed.

Somewhere near here the aqueducts which brought water from Solomon's pools crosses this valley. Ascending the west bank of this valley we enter the territory of the tribe of Judah. This boundary line is described as running on the top of the mountain that lyeth before the valley of Hinnom westward. We leave the hill of evil counsel to our left. Tradition informs us that Caiaphus had a residence on this hill in the days of the Savior. After ascending the hill we drive over the rolling plains of Rephriam. The table lands and valleys south of Jerusalem run up near the city and afford a very striking contrast with the rough, mountainous sections of the country lying around Jerusalem in other directions.

When the Philistines heard that David had been anointed king over Israel, we are told they came and spread themselves over this valley. David routed them and burned the images which in their haste they left behind them. After that they came the second time unto this plain to give David battle. In this instance the Lord directed David how and when to attack them. David was again successful, and smote the Philistines from Geba to Gazer.

I have no doubt but that we are now riding over the same road that the wise men traveled when Herod

told them to go and "search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word again that I may worship him." What a wicked old liar Herod was. Instead of wanting to go and worship this young child, he intended having him put to death. The old scamp was troubled and called together all the chief priests and scribes of the people and demanded of them where Christ should be born. He seems to have been apprised of the fact that the Jews were expecting and looking for his appearance, but it seems that he had never read the prophecy of Micah enunciated seven hundred years before that time, saying, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

It would seem from the reading of the scriptures that his star guided the wise men of the East of Jerusalem as far as that city, and then disappeared until they passed through the city, for you notice that it says, "And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was, and when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Why is this plain called the valley ot Rephriam? The aboriginal inhabitants of the land of Canaan are described in the Bible as a race of giants, consisting of the Anakims, the Rephriams, Enims, Horims, etc. Joshua destroyed these people and their cities, except those living in Gaza, Gath and Ashdod. This plain therefore retains this name from its ancient occupants. About three or four miles out on this road we come to

a substantially built monastery, now occupied by a few Greek monks.

On the right-hand side of the road, opposite the monastery, is a large flat stone with the impression of a man roughly hewn on the top side of it. You remember when Ahab told Jezebel, his wife, that Elijah had slain four hundred of the prophets of Baal, she sent him word that the gods might kill her if she didn't do unto him as he had done the prophets of Baal, by that time on the morrow. It has always been funny to me how panic-striken Elijah became on account of the threat of this mean, gabbling woman. We are told when Elijah heard what she said, "He went for his life." That is, he got up and dusted, and on his way down to Beer-sheba he stopped and laid down on this rock to rest or sleep, and when he got up left that impression of himself on the stone. To say the least of it, he must have done some hard sleeping. What good it does these people to tell such yarns as this, is more than I can tell. It seems to me if all the truth in them was simmered down to an extract, you wouldn't get enough of it to make a "poor man's plaster."

But we must ride on. The next place of interest which we reach is the tomb of Rachel. It was no doubt a sad day for Jacob when, three thousand six hundred and over years ago, Rachel died here on the road-side. Jacob loved Rachel. Old Laban, his father-in-law, had treated him shamefully. After Jacob had rendered him seven years faithful, honest work for her, to be deceived as he was! We learn from this that fathers-in-law can be, and sometimes are, as mean as mothers-in-law. Jacob was determined to have Rachel, and, instead of running away with her after the old

man had gone to bed, as the young folks do in our day, he laid off his coat and worked another seven years for her "whom he loved."

"And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrah, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob sat a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

The building that stands here now is an oblong stone structure, a one-story building with a dome over one end of it. Notwithstanding the dome resembles the innumerable Moslem welies which we see all over Palestine, and even the sarcophagus looks modern, still throughout the whole of the Christian period the tradition has always attached to this same spot, and for many centuries the supposed tomb was marked by a pyramid of stones. The stones were said to have been twelve in number, corresponding to the number of the tribes of Israel. Here the road to Hebron turns to the right. This we will travel on our return as far as the pools of Solomon.

Half a mile to the west of the tomb of Rachael, in full view and prettily located, is the village of "Beit Jala," located on the site of ancient Zelzah. This was the home of Kish, the father of Saul, and it appears from the history given us of the burial of Saul and Jonathan, that old man Kish had a family burying-ground here.

"And David took the bones of Saul and the bones of Jonathan, his son, from the men of Jabesh-gilead, who had stolen them from the street of Beth-shan, where the Philistines had hanged them, and brought them up and buried the bones of Saul and Jonathan,

his son, in the country of Benjamin in Zelzah, in the sepulchre of Kish, his father."

Again, when Saul went out hunting for his father's donkeys and went as far as Zuph, and Samuel, being instructed by the Lord, anointed him king, and then told him he would find two men at Rachel's sepulchre, in the border of Benjamin, at Zelzah, and that these men would tell him that his father's donkeys were found, and that the old man Kish was very uneasy about him; these and other scriptures identify this place as the home of Kish, and the place where the bones of Saul and Jonathan, his son, were buried.

Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Savior of the world, is a town which has existed for thousands of years. The houses are built of white limestone rock and are a better order of buildings than the average of houses in Jerusalem.

It has a population of about five thousand. In Hebrew, the word means "place of bread" or, more generally, "place of food."

We learn from the bible that the inhabitants of this place possessed corn-fields, vineyards and flocks, and that they made cheese. There is certainly a very marked contrast in the country around Bethlehem and the country around Jerusalem.

When Saul sent to Jesse for David, Jesse took a donkey and loaded it with bread, wine and kid and sent it by David to Saul. And David went and returned from Saul to tend his father's sheep at Bethlehem. And again Jesse said to David, his son, "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand," etc.

"In the eyes of the prophets, Bethlehem was specially sacred as the home of the family of David, and the other celebrated members of the same family, Joab, Asahel and Abishai, who once resided here." We learn that Rehoboam fortified Bethlehem and made it one of his strongholds. The town is two thousand five hundred and thirty-seven feet above sea-level, and built upon two hills running east and west and connected with each other by a short saddle or lower ridge of land. These hills slope off to the east and west much more gradually than to the north and south. They hug around a beautiful valley somewhat in the shape of a half-moon. This valley runs north to near Jerusalem, and south as far as can be seen, and seems to be from five to seven miles in width, it may be more, lying east of the town.

I imagine, and tradition says, it was in this beautiful, fertile valley that the wheat-field of Boaz lay when Ruth gleaned the ears of corn after the reapers.

Old man Boaz played that little game of courtship as handsomely as anyone could have done it. Read what he said to his reapers after Ruth had eaten and left them: "Let fall also some of the handfuls a *purpose for her.*" The old fellow won her heart by kindness and then bought her for his wife, and, reader, do you know that their oldest son, Obed, was David's grandfather?

Boaz lived here, and it was here that Naomi and Ruth came when they came from the land of Moab, east of Jordon. Naomi moved with her husband, Elimelech, from Bethlehem to Moab, when there was a famine in the land, when the country was ruled by the judges.

But more than all this, here Christ, the son of the

living God, was born. Over in that valley the angel of God said unto the shepherds: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, saying glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men."

Although the Bethlehemites live chiefly by agriculture and raising cattle, they are also an ingenious people, and many of them are occupied in the manufacture of images of saints, rosaries, crosses, and other fancy articles in wood, mother of pearl and coral. They make articles of the peculiar black stone called "stink stone," found only at the Dead Sea. The streets are narrow and very rough. Many of the inhabitants seem to be very poor, though neater and better looking than the Arabs.

The church of St. Mary, erected over the traditional birthplace of Jesus, lies in the west part of town, and is the joint property of the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians.

This church forms part of a confused pile of stone buildings, which includes, besides the church and the chapel next to it, a Latin, a Greek and an Armenian convent. "We enter the church through a small, low door, like the sally-port of a fortification, traverse the long nave, pass through the doors in the partition which has been erected between the nave and transept (greatly to the injury of the architectural effect), and, descending about ten feet, reach the birthplace of the Savior, or the chapel of the Nativity, lighted by twenty or more lamps. It is thirteen and one-half yards long,

four wide and ten feet high. The floor is of marble and the walls lined with marble. We find this place decorated with an abundance of embroidery and numerous lamps. In the south end we find engraved on a silver star in the floor, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Above the reputed *place* of the nativity sixteen golden lamps are kept burning day and night. Opposite the recess of the nativity are three steps descending to the chapel of the Manger, in which is placed a manger, or donkey trough, made of marble. It is about twelve inches square and some three feet long, a modern-made affair. We find here, as in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, it requires an armed soldiery to quell the riots and to keep peace among these Christian sects, as in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Leaving the chapel of the Nativity we next enter a long subterranean gallery, which leads us to an altar dedicated to Joseph, where they say the angel appeared to him, and commanded him to flee with the mother and child into Egypt. The next altar is said to be over the cave into which was thrown the young children massacred by order of the demon Herod. Next we reach the tomb of Eusebius, and further on, at the end of the gallery, the tomb and chapel of St. Jerome, who lived here for thirty or more years. Here this wonderfully eccentric scholar not only revised the Latin translation of the Bible, but also, by the aid of Jewish scholars, translated the Old Testament directly from the Hebrew. It was here he fasted, prayed, dreamed and studied and gathered around him followers, who formed the beginning of convent life in Palestine.

"We now ascend to a large new Chapel, dedicated

to St. Catherine." I don't know which one of the saints Catherine it was, for the Roman Catholic record has no less than six. This chapel is dedicated, I suppose, to Catherine, the virgin and martyr, whose day of commemoration occurs on the 25th day of November. "It is claimed that she got the better of a company of heathen philosophers in a religious disputation. As a matter of revenge she was bound to a wheel armed with spikes in such manner that at every turn of the wheel the spikes should pierce her body. But the cords were miraculously broken, and the malice of her enemies spoiled; or it may be dedicated to St Catherine of Siena, "of whom it is said at the age of five years it was her practice in going up stairs to kneel to the Holy Virgin at every step." I suppose the fashion of going up the sacred steps at Rome, of which I told you, is patterned after this foolish fanatic. At six years old she daily flogged herself. At seven she deprived herself of a great portion of her food. At the same age she would watch from a window to see when a Catholic Monk passed, and would then run down and kiss the spot of the pavement where he had placed his foot. I imagine the adoration of this and other crazy creatures fed the vanity of these hypocritical scamps. At twelve years old she wholly abandoned animal food and at fifteen ceased to drink wine. At twenty she quit eating bread, living only on raw or uncooked vegetables. She would sleep but fifteen or twenty minutes in every twenty-four hours. She flogged herself three times a day till the blood streamed down her body. She lived three years without speaking to any one. She wore a chain of iron around her body, which gradually ate its way into her flesh, and finally she

remained wholly without food for many years; that surely beats Dr. Tanner. In after years this saint claimed that our Savior descended from heaven and made on her hands and feet scars, such as would be supposed to have been made upon his own hands and feet by the nails with which he was nailed to the cross.

As before stated, I don't know to which of these six fanatical religious cranks this chapel is dedicated, nor do I suppose that it makes any difference. All of them ought to have been, in mercy, killed and let go to heaven long before they died.

We next pass to the chapel of St. Helena, where we find forty-four marble columns, which were taken from Mt. Moriah and supposed to have been in the porch of the temple. This building, it is said, was erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine the great, in 327. It is one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred wide.

We now leave this convent and follow a street running south of the convents to where we go down a flight of steps, which lands us into a grotto, about ten feet in the ground: This seems to be a natural cave in the soft limestone rock. This is the room in which Mary remained with the babe Jesus forty days (according to Jewish law), or until she was able to travel; and while here, it is said, a drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the ground; this rendered the whole cave holy, of course. And now it is claimed that a small bit of the stone powdered and dropped into water, and the water drank at intervals, will increase the flow of milk in the breasts of the nursing mother. If any of my mother readers have Catholic credulity enough to believe this and wish to try it, I can furnish them with some of the

"milk grotto stone," as I don't suppose I will ever have occasion to try its effect upon myself.

In following the subterranean passage spoken of above, a round hole in the stone floor may be noticed. Here, it is said, water gushed out for the use of the holy family. In the 15th century an absurd tradition was invented, to the effect that the star which guided the magii fell into the spring, and I suppose was *put out.* Some people think that, at certain intervals, this strange, new, miraculous star may now be seen from certain localities; but this must be a mistake, as we learn from the above tradition that it was "put out" in the miraculous spring.

When our company started on their return from Bethlehem, one of the carriages knocked down and ran over a Bethlehemite child, cutting a gash some two or three inches long on its head. The child, of some four or five summers, attempted to cross the narrow street in front of the horses. Dr. Crunden, our guide, interpreter and teacher, happened to be in the carriage that did the mischief. It was but the act of a moment. The Doctor sprang out of the carriage, grabbed the child and ran up the street, carrying the child in his arms. As he ran by the carriage I was in he called me to follow him. A native conducted him up the street some forty or fifty steps from where the child was hurt; turning at a right angle down a flight of steps in a narrow alley between two houses to the left, he reached the top of a stairway. The stairway landed near the door of the home of the child's parents. The Doctor carried the child to its home.

I entered the room soon after the Doctor got in with what he thought was the dead child. Before I could

get to examine the nature and extent of the injury, the natives crowded into the room until it would hold no more. Then followed a scene of the wildest excitement. The mother went into hysterics and had a regular spell of the jerks, such as the people in the old times used to have when they "got happy at the big meetings." If the reader is an old gentleman or an old lady, he will remember when the jerks was the fashionable way of giving expression to an overflow of religious feelings. The old ladies and maids in "emotional revival meetings" don't resort to the jerks nowadays, but dance about, clap their hands and give vent to their overwrought feelings in shouts and hysterical laughter. These good people with nervous temperaments and emotional natures can't control their feelings. It is best that they should not—let them shout, it does them good and it is healthy—it is good "physical culture." I don't like, however, to see this class of revivalists sleep through the sermon and then rouse up and bring in their work on the "home stretch."

The father of the child jerked and slobbered like he had hydrophobic convulsions. The room was full of loud talking, and seemingly very angry men, using menacing gestures. I could see that Dr. Crunden was very much excited and was using every means in his power to pacify them, and to induce them to let me examine the child. Although I could not understand a word that was said, I could comprehend enough to render me uneasy. I noticed that they had shut and fastened the door, so there was no chance of escape. After awhile the mob, for it was nothing more nor less, consented for me to dress the wound. The child had been struck by the carriage wheel and stunned, but

returned to consciousness soon after we reached the room, and set up such a howl as only an Arab cub or dervish can master. I had to send out to get a vessel of water and a cloth, to wash the wound with, there being nothing of the kind in the room. In fact, there was nothing in the room except a few mats spread upon the ground floor, used, I suppose, for bedding. As soon as I washed the blood from the wound and face of the child, closed the wound, applied a compress and bandage over the wound, and hid it from their sight, they seemed to get more quiet. Like some animals the sight of blood made them mad. After which, by the payment of a few dollars to the parents, the door was opened, and we were all happy again. At least, I know Dr. Crunden and myself felt relieved after getting out of the house and on the street again.

After getting away from the town I asked the Doctor what was said during the excitement between himself and the mob—that things looked threatening to me. He said we were in great danger at one time. He said he told them "that I was a big, savage man, and a doctor, and if they hurt me I would kill a dozen of them; but if they would be quiet and would let me, I would dress the child's head, and it would soon be well again." Fortunately, the child was not seriously hurt. The Arab driver of the carriage that struck the child, I suppose, realizing the danger he was in, or would be in if caught, put whip to his horses, and drove out of town.

To go from Bethlehem to Solomon's pools in a carriage we go back on the road leading to Jerusalem as far as Rachel's tomb, and then turn to the right, taking the main road which goes to Hebron. Five miles below

Bethlehem we reach the pools, three in number. They are situated in an uncultivated valley which slopes towards the east. The highest of the pools is bounded on the west side by the road leading from Jerusalem to Hebron. The valley in which the pools are built descends so abruptly that an embankment of immense size would have had to be built to confine the water in a single large reservoir.

Owing to the abrupt descent of the valley, the pools are constructed in steps, one below the other. The lowest of the three was always filled first, and the other two in succession, and were emptied in the same way; each, when emptied, being refilled from the one above it. The second, or middle, pool is fifty-three yards distant from the highest pool and about twenty feet lower than the one above it, while the lowest pool is fifty-two yards lower down the valley than the middle one, and about nineteen or twenty feet lower.

The highest pool is one hundred and twenty-seven yards long, and seventy-six wide at the top and seventy-nine at the lower or east end, and twenty-five feet deep. It is partly hewn in the rock and partly enclosed in masonry.

The second or middle pool is one hundred and forty-one yards long and fifty-three wide at the upper end and eighty-three below. The lowest pool is the finest of the three. It is one hundred and ninety-four yards long, forty-nine yards wide at the top and sixty-nine at the lower end, and forty-eight feet deep. Like the others, it is partly hewn in the rock and partly built up with masonry. There is a castle, as it is called, near the uppermost pool, a large, square building with corner towers. It was erected for protection against

the Beduins, and, I was informed, was still garrisoned with a few soldiers.

About one hundred and fifty paces west of the pool is the "sealed fountain," a large spring, or, rather, several springs. The water from these different springs unite in a basin, from which it is conducted by a channel to a water fountain above the first pool; part of it, however, flowing in the old conduit which passes the pools. There is a spring in the castle; besides this and the sealed fountain springs, there are two other fine bold springs near the pool.

Below the pools is a fine valley called Etam; the land is very fertile and susceptible of being irrigated by the water from the springs above. But little of the valley and the surrounding table lands, however, are in cultivation. The Arabs in Palestine are an indolent, lazy, trifling, unprincipled set of people. But I think they have been degraded by their government and by their religion.

Thomas Carlyle says: "A man's or a nation's religion is the chief factor with regard to them." He defines religion to be not the articles of a man's faith, nor his professions nor assertions, but, "the thing a man does practically believe, the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe and his duty and destiny here. That is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest."

Reader, it is understood that we next visit Jericho, and the ford of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. Our route carries us along the north wall of Jerusalem, down the long, steep hill near the northeast corner of the

city wall, across the valley of Kedron; here we turn down the valley, leaving the garden of Gethsemane on our left. Our road turns down the valley skirting the Mount of Olives. Understand, we are leaving Mt. Olivet to the left; the road skirts the mountain and gradually ascends. Just below the garden a place is pointed out where Judas is said to have hanged himself, and, a little further on, the site of the fig tree which was cursed by Christ.

In eighteen or twenty minutes more we reach the site of old Bethany. John says: "Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen fnrlongs off." The name signifies "house of poverty." It is situated on a well cultivated spur of the Mount of Olives on the border of the wilderness of Judea. The town now consists of some thirty or forty Arab hovels.

A short distance beyond Bethany we descend a long hill, at the foot of which is En-shemeth, mentioned by Joshua in describing the borders of the territory given the tribe of the children of Judah.

From Bethany to Jericho there are no houses. The road runs through the northern part of the wilderness of Judea, a barren, mountainous section of country lying between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. These mountains are composed of soft white limestone, which at a distance makes them look as though they were covered with snow. Occasionally we meet squads of wild, fierce-looking Bedouins. They are generally armed with long flintlock muskets, old flintlock pistols, long spears and swords.

We have for an escort, however, a sheik and several of his men, who guarantee us safe transit to the Jordan

and back. Consequently we apprehend no danger from these savage-looking fellows.

Our road leads us down, down, down ; in this thirty miles ride we go down three thousand six hundred and ninety feet. In speaking of an incident which occurred on this road, Jesus said : "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves which stripped him of his raiment and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead."

Jericho, as we shall find, was located at the foot of the mountains in the valley of the Jordan, which, as just stated, is over three thousand and six hundred feet below Jerusalem. And from the looks of some of these Bedouins we are meetiug along the road, if we were not protected by our passports and escort, they might treat us in the same way. We learn one lesson, however, as we ride along this road passing deep gorges and around naked, barren and lonely hills, and that is, it gives one a far better opinion of the man's goodness of heart and a far more exalted opinion of the moral courage of a man who dared to care for the lonely wounded stranger whom he found lying by the roadside.

About half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, we came to a Khan or stopping house on the left-hand side of the road. Here we find our lunch tent stretched and lunch ready. So we will dismount and rest for a while.

This old Khan or tavern is said to stand upon the site of the old tavern mentioned in the scriptures above referred to. This is an old stone structure situated on the roadside with an enclosure in the rear.

It has an old solitary appearance as though it might be the veritable inn to which the Samaritan took the

poor, unfortunate, wounded stranger. I am inclined to believe it is the same inn, for had the tremor of an earthquake or the ravages of time destroyed the first inn I don't think there could possibly be found an inducement of sufficient promise to have incited in either a Palestine Jew or Arab energy or enterprise enough to have caused him to rebuild a tavern in such a locality.

Reader, did you ever ride down hill for a whole day? If not, I am sure you have no reason to envy him who has. I found it the most fatiguing traveling I have ever experienced. For a few miles before reaching the Jordan valley the road leads us along the brow of the ridge, having a deep, abrupt gorge on the left. Coming up from the bottom of this gorge we heard the merry, cheery rippling of water. This is not one of Tennyson's brooks, however, of which he says: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever, I go on forever." In an old book of Jewish history we read of a Tishbite to whom the word of the Lord came, saying: "Get thee hence and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith that is before Jordan. And it shall be thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed there." By the by, has the original word here translated ravens the right translation or rendering? The same word means Arab, and, at the time here spoken of, wandering Arabs were traveling to and fro through this wilderness.

But, after a while, this brook Cherith dried up because there had been no rain in the land. Some mile or so before coming to the top of the hill that overlooks the Jordan valley we see clinging, as it were, to the side of the high rocky hill on the opposite side of the brook a small stone building which is said to be

erected over the hiding place of the ancient prophet. Passing this on the left we soon reach the fertile valley of the far-famed Jordan. Soon after entering the valley we pass on the right the remains of the pool of Herod. This pool was one hundred and eighty-eight yards long and one hundred and fifty-seven wide, built of stone nearly all above ground.

Remains of an aqueduct leading from the pool of the prophets to the pool of Herod are now to be seen. It appears to have been filled with water from the pool of the Prophets, some half mile or more distant. As we proceed across the valley we cross a beautiful stream, its clear, transparent waters flowing over its rocky bed with a rapid current. This stream is some fifteen or more feet wide and is formed by the confluence of smaller streams (the brook Cherith being one of the number) which flow down from the mountains, making its way across the valley, emptying into the Jordan between the ford and the Dead Sea. After crossing this creek we soon pass a modern hotel, which has been erected in the valley for the accommodation of travelers. A short distance beyond the hotel we find our tents pitched upon the site of old Gilgal.



CHAPTER XVI.

AND now, reader, we are in one of the most interesting localities upon the face of the earth, if we are on the site of Gilgal, and there is no reason to doubt it. We know it was between the ford of the Jordan where Joshua led the children of Israel across, into the long-promised land, after having wandered for forty years in the wilderness, and the old city of Jericho. And we are now camped between those two points. If we are not on the exact site of old Gilgal, where Joshua camped with his thousands of warriors, we must be very near it.

Furthermore, an encampment of this number of warriors would spread over considerable ground, and they would be likely to pitch their tents convenient to water, and here we have Cherith, just south of our tents, wending its way to the Jordan.

Here Joshua built an altar to the Lord with twelve stones, which they took out of Jordan. Here also the rite of circumcision was renewed, a rite which had not been practiced by the children of Israel during their sojourn in the wilderness, and all the males which came out of Egypt, except Joshua and Caleb, having died in the wilderness, the whole of the Israelite males had to be circumcised.

Here they kept the passover, the day after which the manna with which they had been fed, during their sojourn in the wilderness, ceased. To this place Samuel sent Saul to offer sacrifices, saying: "Go down before me to Gilgal, and behold I will come down to thee to

offer burnt offerings, and to sacrifice sacrifices of peace offerings. Seven days shalt thou tarry till I come to thee and show thee what thou shalt do."

Saul having tarried till the seven days had passed, and Samuel not coming as he had promised, Saul made a burnt offering himself. As soon as he had made an end of the burnt offering, however, Samuel came and told him he had done foolishly; "that he hadn't kept the commandment of the Lord;" had he done so, the Lord would have established his reign over Israel forever, but now his kingdom should not continue, but should be given to a man after his own heart, etc., *i. e.*, a king to God's liking.

As I have just said, this is one of the most interesting places on earth to one who loves the bible and takes an interest in God's dealings with his own peculiar people, from whom should descend, as had been foretold, the Savior of the world. See what a group of noted places surround us. When we look south of us down this open plain, which is from five to eight miles in width, we see the Dead Sea framed with mountains; the high mountains of Moab border the east, and of Judea on the west; we see the high barren chalk hills comprising the wilderness of Judea, out of which came John the Baptist, of whom the prophet said, seven hundred years before: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make straight in the desert a highway for our Lord."

Now read this statement and see if you don't think the prophecy fulfilled: "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight." Another

man of inspiration says: "John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." John himself says when the Jews and Levites sent two men (pharisees) from Jerusalem to ask him who he was he said: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

"He it is who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe latchet I am unworthy to unloose." And of whom the next day John said: "Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

The east border of this now barren valley grown up here and there with underbrush is bordered by the mountains of Moab. As we run our eyes along over the tops of these mountains we see one that lifts its hoary head above its fellows. That is Mt. Pisgah. It does not stand out separate and isolated from its comrades as does Mt. Sinai or old snow-crowned Hermon which we see far to the north of us; but still, it overlooks the others by which it is surrounded, as much as to say, "I have been more honored than you all."

Perhaps there is no mountain on this planet of ours around the summit of which clusters a more touching scene to contemplate than this. Here Moses, through whom the God of the universe brought down the lightnings and thunder of heaven, yea, and even the angel of death to melt the hardened heart of Pharaoh, and who had borne with the murmuring, the discontent, and rebellious spirit of the Israelites during their forty years of pilgrimage in the wilderness; he who had escaped the wrath of Pharaoh and his hosts when pursued, and guided by the pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day had brought this large concourse of peo-

ple out of the land of bondage, and now in the full sight of the promised land, was taken upon the top of Mt. Pisgah, there to die in the presence of God only.

When we scrutinize the character of Moses and review his acts from the time God spoke to him from the burning yet not consumed bush, with one single exception, "he is the same sublime, majestic character; Noble by nature, great by his mission, and greater still by the manner he accomplished it. We look at him as he stretches out one hand over the surging waters of the Red Sea, lifting the other to heaven, when the 'waters crouched at his feet,' and the host of Israel passed through on dry land. We see him again lifting a brazen serpent in the midst of the groans and cries of those bitten by the flying serpents in the midst of the encampment; again, when standing shoeless while the lightnings of Sinai play around his head and talking with the mighty maker of heaven and earth face to face as friend talks to friend." We find him the same great, grand, unflinching, unwavering servant of God. And now he has bidden the host of Israel farewell, has looked for the last time on the white tents of Israel. He takes one long look at Canaan, miraculously spread before him. His eye sweeps over that fertile land, and as the picture and all the earthly pictures fade from his mind, the happy Canaan above, his eternal home, bursts upon his enraptured vision, never more to be effaced.

Alone with God. The cold, unfeeling, unconscious rocks hear his last prayer and witness the dying groans of this old faithful servant as he conquers his last enemy, death, and God buried him. "There he slept alone on Pisgah's top. The mountain cloud, which

nightly hung round him, his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm his only dirge. There he slept, while centuries as the days rolled by, his lonely grave unknown, unvisited, until at length he is seen standing with Christ on the mount of transfiguration. Over Jordan at last, in Canaan at last."

As we look down the valley of the Jordan, ten miles below us, the Dead Sea drops in, as it were, and takes the place of the valley, filling the space between the high mountains on each side. As we approach the sea from above we come to a beautiful gravelly beach which slopes down to the water's edge. This sea is ten miles wide, forty-five long, and has a mean depth of one thousand feet.

Before visiting the Dead Sea, I had read that the surface of the water was covered with a scum of bitumen; that the water had a strong odor of sulphur; that birds in attempting to fly over it would fall dead, and that persons bathing in it would afterward break out with a pricking, burning rash of the skin, etc., all of which I found to be a mistake.

It is a beautiful sea of clear salt water, holding in solution twenty-five per cent. of salts, one-half of which is pure salt. Ocean water holds in solution three and one-half per cent. of salts. Fish, therefore, taken from the Atlantic or Mediterranean and put into the Dead Sea would die almost, if not quite, as soon as they would if kept out of water altogether. I learn that large beds of bitumen have long been known to exist in certain localities in the bottom of the Dead Sea, but it never comes to the surface except when loosened by earthquakes or storms, and, being heavier than the water, soon settles to the bottom again. There is no odor or

vapor arising from the surface of the water to affect a bird or other fowl from flying over it.

It has no living thing in its waters; for I know of no fish or marine animal that could live long in water as strongly impregnated with salt as this is. Lieutenant Lynch writes that his men were troubled with a skin rash after bathing in the Dead Sea. But I remember Lieutenant Lynch was there in the summer season, and I am very confident his men were troubled with what is called "the heat," a rash which is very frequently produced by the intense heat of the sun, and its invasion very frequently ushered in by bathing. At all events, some half a dozen or more of our company, both gentlemen and ladies, took a bath in its waters, and found it very refreshing indeed, nor was it followed by a rash or any other unpleasant symptom. There is nothing strange or wonderful in the appearance of this sea, unless it be its lonely, desolate, isolated location. There is no sign of life in, around or about it. The mountains around it are destitute of verdure, and it is dead in name, dead in appearance, and dead in reality.

It has no outlet, and in the very nature of the case it is impossible for it to have an outlet. The level of the Dead Sea is twelve hundred and ninety feet below the level of the Mediterranean. If the two bodies of water were in any way connected, the Mediterranean would pour its water into the Dead Sea until it brought it to a level with itself, after which the current from the one to the other would cease to flow.

The greatest depth of the Dead Sea is something over thirteen hundred feet. Its depth, however, is increased during the rainy season, when there is an increased flow of water poured into it; but it is again

lowered by evaporation during the long, hot, dry months of summer and autumn.

There is an impression that the Dead Sea occupies the site formerly occupied by the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. But the scriptures teach us that this sea existed here before those cities were destroyed. I think it is plain that they were located in the Jordan valley somewhere near this great salt sea, as it is termed in the scriptures, but not where the sea now is. (Read Genesis, 14th chapter.)

The Dead Sea on an air line is sixty-five miles distant from the sea of Galilee, and its level six hundred and sixty-seven feet below that sea. The total depth of the basin of the Dead Sea below the Mediterranean is twenty-six hundred feet. Jerusalem is three thousand six hundred and ninety-seven feet above the level of this sea, and only fifteen miles distant from it on a straight line; thirty miles distant by the winding, zigzag road.

It has been calculated by competent engineers that upon an average six millions of tons of water run into the Dead Sea daily. The whole of this prodigious quantity must be carried off by evaporation and absorption.

The little river Jordan, called by some a "branch," supplies three-fourths or more of this immense quantity of water which daily finds its way into this unique sea.

I come now to speak of this principal river in Palestine, the far-famed, much-abused Jordan. There have been more egregious lies told about this river than about any other little stream in the universe. Some say it is a little branch, that you can stop its flowing

waters with the foot. Je-ru-sa-lem, what a foot. I would like to see a foot a hundred feet long. Some say its banks are high and abrupt, and consequently it is impossible to get down into the stream even to make a man kneel down to be baptized, by pouring, sprinkling, or to be immersed. Others say there is too much water, that it is too deep, that it is dangerous to go into the stream at all. I am sorry that this class of men, who, it appears to me, have more sectarianism in their heads than religion in their hearts, can't come to a knowledge of the facts in regard to this little river and tell the truth about it. Just before I left home to visit these far away lands I sat for an hour and listened to a little ignoramus assert and reassert that there was not water enough in river, lake or pool in all Palestine to baptize a man. I learned a few days after that the little man, for whom I have great sympathy, had but a short time before been turned out of an insane asylum. I guess he has been carried back before this. The physicians erred in permitting him to leave the asylum. The man was not cured, he was a lunatic; but what right have such men to preach?

What is the use of misrepresenting physical facts and telling actual falsehoods to support an opinion or belief. If one individual believes the pouring of water upon a person to be baptism, and another believes that the sprinkling of water upon another is baptism, and another believes that a person must be put under the water, head and ears, in order to be baptized, whose business is it? If he has a love for God in his heart and is trying to live a holier, better life, if he is aspiring to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself, is he not ful-

filling the law of God? If either one of them ever reaches heaven I have no idea that the question as to how they were baptized will be asked them. What right has A to ridicule or abuse B because B doesn't think as A does or because B doesn't believe as A believes? God holds us personally responsible for the improvement of the talents he has given us. I am not responsible for what A, B, or C believes or does. The reader may ask me, why then are you so hard on the leaders of the religious sects of other countries? Because they are promulgating, teaching and practicing, knowingly and willingly, a perfect system of fraud and deception. Their intelligence forbids my saying that these stupendous frauds are practiced and imposed upon the people ignorantly; to say so would be an insult to their intelligence. They are not fools, but knaves.

But to go back to the thread of our narrative, I will say that the Jordan has what we call a first and second bottom. The first bench of lowland on the banks of the Jordan varies from fifty yards to several hundred in width, and for the most part is covered with trees, undergrowth and switch-cane. The great valley of the Jordan rises some eight or ten feet above this narrow strip that runs along its shores.

The Jordan is from thirty to thirty-five yards wide. The fords are across its rocky shallows or rapids. Between these shoals the water is deep and the current less rapid. At the ford where the children of Israel entered the land of Canaan, where John was baptizing and where the Savior was baptized of John in the Jordan, there is a small island in the middle of the

stream which divides the water, sending it over the gravelly shoals on each side.

When we were at the ford, the river was at the top of its banks from recent rains somewhere above. I procured a nice stone from the bed of the river where Joshua procured the twelve from which he erected an altar to the Lord God of Israel, and where our Lord suffered John to baptize him that he might "fulfill all righteousness."

The ford of the Jordan is associated with many interesting as well as miraculous events, recorded in the Old and New Testament scriptures. When Moses was leading the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan his route lay through the land of the Moabites (one branch of the family of Lot). They refused him the privilege of passing through their territory. Consequently he had to bear further east and go around them through the territory of the Amorites. In his detour he took all the cities of the plane out of the hands of the two kings of the Amorites; the land on the east side of Jordan from the river Arnon to Mt. Hermon. This territory Moses divided up and gave to certain tribes, but required the fighting men to go over Jordan with the remaining tribes and fight with them until they had gotten possession of all that portion of the promised land lying west of the Jordan.

The tents of Israel were pitched at the foot of Mt. Nebo. Moses, their great leader, had told them that the Lord was angry with him for their sakes, and although he had begged the Lord to permit him to go before them into the land of Canaan, that he would not. He told them that he would be taken from them and that they would have another leader. He talked

to them as a father. He warned them against the sin of idolatry and told them when they had conquered the nations in Canaan not to permit their children to intermarry with the people, as it might have a tendency to lead them to the worship of other gods. He also told them when God spoke to them out of the fire of Horeb, "that they heard his voice but saw no similitude or likeness of him lest they corrupt themselves and make a graven image, the similitude of any figure. the likeness of male or female, or beast on the earth, or fowl of the air, or fish, or the sun, moon, or stars, and worship them." He reiterated to them again the ten commandments, and admonished them to treasure them in their hearts, and obey them, and the Lord would love them, bless them, and multiply them, and bless the fruit of the land, their corn and wine, their oil and their kine, and their flocks, in the land which he sware unto their fathers to give them.

After the death of Moses the Lord spoke unto Joshua and told him to "arise and go over Jordan thou and all this people unto the land which I do give unto them." Joshua moved the people of Israel down to the ford of the Jordan, and remained there three days. Now, reader, this is said to be the ford at which the children of Israel crossed this little river which, as you see, is about thirty five yards wide here, but was at least fifty yards wider then, for we are told it overflowed its banks, and you see if it was over this first bank it would spread out to that second bank yonder where we rise up on a level with the valley.

Here is a river thirty-five yards wide now, for it is up and near bank full, from ten to twelve feet deep, and at

low water-mark from three to four feet deep, which has its source in some of the largest springs I ever saw gushing out from beneath the Anti-Lebanon mountains, besides being fed by the springs which keep hundreds of acres of land above Lake Merom submerged in water winter and summer. You will find North Palestine well watered; in fact it possesses a sufficiency of water-power to run all the spinning factories in New England.

Before Joshua moved the hosts of Israel from Shittim to the ford of Jordan he sent two spies over to Jericho to spy out the land. What befell the spies I shall have occasion to speak of hereafter. When they returned and made their report, Joshua determined to make a forward movement and cross over Jordan at once. Officers went through the hosts and told the people when they saw the Levites going forward with the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, that they must fall in and move on after it, but they must not approach too near it; that a space of "about two thousand cubits by measure" must be between them and the Ark. Joshua commanded the people to sanctify themselves, and told them that "on to-morrow the Lord would do wonders among them."

The Lord told Joshua to command the priests that bear the Ark when they were come to the brink of the water of Jordan that they must stand still in Jordan, "And it shall come to pass as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the Ark shall rest in the waters of the Jordan, that the waters of the Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above, and they shall stand upon an heap." We are further told that as soon as the priests came to the

Jordan and the soles of their feet were dipped in the brim of the water, for "Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest," "that the waters which come down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam that is beside Zaretan, and those that come down towards the Sea of the Plain, even the salt sea failed and were cut off, and the people passed over right against Jericho."

This was the first time the waters of this river or creek, or branch or rivulet, whatever you may denominationally call it, was miraculously divided. And this was the first miracle ever performed at this particular locality. If its waters could be made to stand in a heap, however, " by a man's foot," it wasn't much of a " wonder," as Joshua called it, after all. The water of Jordan has been three times miraculously divided and caused to stand up in a heap at this ford.

We read that Elijah took his mantle and wrapped it together and smote the waters of Jordan at this ford, and they divided hither and thither, so that the prophet Elijah and Elisha, who was with him, went over on dry land. After crossing the river they were walking along talking, and behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted these men asunder, and one of them went up by a whirlwind into Heaven. Elisha, his companion, saw it, and cried "My father! My father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, and he saw him no more."

Elisha, in his distress, rent his clothes, as was the custom in those days. Any one in trouble, grief or distress rent his clothes. He then took up the mantle of Elijah that had fallen from him as he was taken up into Heaven, and went back and stood by the bank of

the Jordan. And he took the mantle that had fallen from Elisha and smote the waters and said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" And when he had smitten the waters they parted hither and thither, and Elisha went over. If Jordan was but a branch that could be stopped in its downward course to the Dead Sea with a slight obstruction, why, I ask in the name of truth, honesty and candor, do the scriptures set forth these three separate and distinct miraculous events of dividing the waters of the river as an evidence, not of God's presence only, but of his power?

We find, therefore, from these historic accounts that as far back as the days of Joshua, *i. e.*, about fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, this river contained enough water to float a small-sized steamboat. Then, again, that David a thousand years before the Christian era had to have his family carried over this "little insignificant stream" in a ferry-boat, and as there is no account of the boat's being made for this special occasion, it is presumable that a regular ferry was kept at this ford to be used in times of high water. Then again, we read that two prophets of the Lord had occasion to cross this "little water course" eight hundred and ninety years B. C., and one of them took his mantle "and wrapped it together and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground."

It was at this ford it is believed that John the Baptist was baptizing when the people went to him from Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region around about Jordan," and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." And it was to this place Jesus came from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized

of him. But John, knowing who he was, forbade him, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness; then he suffered him."

Immediately following the performance for establishment of this ordinance, there occurred at this water ford what we have no knowledge of ever having occurred at any other place on earth. There occurred that which established this ordinance of baptism as a heavenly or divine ordinance, while at the same time it established beyond the cavil of men the trinity of the Godhead; for, we read, "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened unto him and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him, and lo, a voice saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

From this we learn that here in this now desolate, retired, solitary place there were assembled thousands of unbelieving people who witnessed by sight and hearing a manifestation of the three divine personages of the one true and living God at one and the same time. This wonderful manifestation or revelation ought to be enough of itself to render this a place of intense interest to every Christian man or woman.

If there is any one place on this earth which he has given to his children, that can now be definitely identified, that should be regarded as more sacred than another on account of God's presence and manifestation of himself to men in times past, it occurs to me that this ford of the Jordan is the place. For here the Christ was baptized, here the Spirit descended from the open win-

dows of heaven like a dove. And lo, a voice said, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

Now, reader, it is very strange to me that men who either through ignorance or willful misrepresentation, in order to bolster up a pet theory or religious belief, will persist in openly asserting that this little river Jordan is wholly unfit for the purposes for which the bible tells us it was used; "that there isn't water enough there in which to baptize a believer," "that its banks are steep and abrupt," that "it is dangerous to go down into the waters of the Jordan," and all such nonsense. I repeat, it seems strange to me that men who claim to be specially "called of God," *i. e.*, set apart by divine command as was Moses, to fill a divine mission, to teach the people the way of life and salvation, to teach them the truth, for His word is truth, how they can reconcile it to their consciences to stand up before an intelligent people, a bible reading people, and make over and over again such assertions and reiterate such flagrant falsehoods.

Truth is truth, whether in the bible or out of it. And as St. Paul says, "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you let him be accursed." If such a denunciation as this be uttered by the great apostle to the gentiles against a man for misrepresenting the scriptures, can the preacher expect to go free who not only misrepresents the scriptures, but other facts in connection with them?

The scriptures say John was baptizing in Jordan, some of the "called" say it was impossible; there isn't any water there, etc.

But it is growing late in the afternoon. I have

secured a stone from the ford of the Jordan, and as I see some nice reeds along the bank of the river, I will get a few for pipestems. And as I do so I remember what the Savior asked the people who came down here to see John. "What went you out for to see? A reed shaken by the wind? But what went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? But what went ye out to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." This he says was the messenger that was to come before him, and that there was not a greater prophet than John the Baptist among those that are born of women.

Near the site of old Gilgal, where we are camping, is an Arab settlement of some fifty or sixty families occupying a group of squalid, low, filthy, mud huts. These people are seemingly a degenerated set of worthless vagabonds. How they manage to live the Lord only knows. From their appearance and surroundings I am sure they would, like vultures, eat a dead carcass, were they to find one. Such degradation I never saw before.

We pass this village called the modern Jericho as we go in a northwest direction to visit the site of old Jericho. The only thing of interest connected with it, aside from the degradation of the people and the worse than hog-pen houses in which they live, is a building on the southeast side of the village resembling more a tower than anything that I can liken it to. It has been thought by modern writers that this tower was built at some period as a means of protecting the crops from the thievish incursions of the Bedouins beyond the Jordan. Since the 15th century this tower or building has been said to occupy the site of the house of Zac-

chæus. We are told that he was rich, and I can readily understand how a man could soon grow rich on the products of this valley, with its natural facilities for irrigation, provided he had a market for his produce. Zacchæus was not only rich, but was chief among the publicans, *i. e.*, he collected tribute, or what we call a tax collector; that may account for his being a rich man. We learn from his own story, which cannot always be relied upon, however, that he was a just, liberal and honest man. He gives the Savior a good account of himself, at least. Hear him: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Zacchæus was a very small man it seems, and couldn't see the Savior for the multitude around him. So he took the boy's plan of seeing what was going on. He climbed a sycamore tree so that he could see over the heads of the people. As Jesus passed by he saw this man up in the tree; and, it seems, knew him, and called to him and told him to make haste and come down, " for to-day " says he, " I must abide at thy house."

Now there is a sycamore tree growing near the tower. Of course, this tree doesn't seem to be so old, but the old stumpy roots may have remained there, and we know not how many of their offspring may have grown up, flourished, died, decayed and passed away. One thing we know, it is the only sycamore tree in any direction near this locality or near the road running through the valley to the ford of the Jordan.

So if the tower occupies the site of this little, rich tax collector's house, the sycamore tree, which he

climbed up to get a look at the Savior, may have stood just where we see this one now standing.

As before stated, the site of old Jericho lies some two miles or perhaps not quite so far west of Gilgal, and west of the new or modern Jericho. At the time it was captured by Joshua it was of considerable size, and enclosed by a strong wall. At that time it was also called the "City of Palms." We learn that palm trees continued to grow in this part of the Jordan valley down to the 7th century A. D. None are to be seen thereabouts now, however. We also learn that at that time parts of this valley were in a high state of cultivation, and that the inhabitants were rich in gold and silver.

We have no account of any city in either ancient or modern times ever being taken as this one was. While Joshua and the host of Israel lay in camp near the foot of Nebo, the highest summit or peak of which is called Pisgah, Joshua sent two spies over into the valley, who went into the city of Jericho. "And they went and came into an harlet's house named Rahab, and lodged there." I guess that was the reason it was found out so soon that they were in the city and their presence and business reported to the king. It appears they fell into bad company at Rahab's house, for it is evident from her conduct towards these men that she didn't report their presence in the city to the king herself, but some of the loafers about her premises did. At all events, the king sent to Rahab and ordered her to bring forth the two men, for they were spies. Instead of bringing them forth and delivering them to the king's messengers, however, she took them up on the

flat roof of her house and hid them with the stalks of flax " which she had laid in order on her roof."

She then put on a good straight face, and, doubtless with an air of innocence and truth, told the messengers that two men did come to her house, but that she knew not where they were, that they went out about the time of the shutting of the city gate, and if they would pursue them they might overtake them.

The king's messengers or policemen, I suppose, went in pursuit of them down the road to Jordan as far as the fords. As soon as these pursuers left the city the gate was shut. After they were gone Rahab went up to the roof where the spies were and said to them: "I know the Lord has given you this land and that all the inhabitants of this land are in a perfect state of terror for fear of you. We have heard that the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea for you to cross when you came out of Egypt. And we have heard what you did to Sihon and Og, the two Amorite kings whom ye utterly destroyed. As soon as we heard these things our hearts did melt and our men lost their courage because of you." For says this woman, "The Lord your God he is God in heaven above and in earth beneath." Now says she: "I pray you swear unto me by the Lord since I have shewed you kindness that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house and give me a true token. And that ye will save alive my father and my mother and my brothers and my sisters and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death."

Joshua's spies answered her and pledged their own lives that, if she would not tell their business, when the Lord had given them the land they would deal

kindly and truly with her. Rahab's house being built upon the wall (we saw many houses built upon the wall in Damascus), she let them down from a window and told them to hide themselves in the mountains for three days until the king's policemen or pursuers returned, and then they might go their way. Before leaving, however, they told her when she heard of their being in the land to tie "this line of scarlet thread," a line I presume which they gave her, in the window from which she had let them down. They told her furthermore to bring all her father's family into her house and keep them there, that they would not be responsible for the life of any that left the house and were found in the street.

They also told her if she divulged their business in the city after they left it, that they would not regard their oath to preserve the lives of her father's family and her own as at all binding. All this was agreed to by both parties and faithfully carried out.

The walls of this city were thrown down, and the city delivered into the hands of the Israelites by the Lord of hosts, with no effort on the part of the Israelites other than that of strict obedience to the orders which he had given to Joshua their leader. Every one is familiar with the bible narrative of this circumambulation.

The city was compassed once a day for seven days, and on the seventh day it was compassed seven times, and when the priests blew the trumpets Joshua said to the people: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." At the sound of the trumpets and the shout of the people the wall fell down flat, so that every man

went up straight into that part of the city which was before him.

The city was utterly destroyed. The men, women and children were put to the sword. Rahab and all that were in her house, however, were saved. And the traveler to that old country and to the site of Jericho can see for himself an old stone building, around which the shifting sands of centuries have gathered until nothing is seen above ground but the stone roof, which tradition tells him is what remains of the house of Rahab. We thought when we were there that we could see here and there traces of where the old wall of Jericho had stood.

He would be a bold man that would attempt to rebuild this old city, even if the material for so doing lay upon the ground, for Joshua said: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho. He shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

Notwithstanding this prophecy, nowever, we are told that during the days of Ahab, something over five hundred years after the prophecy was made, "a certain fellow named Hiel, the Bethelite, rebuilt the city and laid the foundation of it in the death of Abiram, his first born, and set up the gates thereof in the death of his youngest son, Segub, according to the word of the Lord as spoken by Joshua."

The Spring of the Prophets, a large bold spring, breaks out from beneath a hill on the western side of the old site and runs into an old basin of huge stone thirteen yards long and eight wide. This constituted, no doubt, "the Prophet's Pool."

It will be remembered when Elisha came back to Jericho (after Elijah was taken up to heaven in a whirlwind) there was a school of prophets comprising fifty or more. It seems he tarried here at Jericho for a time, and the men of the city said to him: "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth, but the water is bad and the ground droughty." Elisha told them to bring him a new cruise and put salt therein. They did so, and he went to the spring and cast the salt in and said: "Thus sayeth the Lord, I have healed these waters, there shall not be from thence any more death or droughty land." So the waters were healed unto this day, and are good to this day. Rahab's house is just below this pool.

Above the Spring of the Prophets, or, as it is frequently called, Elisha's spring, is a high dome-shaped mound which is called by the Arabs Tell Aub Alaik, "hill of the blood-suckers." I did not learn why it was so called, but suppose it was occupied at one time by a cruel, bloodthirsty band of marauding, murderous Arabs.

The site of old Jericho, like other places on the Jordan, is grown up to a considerable extent in thick underbrush, or, what conveys the idea better, thickets.

The highest peak of the Judean hills which border the western part of the valley of the Jordan at this place is pointed out as the Mount of Temptation. We read: "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them and sayeth unto him, All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Did you ever! Did anybody ever hear or read of

just such a piece of unblushing effrontery and arrogant presumption before or since?

This outcast, this poor, penniless pauper, this deceitful, hypocritical father of liars, who now and always has paid his servants and devotees in wretchedness, misery, sin and death, standing up on that mountain with the God who made it, the world and all the worlds that are made, and, feeling as rich as a drunkard, offering to give the Savior all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if he would fall down and worship him. Poor devil. I never heard of his having but one kingdom, and if the truth is told about that it is such an everlasting hot country that nobody would have it but the devil himself.

All the lower portion of the Jordan valley was evidently included in the section of country called the wilderness of Judea. We learn that Antony presented this part of the valley to Cleopatra, who sold it to Herod, and that monarch beautified it with palaces and constituted it his winter residence, as he regarded it as one of the most beautiful spots in all his dominions.

Herod died the same year that Jesus was born, but this, as is now well known, occurred four years before the date fixed as the beginning of the Christian era.

Herod was buried at Herodium, a castle founded by this monarch on the top of a hill artificially thrown up a few miles from the pools of Solomon.

This acropolis was about ten miles from Jerusalem. After a protracted illness this wicked, jealous old murderer, with a mind full of dark intrigues and suspicions, sank into his grave unhonored and unwept.

Our ride back to Jerusalem was far less fatiguing than our ride down to Jericho. I soon learned that

Arab horses could climb these steep, rough, rocky hills equal to a mountain goat. When within about two miles of Jerusalem we come to Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha. Our road leads us into one of the miserable alleys of the old town, where we are shown the tomb of Lazarus. To enter the cave or grotto one descends a flight of stone steps, at the bottom of which we pass through a low doorway into a small room hewn in the rock which underlies the soil in all this country. In this tomb it is said the body of Lazarus was laid after death and from which Lazarus came forth at the command of his Lord.

When Lazarus was taken ill Jesus was beyond the Jordan, and his sisters Mary and Martha sent unto him saying: "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." After hearing this Jesus remained where he was two days before coming to them. Lazarus had been dead four days when Jesus reached Bethany.

Martha told the Savior that her brother had been dead long enough for partial decomposition of the body to have taken place. Jesus told her that if she would believe she should see the glory of God. After the bystanders had taken away the stone from the door of the sepulchre "Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and I know that Thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it that they may believe that Thou hast sent me. And when He thus had spoken He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus sayeth unto them, Loose him and let him go."

About forty or fifty yards from the tomb of Lazarus we were shown what is said to be the site of the house of this family. There is nothing now about this old town worthy of a visit except the site and the tomb of Lazarus, if indeed it be his tomb. That Bethany was located here there is no doubt. But at this time it consists of about forty hovels occupied by Moslems only. The water here is said to be good and there are around the town or village numerous fig, almond and carob trees.

On our return from the ford of the Jordan we partook of a lunch in a beautiful olive grove just before entering the village.

After passing the village we begin the ascent of the highest ridge of the Mount of Olives. Just before reaching the top of the ridge, by looking back the Dead Sea can be distinctly seen, and although it is some fourteen or sixteen miles off in a straight line it doesn't appear to be more than two or three.

From the top of Mt. Olivet we get a fine view of the city of Jerusalem, and here we find an enclosed court, in the center of which is a small chapel. In the center of the chapel, which is twenty feet in diameter, rises a cylindrical stone drum, with a small dome over the spot from which Christ is said to have ascended. This enclosure and chapel belong to the Moslems, who regard it as very sacred.

This place, however, doesn't agree with the statement made by Luke, where he says: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven."

Our Mohammedan friends don't read our bible, however, and I don't suppose the Koran mentions the place from which the Savior ascended, consequently they have heard through some tradition, or Catholic fabrication, that this was the exact locality, and, in proof of it, show you a foot-print claimed to have been made by the Savior at the time of the ascension. It seems to be no trouble for those people in Jerusalem to manufacture places and proofs, such as it is, that the places are genuine. If the devil be the father of liars, I am very sure the people now living in Palestine are a part of his legitimate descendants. The Savior gives him a bad name, and says he has always had a bad reputation and that there was no truth in him.

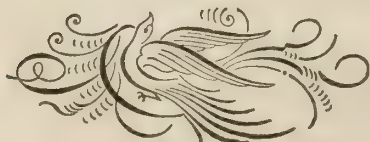
The inhabitants of Palestine, and especially of the old city of Jerusalem, wouldn't know the truth if, by accident, they were to find it in the city, and they regard stealing as a little praise-worthy, slight-of-hand game, which all learn to play skillfully.

We now descend the rather steep side of the Mount of Olives into the valley of Jehoshaphat. And, reader, if you will look along the eastern wall of the city, you will see projecting from the wall the end of a broken column. This column was worked into the wall when it was rebuilt, not in my opinion for any special object, but merely because it lay convenient or perhaps was in the way of the men engaged in the work. The Mohammedans believe one end of the bridge of judgment, which will not be broader than a thread, or the edge of a sword, will be attached to the end of that column which projects, as you see, some two or three feet beyond the wall. They think this valley of Jehoshaphat will be widened out to accommodate the

multitude of unbelievers in the Moslem faith, and that it will contain all manner of horrors and inquisitions to afflict the unbeliever.

This bridge is called Al Serat. The Mohammedans teach and believe, like the ancient Egyptians, that the souls of men will be weighed at the judgment, and after all have been weighed they will have to pass the ordeal of the bridge. The whole assembled universe of mankind will follow Mohammed across the bridge. One end of this bridge will be attached to one end of the stone column I have just called your attention to, and the other to the summit of the Mount of Olives over there. Infidels, *i. e.*, those who reject the faith of Mohammed, and sinful Moslems, will grope their way along this thread-like bridge in darkness and fall into the abyss below. This valley will be filled with all manner of horrors, the very trees having writhing serpents for branches, these branches bearing for fruit the heads of demons, etc.

The faithful Mohammedans, having the bridge lit up by celestial rays of light, will cross with the swiftness of birds and enter the realms of paradise.



CHAPTER XVII

EVERYTHING being in readiness, we will now take the Damascus road, which runs north from the Damascus gate, and leads us up through the Judean hills and on through the beautiful vallies of Palestine to the head waters of the Jordan and the Anti-Lebanon mountains, and I want the reader to accompany us on this interesting tour through this Bible land.

We are twenty-three Americans, comprising ladies and gentlemen, both married and single. All intelligent, affable, social, pleasant companions; all, with one or two exceptions, professed Christians. Some of the party were not physically able to undergo the fatigue and exposure of this long horseback ride, so they went by steamer to Beyrout and waited for us there, as we expected to leave Syria for Asia Minor at that point.

Our camp outfit comprises forty-five servants, sixteen or eighteen Oriental tents, eighty-five head of mules and horses; each tent being provided with a carpet, wash-stand, tin ater-pitcher and wash-basin, single beds, camp-stools, candles, matches, etc., everything, in fact, necessary to make us comfortable.

In addition to tents used for sleeping apartments, we were provided with a large dining tent, a lunch tent, and a kitchen tent. All of these, in addition to our necessary traveling baggage, provender for the animals, and a goodly portion of the provisions used on the trip, were carried on the backs of pack mules and horses. In some instances three or four hundred pounds of baggage would be packed on the back of a

horse or mule, and then a big Arab man ride on the top of that. The servants having in charge the lunch tent would usually leave camp very early in the morning (going ahead of the remainder of the outfit), would pitch the lunch tent at some suitable place, convenient to water, and have our lunch ready for us by the time we would come up with them at mid-day.

While we were at lunch and resting, the camping outfit would pass us and reach the place selected for spending the night, in time to pitch the tents and distribute the personal baggage in the various tents; this was done by numbers. All the tents were numbered, and each occupant's baggage had a card attached bearing the corresponding number; in this way each person's baggage was put in his tent. The cook would then prepare a kettle of hot tea, and as soon as we reached camp in the evening we partook of tea and crackers. At six o'clock P. M. we dined and retired for the night at any hour we pleased.

The tents were guarded at night to keep off the thieving Arabs. It is not safe to carry money or other valuables on a camping tour through Palestine.

In standing a little distance north of the Damascus gate we can trace the valley of Kedron, as it comes down from among the high hills of Judea, which rise in their grandeur north of Jerusalem. The valley, in the springtime, is covered with rich verdure. Beyond the valley on the north rises the Scopus, a very high hill, from the top of which we not only get an extensive view of the surrounding country, but from this point we take our farewell view of Jerusalem.

And now, as our caravan shapes its course north from the Damascus gate, leaving Calvary on our right,

we turn our backs on this, the most degraded city we have seen in all our travels. When we look at it and think about the scenes once enacted there, and when we bring up in review the grand characters which stand out so prominently and conspicuously in sacred and profane history, we say this is not the old proud city of Jerusalem—it is but its decaying carcass, its life is extinct, its glory has forever departed. But unlike Thebes, Palmyra, Babylon, and other proud old cities of the past, which live only in the memories of men, Jerusalem will ever remain enshrined in the hearts of the Christian world, and we will ever remember it, not as it is, but as it was.

Here lived and here died our great teacher and exampler, he who taught mankind "to love God with all their hearts, with all their soul, mind and strength, and their neighbor as themselves."

A short mile from Jerusalem we come to the tomb of the kings, which was, to me, a place of great interest. The stone was removed to a depth of ten or twelve feet below the surface of the ground, covering a space of seventy-five feet or more square. The tomb rooms (for there are many of them) open into each other, with but a single door opening out into the open court. This door is closed by a rolling stone, as has been heretofore described. The stone coffins in the various departments were hewn of the stone left above the floors for the purpose, as needed from time to time.

The doorways, leading from one apartment to another, are low and narrow, the rooms are from eight to ten feet square. On the opposite side of the excavated place from the tombs is a large circular cistern, about sixteen feet in diameter, sunk some eight or ten feet

deep below the level of the excavation. On the east side are two more not quite so large, however, all of them were full of clear water.

I suppose these cisterns were prepared to supply the lepers with water. In the days gone by, as now, this poor unfortunate class of people were driven from the cities, and not allowed to remain within the walls. Consequently they repaired to the tombs to find shelter and protection from the inclemency of the weather.

About one mile north of the tombs of the kings we find the tombs of the prophets. This burial-place consists of quite a labyrinth of corridors, tomb rooms, and tomb shafts. The latter are cut into the face of the stone wall, so that the corpse could be put into it endways. We will see a great many of these tomb shafts cut into the face of the limestone cliffs, as we proceed on our journey through Palestine and Syria.

After passing these tombs we descend and cross the valley of the upper Kedron and soon begin the ascent of the Judean hills. One would reasonably suppose, this being the great traveled route from Damascus to Jerusalem, that the road would be something like a fair average country road at least. Such an opinion would be a great mistake, however. For we found it a narrow, crooked pathway, in many places leading up the rocky beds of the water drains between the mountains. In many places the earth and gravel have been washed away by the mountain torrents, leaving a gully or ditch filled with large bare stone, over which the horses with great difficulty made their way.

Our company soon learned that their little Arabian horses were accustomed to these roads, and if we gave them the bridle and let them select their own way that

they would carry us safely over roads and up and down mountains, where, were you to dare to ride an American horse, it would be at the risk of his breaking not only his own neck, but yours also.

When we reached the top of the hill we found ourselves on Mt. Scopus. Distances in Palestine are not measured nor are they estimated, but are given in the time it takes to travel them. You can readily understand why this is so when you travel the paths which they call roads. When climbing up the steep side of a rough, rocky mountain by a narrow, serpentine path, you not only travel very slowly and cautiously, but the winding path carries you three or four times as far as the actual distance would be on a more direct road. Consequently the distance from place to place, instead of being given in miles, is always given in the time it takes to travel it.

From the top of this hill, Mt. Scopus, we take our farewell look at Jerusalem, type of that heavenly Jerusalem where through the merits and suffering of our blessed Savior we hope to rest and abide forever when we reach the end of our pilgrimage in this world.

When we look east from the top of this mountain, we look down, not only on the old city of David, but over the tops of the Judean hills,and east of them see the blue waters of the Dead Sea, which appears to be very near us and not far below us. In reality, however, it is about fifteen or eighteen miles away, and thirty-nine hundred feet below our present standpoint. Here we get a good view of that extraordinary and unique depression of the earth's surface occupied by that sea and the lower part of the Jordan valley. The blue mountains which rise up so grandly beyond this chain,

reaching a level with us, are the mountains among which we find Mt. Nebo, and which once belonged to the tribe Reuben.

While looking at this range of mountains which border the salt sea on the east we discovered two wide openings. The one farthest south is the valley of the river Arnon,the other the valley of the Zerka Ma-in, comparatively small mountain streams which run into the Dead Sea.

"The great El Ghor, or gorge, that is, the deep valley of the Jordan through which comes that river, is indicated by a green line on a whitish ground." Nearer to us we can trace the valley of Jehoshaphat as it passes out of the hills and winds its way between Mt. Moriah and the Mount of Olives; just beyond it the mountain of Offence; a little further south the hill of Evil Council; still further south the heights of Bethlehem, etc., etc.

We ride over this "rough and rugged road" for thirty or forty minutes and see some half mile off to the right of our path on the top of another of these barren hills an Arab village on the site of the old Gibeah Benjamin, the scene of that atrocious crime which was fraught with such disastrous consequences to the tribe of Benjamin. This occurred at the village we see over there about 1400 B. C., in the days when there were no kings in Israel. It appears that a certain Levite, who at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate was living near Mt. Ephraim, went down to Bethlehem and got himself a concubine. She didn't remain with him long, however, but went back to her father, who lived at Bethlehem, and remained some four months, until, in fact, her husband went after her.

When her husband, as he is called, went down to see "the folks" and bring his wife home, he carried his servant and a couple of donkeys.

It appears from the narrative that there had been some unpleasantness between them before she left home, and I suppose she went off mad. For, it is said, he went after her, "to speak friendly with her." It is not unusual for women in our day and time to act in somewhat the same way. They fly up and get mad with their husbands about some foolish thing, and take themselves off to "par's house." It appears in this instance a reconciliation took place, and the Levite remained with the family and had a good time with his father-in-law until the afternoon of the fifth day.

On his return, when he drew near "Jebus" (which is Jerusalem) his servant suggested that they turn into the city and lodge there for the night. But the Levite said they would not turn into the city of the stranger, but would go on to Gibeah. It was late when they reached Gibeah, and not being invited to any one's house they camped in the street. An old gentleman, passing along soon afterward, seeing these strangers camping in the street, stopped and asked them who they were, whence they came, and where they were going. The old man, being satisfied with the account they gave of themselves, took them to his house to entertain them for the night. We learn that an occurrence took place here between the old gentleman, who entertained these strangers, and certain of the Benjamites, citizens of Gibeah, very similar to what transpired between Lot and the wicked men of Sodom and Gomorrah, the night he entertained the two angels who were sent to destroy that abominable

people. These beastly, brutal, licentious men inhumanly murdered this Levite's wife or concubine, and left her lying at the door of the old man's house.

Then followed a strange proceeding or custom among those ancient people. The Levite took his dead wife home and cut her body into twelve pieces and sent them into all the coasts of Israel. This was a strange way of notifying the tribes that an atrocious murder of a woman had been committed, and equally strange that all Israel understood from this that a Levite's concubine had been foully murdered, and how she was murdered. The whole congregation of Israel gathered together as one man from "Dan to Beer-sheba;" all the chiefs of the people, even of all the tribes of Israel, four hundred thousand footmen that drew the sword, "to avenge the outrageous conduct of the Benjamites."

Another very strange feature of this occurrence is the refusal of the tribe of Benjamin to surrender the guilty parties. They were called by the Israelites "sons of Belial," an expression used at that time to designate the vilest class of men to be found anywhere. And yet the tribe of Benjamin justified or upheld them in this brutal outrage, to the extent of going to war with the other tribes rather than surrender these sons of Belial. These Benjamites had not only done this desperately wicked thing, but they had also become the worshipers of other gods than that of the God of Israel. The war that followed proved very disastrous to the Benjamites, for they were routed, their cities burned, and all who did not succeed in making their escape to the wilderness of Judea to Rimmon, a city apportioned to the tribe of Judah, were slain. Saul

was living at Gibeah when he was anointed king by Samuel, in obedience to the command of the Lord.

Here is where David permitted the murder of the seven sons of Saul. A few miles further on we pass a ruined village with some old pools near by. It is thought this locality answers to the ancient Ataroth-addar, mentioned in Joshua as being on the border of the inheritance of Ephraim.

Twenty-five minutes beyond our present locality brings us to El Bireh. The word means cistern, and owes its name to its abundant supply of water. This is the ancient Beeroth, which has the same meaning, and is one of the cities of the Gibeanites whose messengers went to Joshua, and after pulling the wool over his eyes most beautifully made a league or treaty of peace with him. These original inhabitants, however, left this part of the country and fled to Gittanin, and this city, Beeroth, was included in the inheritance of Benjamin. This village now contains about eight hundred inhabitants. Not far from the village is an excellent spring of water, with some remains of ancient reservoirs. There is a tradition handed down from the 16th century that this is the place were Joseph and Mary discovered that Jesus was not in the company of those who had been to the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem.

Jesus at this time was twelve years old. His parents, supposing he was with some of their relatives, went "a day's journey," which is really but a short distance when it is considered that women and children had to walk up and down those hills and along such roads or stony paths as I have described. I have heard some people marvel at this occurrence, and even go so far as to say that it was an evidence to them that his par-

ents placed but little confidence in the predictions which had been made concerning him

I see nothing in this circumstance, however, to justify any such inference. I have no doubt but that Joseph and Mary treated the boy Jesus just as their relatives and neighbors treated their boys of the same age. It is evident, from the relation of this circumstance as given in the scriptures, that his parents, no matter what convictions may have been entertained by them as to the fulfillment of prophecies and predictions relating to his peculiar mission, were not expecting him to begin his mission, nor to show any extraordinary powers of mind at the age he then was. For the scriptures say when they found him (after a three days' search) in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors asking and answering questions, that they, as was every one, were amazed and astonished at his understanding and his answers. And when his mother informed him that they had sought him sorrowing, he asked her if she knew not he must be about his father's business. No, she didn't, nor did she at that time comprehend him. "But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart."

I am sure there was never a day nor an hour in this mother's life from the time she was visited by the angel and was told that she should give birth to a son, and that she should call his name "Jesus," that he "should be great;" that "he should be called the Son of the Highest;" that the Lord God would give unto him the throne of his father, David, etc., etc.; I repeat, I have no idea that there ever arose in the mind of this mother from that good hour to the day of her death, a doubt as to the final fulfillment of all the precious

promises made her in regard to the mission of her son.

This our first day on the road to Damascus we find our tent pitched and lunch spread on the site of old Bethel, now an Arab village on the hill-side, surrounded with fig and almond orchards. From Jerusalem out as far as Bethel the Judean hills are barren, rocky and almost wholly destitute of verdure.

As we feel somewhat refreshed, now that we have finished our luncheon, we will talk of the old Bethel which stood here long before the days of the Savior.

It was first called Luz. When Abram first came down through this country he stopped on a mountain east of here between this place and Ai, where he built the second altar ever erected to the Lord in this land of Canaan.

About 3,650 years ago we are told his grandson Jacob, at the suggestion of Rebecca, his mother, deceived his old father Isaac when he was old and blind, and by deception obtained the blessing which Isaac thought he was bestowing upon Esau, his first born, by which he incurred the-ill will of his brother Esau. Esau was not to blame for cherishing hard feelings against Jacob, for this was not the first time he had treated him unkindly. On another occasion prior to this Esau was very ill and thought he was going to die. Jacob, taking advantage of his condition, bought his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Rebecca persuaded Isaac to send Jacob to Laban, her brother, who lived at Padanaram, to prevent him from marrying the daughters of the land. Jacob, in obedience to the request of his father and mother, left Beer-sheba and went towards Haran.

"And alighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night because the sun was set. And he took up the stones of that place and put them for his pillow and lay down in that place to sleep." This is the place Jacob lay down to sleep, and the place where he had that wonderful dream or vision. Was it inspiration or revelation? The vision was so impressed upon the mind of Jacob that when he arose he said: "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." And he was afraid and said: "How dreadful is this place; this is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven."

I believe it is conceded that all of our knowledge may be classed as of three kinds — that which we receive through the medium of the senses, that which we perceive inwardly in the mind itself through consciousness, and that which once taken into the mind is worked up by the reflective faculties." From this standpoint where did Jacob get the vision of the ladder, one end of which was resting npon the earth and the other reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending on it?

"And behold the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac. The land whereupon thou lyest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed."

If we regard inspiration as being the sign of inward truth, a truth which is seen within the mind independent of impressions, made upon it by external objects through the medium of the senses, then we must regard the vision of Jacob as an inspiration, for we may be sure Jacob had never seen anything that even resembled this wonderful sight before. God put those grand

and sublime thoughts into his mind and painted the picture on the canvas of his brain, unaided by external objects or the senses. But it is not my intention to discuss these psychological questions, I leave them to those more competent to do justice to them than I am.

We are further told that God promised him during this dreamy night a numerous posterity, and in him should all the families of the earth be blessed. He further promised to keep him in all places he went and to bring him back into Canaan.

Jacob was so fully impressed with the fact that this was no ordinary dream that he took the stones he had used for a pillow and erected an altar for the Lord and poured oil thereon.

Jacob, so far as we have any account of it, never in after life doubted or called in question the vision being of God, and we find that it extended an influence over him in all his after life. From his twelve sons descended the twelve tribes of Israel, God's own peculiar people. This pretty location is all we can now see of this place, but we know we are sitting upon the same ground upon which Jacob was lying when the curtain which hides the upper and better world from our sight was drawn aside by the omnipotent hand of Jehovah, and Jacob was allowed to look into one of the windows of heaven, and see in part the glories of the world to come. In his dream he saw God, whose presence will constitute the brightness and glory of eternity.

While we were seated in the door of our lunch tent, thinking of what is written above, an old Arab beggar went to roost on a stone lying some twenty feet in front of the tent. Brother Wharton suggested that I take his picture, and I did so. I also secured the pic-

ture of some Arab children perched upon a stone fence near which the tent was pitched. That old Ishmaelite doesn't know that such men as Isaac and Jacob ever lived in this country. He thinks Mohammed made this country for his followers, the Ishmaelites.

After the death of King Solomon, Rehoboam was king in his stead. Ten tribes, you remember, revolted and made Jeroboam their king. Rehoboam assembled the army of Judah to make war against Jeroboam to recover his territory. "But the word of the Lord came unto Shemaiah, the man of God, saying that the men of Judah and Benjamin should not go up and fight against their brethren, the children of Israel, but that every man should return to his house; that he (the Lord) had done this thing."

After this, Jeroboam, fearing if the people continued their pilgrimages to Jerusalem to worship that they might be induced by Rehoboam to again consolidate the empire under one king, as it had been administered by his father Solomon, and his grandfather David,—in which event his own life would be sacrificed,—erected two golden calves; one at this point and the other at Dan. Jeroboam then said to the people: "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem to worship; behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Query—Was the calf selected because the bull was worshiped in Egypt—the land of their bondage?

Now, reader, if this old site was occupied by any one or more of these Oriental so-called "christian sects," we would be shown a hole chiseled in a stone hereabout, covered by a cathedral, a hospice, chapel or mosque, and would be told with all the seriousness

of a pharisee that "Here Jeroboam's golden calf was erected," and you would be shown a hole in the stone as proof of the truth of the story.

This religio-political move on the part of Jeroboam didn't pan out altogether as he expected.

He built an house of high places and ordained priests of the lower orders of the people; people who were not of the family of Levi. He also ordained a feast like unto the feast of Judah, and offered sacrifices to the calves, both here at Bethel and at Dan, which latter place was situated on the northern boundary of his kingdom, as Bethel here was on the southern boundary.

After this wily king had arranged everything to his liking, there came a "man of God" out of Judah, sent by the Lord, and, in obedience to his commands, cried against the altars, saying: "O altar, altar! thus sayeth the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born to the house of David, Josiah by name, and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee."

The "man of God" gave them a sign or testimony of his mission, saying: "Behold the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out."

Jeroboam was displeased with this in regard to his altar and stretched forth his hand from the altar, saying: "Lay hold on him;" the hand, however, which he put forth against the "man of God" "dried up so he could not withdraw it." The altar was rent, and the ashes were poured out from the altar.

Now Jeroboam was in a dilemma, and his fondest

anticipations brought to naught. How often in life have we, like Jeroboam, had our dreams of happiness and pleasure rent, and turned to ashes before our eyes.

This "man of God," at the earnest prayer of the king, "Entreated the Lord for the restoration of his hand, which the Lord restored." Jeroboam then entreated the "man of God" to go home with him, and refresh himself and receive a reward for restoring his hand.

Now, hear what this man said to the king, and then see what he did, and we learn over again the lesson taught by Paul when he said: "What I would, that do I not." Paul was a man as we are, and in giving his own experience gives ours.

This man told the king that he had been charged by the word of the Lord to "Eat no bread nor drink water in this place, and not to return by the way he came.'

So when he started back to Judah he went another way. It seems that there was an old prophet living here at that time, and his boys, like all boys, wanted to see and know everything that was transpiring about the village. Having seen what was done and said by the "man of God," went home and told their father about it. The father asked them which way the "man of God" went when he left them, and they told him. The old prophet then told his sons to saddle his donkey, and he went in pursuit of the "man of God," and found him sitting under an oak tree.

The prophet asked him if he was the "man of God" that came from Judah, and he said: "I am." The prophet then asked him to come home with him and eat bread. The "man of God" then repeated to him "what had been charged him by the word of the Lord." Now listen what a lie this old prophet told him. It

would be interesting to know the object this old man had in view, the incentive in his mind which prompted him to manufacture such a plausible yet such a willful, knowing lie.

He says to the "man of God": "I too am a prophet as thou art, and an angel spake unto me the word of the Lord saying: Bring him back with thee into thine house that he may eat bread and drink water." Lying and deceit are bad enough, the Lord knows, but when they are resorted to by men claiming to have been "called of God" for the accomplishment of his purposes among the children of men, it always seemed to me to be tenfold worse as a sin in the sight of God and against his moral government. A sin is a sin, whether perpetrated by one "sent of God" or one not sent. But men view it differently.

The Savior impressed his teachings upon the minds of men by his example, and unless a man's life harmonizes with his teachings his teachings fall to the ground, and he becomes a reproach among men and a blotch upon the fair name of christianity, which he professes to teach. If christianity doesen't make a man truthful and honest it is a failure.

This man of God believed what the old prophet told him and obeyed him instead of God; and while they were sitting at the table eating, the Lord told the old prophet to tell the man of God "that for this act of disobedience, for allowing himself to be thus deceived, that his carcase should not be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers." After they had finished their meal, the old man saddled the donkey of the "man of God," and he went his way, but before he had gotten very far from Bethel a "lion met him by the way and slew

him." Some one passing that way saw the dead man by the way and the lion standing by the corpse, and told the old prophet about it. When he heard it he went and brought the body back on his donkey and buried it in his own sepulchre, and gave order to his sons that when he himself died that they were to bury him in the grave with the bones of the "man of God."

According to bible chronology, three hundred and fifty years after this old "man of God" told Jeroboam's altar that a child should be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name, that would offer upon it the priests of the high places, and burn their bones upon it, we find Josiah, king of Judah, destroying all the high places, cutting down the groves that were before Jerusalem at the right hand of the Mount of Corruption which Solomon builded for Ashtoreth, the abomination of the Zidonians, etc., and breaking in pieces the images and filling their places with the bones of men. I infer from this expression that these localities were used for the burial of the dead, for all the localities mentioned in the scriptures as being occupied by these altars of idolatrous worship around and about Jerusalem are now covered with tombs.

"Moreover, the altar that was at Bethel and the high place which Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, had made, both that altar and the high place he brake down and burned the high place and amped it small to powder and burned the grove."

After Josiah had thus far fulfilled the word spoken by the "man of God," he turned and saw the sepulchres that were there in the mount. He sent and took the bones out of them and burned them upon the altar, and polluted it according to the word of the Lord which

the man of God proclaimed, who proclaimed these words."

While Josiah was seeing this done he saw a tomb with a title or inscription upon it, and he asked what title it was, and was told that it was the sepulchre of the "man of God," and he gave orders that no man disturb them.

"Josiah went on with the good work throughout all Samaria, destroying all the places of idolatrous worship, and did unto them as he had done here at Bethel, and slew their priests that were there upon the altars and burnt men's bones upon them."

Reader, you will not forget that Hiel, who undertook to rebuild Jericho, lived here. The country immediately around Bethel is not as barren and desolate as it is between Bethel and Jerusalem.

After leaving Bethel we had an exceedingly rough road up and down mountain gorges, passing several Arab villages located on the sides or on the tops of the mountains. Wherever we saw a valley or hill-side susceptible of cultivation it was generally planted in either olive, fig, pomegranite or almond trees. We saw some beautiful springs among the mountains.

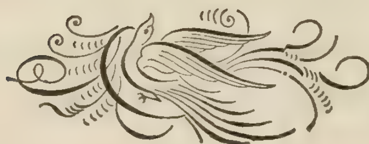
One I well remember. We had been traveling down an exceedingly rough gorge between two mountains, and had reached the narrow floor of a canyon. After riding along this narrow valley bounded by high rock bluffs on each side for a short distance, we came to a fine bold spring gushing out from beneath the rock bluff. All above and around it were streamlets trickling down the base of the cliff. Adjacent are several caverns and the ruins of an old khan or tavern.

This is called the robber spring, and from its

environments it seems to be fitly named. A narrow deep canyon in the midst of mountains with not a habitation in sight seems a fitting resort for a clan of desperadoes, outlaws or thieving Bedouins.

After leaving the rocky spring we ascended a valley running north, and after riding some two or three miles came into a broad, beautiful, well cultivated valley lying mainly to our right. Off to the left, perhaps a mile distant, is an Arab village called Turmus Aya.

Skirting along on the eastern slope of the hills bordering the valley a few miles further on we find our tents pitched on an elevated plateau overlooking the plain, and near an Arab village called Sinjil; and here, after a fatiguing day's journey over as rough paths as I ever traveled before, we propose to spend the night.



CHAPTER XVIII.

UPON getting up early on this the second day of our journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, I saw a sight which shows to what extremity these peasant people of Palestine are driven to eke out a miserable existence, *i. e.*, it would be a miserable existence to a people who had ever known anything better. There were some ten or a dozen half-clad, haggard-looking women and young girls, gathering up with their hands the waste straw, chaff, and excrement of the horses, and carrying it off in flat rush baskets on their heads. This refuse is taken to their homes, worked up together and made into cakes, sundried and used for fuel. This sight was repeated every morning while we were in Palestine.

From Jerusalem, out as far as Bethel, and, indeed, as far as the valley above referred to, is a desolate, rocky, mountainous country. Wherever a narrow valley winds itself among the hills, or wherever a mountain may be seen having a deposit of soil over its stony sides, they are very fertile, and produce luxuriant crops of grain, fruits, etc. This part of Palestine is not as densely populated as it is south of Jerusalem and further north. After a day's ride over these roads, no one complains of a want of appetite or inability to sleep. All eat heartily and sleep soundly.

It is determined before we leave Sinjil to make a digression from the main route, and cross the plain, that we may see the site of the old city of Shiloh. The road crosses the plain in a northeasterly direction. About a

mile from Sinjil we pass and leave to the right, surrounded by fruit trees, the village Turmus Aya. We find this valley admirably cultivated, considering their rude and imperfect agricultural implements. We next ascend a small valley to the north or northeast, and some two miles further on reach the site of this once flourishing city.

This place is easily found and identified from the location of it given in the scriptures which says that Shiloh "is a place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Sechem and on the south of Lebonah." This Lebonah refers to an excellent spring which can be found about a mile in a northerly direction from the site of Shiloh. There is a village there now,and no doubt there was one near the same locality when the above was written.

The city of Shiloh was prettily located on an elevated ridge a little back from the valley. Around the old city the land which is high rolling ridge land is very fertile, and no doubt at one time was in a fine state of cultivation. The majority of Texans, especially those who have been raised on the prairie portion of the state, as a general thing, have erroneous ideas as to the fertility and productiveness of mountain countries. When the mountain sides can be terraced and brought into cultivation they are usually the most productive lands to be found.

All that remains of old Shiloh now is its paved streets, and not many of those can be traced for any distance. On modern pictures of this old site you find an old stone building; this is a modern structure and has no connection or association with the old city.

It was here Joshua divided the land of Palestine between the tribes of Israel, and set up the tabernacle which remained here till the Philistines captured it at Ebenezer when old Eli's two sons Hophni and Phinehas were slain, and the ark carried down to Ashdod. The Lord had told this old priest that these two boys of his should die on the same day, "because they made themselves vile and he restrained them not." If the Lord was to deal with the parents of boys in this day and generation as he did with old Eli, there would be very few boys left in the land, especially about our towns. Here is where little Samuel officiated as a priest when a mere child, supplanting old Eli on account of the meanness of his boys.

This old man Eli was ninety-eight years old and was almost blind, and when the news of the death of his two sons was brought to him by a Benjamite from the battlefield, the old man was sitting by the wayside that he might hear the result of the battle. For we are told his heart trembled, not for the welfare of his sons, but for the ark of God. He sat still while being told of the death of his sons, but when he heard the ark was taken he fell from his seat and broke his neck and died.

While the ark of the Lord was at Shiloh, *i. e.*, during the period of the Judges, they had a yearly "feast of the Lord" and a dance, and the Benjamites came here and laid in wait, and when the young ladies of Shiloh came out to have their dance the Benjamites seized every man his girl for a wife, and carried them to the land of Benjamin; all the women of their tribe having been killed when their country was overrun

and destroyed on account of their refusal to deliver the sons of Belial at Gibeah, as hereinbefore related.

After the ark of God was captured and carried off from this place it began to decline and soon came to naught. When one of the prophets was foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, how thoroughly it should be demolished, he uses these words: "Therefore will I do unto this house which is called by my name wherein ye trust, and unto the place which I gave you, and to your fathers as I have done to Shiloh." And again the same prophet says: "Then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth."

Now, reader, as you sit with me on our horses in the streets of this once beautiful city of Shiloh, look around you over its old site and ask yourself the question, could its destruction be more complete? So was Jerusalem after the siege by Titus.

After leaving the site of Shiloh and passing out of the valley we again ascend one of the high hills of Ephraim, from the summit of which, to the far north, old snow-covered Hermon came in view. From the top of this mountain we could also see the great valley of Esdraelon, framed, as it were, by the mountains of Samaria. Before us rise Ebal and Gerizim, the mounts of cursing and blessing.

In descending the hill to the valley below I won't say we traveled over a bad road, for there was no road, and had we been without a guide I am sure we never would have attempted to make our way down those rocky steeps as we did. It looked like a break-neck business floundering down those steep hill-sides, but

our Arab ponies were sure-footed and carried us down without accident.

At the foot of the hills we enter the valley of Makhna. Now, reader, don't complain of these Arabian names, for I do not use them when I have any other. In some instances, however, we have to use them, as we have no others given us. The Arabians use a great many more letters in spelling words than is necessary. In the word above, for instances the "h" is superfluous and silent. The word is pronounced "mak-na." I think the boy who spelled coffee "kaughphy" was an Arab boy, and spelled after the style of his people.

We travel along the foot of the hills which bound the above named valley on the west, and after going some two or three miles find our lunch tent pitched at Jacob's well, in the valley and near the northeast declivity of Mt. Gerizim.

Now, reader, don't find fault with me for relating the incidents mentioned in the scriptures connected with or as having occurred at the places mentioned on my journey through this old bible land. For, while they may be perfectly familiar to you, there may be some readers of these pages to whom they are not, and to them a description of these localities, and a relation of some of the incidents which occurred at them, may become associated in their minds in such manner as to enable them to remember and localize many incidents related in the scriptures which they might not be able otherwise to do.

Now here we are at Jacob's well, an imaginary picture of which, doubtless, has been formed in the mind of every bible reader. I will now endeavor to give

you a pen picture of its location the best I can, hoping you may be enabled to fix it in your mind satisfactorily to yourself.

In approaching the location of this celebrated well, we skirt along the side of Mt. Gerizim on our left. When opposite the well we turn at a right angle to the right and go down the slope of the mountain to the floor of the valley. The well is located some fifty or one hundred yards from the foot of the mountain in the valley. An arm of the valley here runs west between Mt. Gerizim and Mt. Ebal. The well is situated near where this valley, called "the valley of Nablaus," unites with the main valley of Makhna which spreads out to the north and east into an extensive plain. To the left or west of the well is Mt. Gerizim. To the north west on the opposite side of the valley of Nablaus is Mt. Ebal. At the foot of Ebal is the modern reputed tomb of Joseph covered by a small rock house, I think the tomb of Joseph, like that of Moses, however, is unknown even to the present day. "And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." And we read further, "That Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt," but it is not told us where he was buried. And I am of the opinion that could the mummified body of Joseph be found and unwrapped important and wonderful revelations would be brought to light.

There was at one time a small stone house erected over the well, but this has fallen down, and the stones of which it was built are now lying in a heap around

the mouth of the well to the height of some three or four feet.

Near the well and southwest of it are the remains of an old church which was standing at the beginning of the 5th century, but had been destroyed by the time of the Crusaders. The debris of this old church forms quite a mound near the well. The well is curbed with stone and was formerly seventy-five feet deep. Visitors have thrown stone in it until its bottom has been raised some six or eight feet. It is seven and a half feet in diameter and has water in it except in the midst of the long dry summer months. Jews, Christians and Mohammedans all unite in pronouncing this Jacob's well.

When Jacob left old Laban's, his father-in-law's house, in the land of Padan Aran, and made his way back to Palestine, he did a good thing, for his old uncle Laban was trying in every way possible to swindle him out of his honestly earned wages. Jacob had been with him twenty years, and had worked for him and attended his flocks on the shares, during all which time his uncle required Jacob to bear all the losses. If any of the sheep or goats were stolen by day or night, or torn by wild beasts, old Laban required Jacob to make good his part of the loss. Because the Lord prospered Jacob the old scamp changed his contract with him ten times. Jacob worked fourteen years for Rachael, his wife. I don't think there would be much marrying these days, if the young men were required to put in seven years of good honest work for the "old man," as the father is usually called before getting the girl, especially that class of them who in these modern days are styled "dudes." The only difference between a

"dude" and a dummy, that I can discover, is that the "dudines" fancy the "dudes" and they don't the dummy. I think the difference, however, more imaginary than real, all that either of them is fit for is a clothier's sign.

Things are changed around considerable since Jacob's times. The "old man" has in many instances, at least in these days, to work for his son-in-law, and is expected to set him up in the world and give him a start, and a big start at that, or there's a fuss in the family. The "old man" is said to be "selfish" and "stingy," and the young wife cries, has hysterics, and says pa doesn't love her, and so it goes. Quite a change in customs since Jacob's times, isn't there?

We learn that Jacob bought a parcel of ground here from the sons of Hamor for an hundred pieces of silver, and this land afterwards became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.

We read of this place, that Jesus, having left Judea and going up to Galilee on one occasion, "cometh to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." "Now, Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, being wearied, took a seat on the well, and while sitting there a woman of Samaria came to draw water, and Jesus asked her for a drink. The woman, seeing he was a Jew, was surprised and responded: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, asketh a drink of me, which am a Samaritan?" At that time Samaria was inhabited by a people sent into it by the king of Syria that were not Jews, and the Jews and Samaritans had no dealings. Jesus told her "If she knew the gift of God and who it was that asked for a drink she would have asked

him and he would have given her living water." This expression of our Lord's is in harmony with an expression used by Isaiah seven hundred years before the birth of Christ: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Quite a conversation occurred between this woman and the Savior, in which he told her of her former life, thus convincing her he was no ordinary man. After which he laid before her and his disciples not only the way of life and salvation, but that God was a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. This woman was so forcibly impressed with what the Savior told her that she left her water-pot and went her way into the city and said to the men: "Come and see a man who told me all things I ever did. Is not this the Christ?" Many went, and many were convinced from his teachings that he was indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world. Jesus, at the earnest solicitation of the people, remained with them two days, and we are told many more believed because of his word.

You remember an occurrence which took place at this old city of Shechem which is now located a couple of miles west of Jacob's well in the valley leading off to our left, between the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal, called the valley of Nablaus. It is related that Jacob's sons, in revenge for an outrage done their sister Dinah by Shechem, son of Hamor, slew all the men of the city with a sword, and spoiled the city. After this happened, Jacob became alarmed, fearing the people to avenge the slaughter done by his sons would unite and destroy him and his family. "He told his sons, Simeon and Levi, that they had troubled him and in

consequence of this act of theirs the inhabitants of the land would despise him and would slay him and his house."

In this emergency God told him to go to Bethel and dwell there, and make an altar unto God who appeared unto him when he fled from Esau his brother. Before starting Jacob told his family, *i.e.*, all that were with him, to put away all the strange gods that were among them, and be clean and change their garments. Now, reader, as we near the town of Nablaus you will notice some thirty or forty yards to the left of the road a small rock house which is said to cover the spot where Jacob hid these gods.

The scriptures say he took all the strange gods, and all the ear-rings that were in their ears, and hid them under an oak which was by Shechem. Somebody has erected a small stone building over the place where it is said this tree was standing under which old Jacob (whose name God changed to Israel) buried these household gods and ear-rings. I think, however, this house covers some tombs as well, as tourists are not permitted to enter it.

This valley of Nablaus or Nabulus is finely watered; the brook from one of the springs flowing down near Jacob's well, turning south before reaching the well, flows between the well and the foot of Gerizim.

All being ready, we mount our horses and ride up the Nablaus valley to Shechem, having Gerizim on our left and Ebal on our right. The valley is narrow, but well set in olives and fruit trees. As we ride up the valley we pass a chapel where it is said forty Jewish prophets are buried, and where the pillar of Abimelech once stood. "When the men of Shechem gathered

together and made Abimelech king by the plain of the pillar that was in Shechem." For this they had a lively time at this place for awhile, but finally this usurper Abimelech was killed, and peace reigned once more in Shechem. Before starting we learned that the remnant of the Samaritans were in camp on the top of Gerizim, celebrating the Feast of the Passover. So before reaching the town we turned (under the direction of a guide) to the left and began the ascent of this high mountain, whose top is twenty-eight hundred and fifty feet above sea level.

It requires an hour to reach the summit of this old mountain of Ephraim, which stands as one of the many monuments found in the Holy Land testifying to the truth of the history of this old land as given in the scriptures. The ascent is made by a narrow, crooked path, winding around great boulders, first in one direction, and then in another, till finally we reach the top and see spread out before us the tents of the Samaritans.

As we approach the tents we are surrounded by boys, each offering to hold our horses while we take a stroll around the encampment. These people are of medium size, light yellow or rather orange complexion, well-featured, resembling the Bethlehemites. Their women were dressed as neat and tidy as their extreme poverty allow. Some of them wore ornaments of earrings and necklaces and other showy trinkets.

They had slain, cooked and eaten the pascal lamb, in strict accordance with the requirements of the Mosaic law, the blood of the slain lamb having been sprinkled on the sides and over the doors of the tent. This scene was one of peculiar interest to me at the time, as I had just come from the land of Egypt, and

having so recently passed through the land of Goshen, in which the Israelites lived and where they were sorely oppressed, the land from which went up their piteous cries to the God of heaven, having so recently stood where Moses and Aaron stood when carrying out under God's direction their grand mission of deliverance when, among other plagues sent upon the land of Egypt and its hardened monarch, the angel of death visited every household and robbed every Egyptian family of its first born, from the household of Pharaoh to that of the humblest peasant in the land; having just passed through the land where this feast of the passover was instituted more than three thousand years ago, in commemoration of the special protection and preservation of the children of his own peculiar people on that fatal night when the cries and mournings of the bereaved Egyptians went up from every household.

I was standing in the midst of a remnant of this people while they were celebrating this ancient feast, instituted and inaugurated by God himself in the land of Egypt, to be perpetuated by them as a nation and as a people.

What a forcible and beautiful type of the efficacy of the blood of the Lamb of God, that saves from sin and the wages of sin, which is death.

To me this was a wonderful experience, an experience which I can never forget. The whole picture, as it was impressed upon my mind that evening as I looked upon the circle of white tents of this remnant of the Samaritans, performing a duty which God required of them and which they had faithfully per-



Amran, High Priest of the Samaritans.

formed through all these centuries, interested me beyond measure.

There are now only about one hundred and fifty of the Samaritans living. Their high priest, "Amran," was very cordial in his greeting and seemed not only glad to meet us, but was anxious to interest us in his people. In the twelfth century Benjamin, of Judea, found about one thousand adherents of the sect of the Samaritans at this place. At that period there were also a few of them at Ascalon, Caesarea and Damascus. We learned that there were now only some forty or fifty families in all, and that their numbers were constantly decreasing. They live here in a distinct quarter of the town to themselves. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn something of the religious views and practices of this old sect that seems to be gradually fading from the earth. Not many years hence they will be spoken of as a people who once lived in Palestine, but who have now passed away with the flight of time.

The Samaritans are strict monotheists, and abhor all images and all expressions whereby human attributes are ascribed to God. They believe in good and evil spirits, in a resurrection and last judgment. They expect a Messiah to appear six thousand years after the creation of the world, but they do not think he will be greater than Moses. Of the Old Testament they possess the Pentateuch only. They claim that the copy they have is one of five made by the grandson of Aaron. Three times a year, that is, at the Feast of Unleavened Bread, the Feast of Weeks,and the Feast of the Passover, they pitch their tents on Mt. Gerizim and celebrate these feasts. "While they celebrate all the Mosaic

festivals, it is only at the Feast of the Passover that they offer sacrifices." If a Samaritan dies, his nearest akin, but not his brother, as prescribed in the book of Leviticus, is bound to marry his widow. Bigamy is prohibited unless the first wife be childless.

The summit of Mt. Gerizim consists of a large plateau extending north and south. At the north end we find the fallen down remains of what was once a large stone building or castle. It is thought this immense castle which encloses a large area, with walls from five to ten feet in thickness, composed of hewn stone, was erected during the time of Justinian, *i. e.*, during the 6th century. A little below the castle walls to the south, some massive substructions are shown as the stones of the altar which Joshua is said to have erected here. The scriptures, however, locate this altar on Mt. Ebal, on the opposite side of the valley. The scriptures read as follows: "Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mt. Ebal," and this is the place, *i. e.*, Mt. Ebal, where Moses commanded the children before crossing the Jordan, that they should build this altar, and he told them that it should be made of whole stone, that they should not lift any tool of iron upon them, that it should be plastered, and that they should write upon them "All the words of this law," the law he was then giving them.

The whole surface of the plateau on Gerizim seems to have been at one time covered with buildings. We find portions of walls, cisterns and here and there pavements, running in different directions, all of which indicate that a town or city covered the plateau at one time.

I think it reasonable to conclude that when Abram

passed through Shechem and erected an altar there or near there, the city stood upon the heights of Gerizim. In those olden days cities were built upon the highest hills or mountains, as they were much more easily defended than when in a valley. We find when Rome was built it was placed on the summits of her seven hills, Athens upon the Acropolis, Corinth was on an acropolis. Jebus was thought to be impregnable by the Jebusites on account of its location. I might mention many others if necessary. The Romans seldom moved the site of a city taken by conquest, and it may be that much of the ruins now seen upon Gerizim reach no farther back than to the Roman occupation of Palestine.

Near the center of the plateau the Samaritans point out a projecting stone as having once been the site of the altar of their temple.

From the top of this mountain we see, looking east, the mountains of Gilead in the distance; looking north, old Hermon; westward, the hills and valleys slope away to the blue band of the distant Mediterranean.

Mt. Ebal is a higher mountain than Gerizim, it being 2,986 feet above sea level. Its ascent is even more difficult than Gerizim. A fine view is said to be obtained from its summit. I did not go upon Ebal, as up and down Gerizim satisfied me, as it did our company, for one day at least. These are the two mountains from which Moses commanded that the curses and blessings should be read to the children of Israel, which was done as he commanded.

On a hill to the north of Ebal once laid the city of Tirzah. We read that in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Asa king of Judah, Elah the son of Baasha,

began to reign over Israel in Tirzah. We are further told that before he had enjoyed his royal honors long, his servant, Zimri, who was captain of half his chariots, concluded that he would like to be king over Israel him self for a while. Let me say just here, if Elah had lived in this the 19th century A. D. instead of the 10th century B. C., one would conclude that he had perhaps traveled over America and contracted some one or more of our American habits, for it is said Zimri found him in the house of the steward (of his own house) in Tirzah drinking himself drunk, and killed him and reigned in his stead.

Some reader of these pages may think and say that I am saying a hard thing of my own countrymen, and casting an unjust reflection upon them as a people. In answer to this I will say, this but accords with our reputation. I am the last man in the world that would rob my countrymen of their well-earned reputation. I believe we are regarded as a proud, independent, intelligent, law-abiding, fun-loving, whisky-drinking people. In justification of the above remark I will say, I see in my own city of fifteen thousand inhabitants more whisky-drinking in one month than I saw in four months of travel in foreign countries. In fact, during all my travels in those distant lands I never saw a single man under the influence of intoxicants until I reached London on my return; notwithstanding, I was on three continents, and among people who are regarded as heathens.

Nabulus, or Nablaus, has a population of ten or twelve thousand. There are about six hundred orthodox Greeks, a few Jews, some one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty Samaritans, also a few Latins and

Protestants, but the bulk of the population are Arabs, and Mohammedans of course. The environs of this place are "beautifully green and extremely fertile," and finely watered. Large, fine, bold springs may be seen in every direction bursting out from beneath the adjacent mountains. Beautiful streams of water run through all the streets. Nabulus boasts of twenty-two soap manufactories. It is manufactured *alone* for exportation, however, none being reserved for home consumption. I think this people have a hereditary aversion to soap and water. Or it may be that, like some of our christian sects, they have religious scruples in regard to the use of too much water. My intercourse with these Arabs convinces me that in one regard they are like another christian sect quite numerous in our own country, in this, they don't like for any one (especially strangers) to eat and drink with them. They esteem it exclusively a family or church privilege.

In the eastern part of the town we entered a mosque which was originally a church of the Crusaders dedicated to St. John, and probably afterwards belonged to the Knights of St. John.

On the southeast side of the town is another mosque, which is said to stand on the spot where Joseph's coat was brought by his brethren to their father Jacob The Samaritans have a synagogue here and perform their religious services in the Samaritan dialect. The office of high priest is hereditary, and the present high priest, Amran, claims to be a descendant of the tribe of Levi. The copy of the Pentateuch which these Samaratins have is certainly a very ancient document; it is kept in a tin or metal box and is never taken out except it be placed behind a curtain, and when taken

out all press forward to kiss it. We had in our company a lad some twelve or fourteen years old who went behind the curtain to see it. Amran said he was the first child or lad that was ever permitted to see it. Some one of the company asked the high priest if it was written in Hebrew? He rather indignantly replied, "No, it is written in the language of Moses." I am pretty sure if Moses claimed any language as peculiarly his own, it was the Hebrew, for by birth he was a Hebrew. It is true he was raised in Egypt and educated with Rameses II, perhaps at Heliopolis, and of course was familiar with the Egyptian language. We also know that he was familiar with the Greek and Roman, and perhaps other languages. I imagine, how ever, that this copy of the Pentateuch was written in Hebrew, Amran to the contrary notwithstanding.

The ruins of the old city of Samaria lie some six or eight miles northwest of Nabulus. The road runs along the eastern border of a lovely valley, at the foot of the hills which bound the valley on the east. Now and then we cross over a spur of the hills which project into the valley. Villages are more numerous in this part of the country. The peasants live in villages and till the valley lands. We daily meet these tillers of the soil, either going to or returning from their farms. They lash their long-beam one-handle plows on the back of the donkeys and walk behind them, never in front. You can drive a donkey, but you can't lead him. The donkey is very unlike the human kind in this respect. Both men and women can be led, but not driven. One of the most dominant, as well as one of the most unexceptionable characteristics of the whole donkey family, whether they have two or four legs, is stubbornness.



Returning from the Field.

We see no fences or farmhouses here, no barns or outhouses, no gardens. Around some of the villages we find the orchards enclosed with cactus hedges, or stone fences. The houses in which these people live are miserable substitutes for residences; low, squatty, filthy pens made of sun dried brick, sod, or rough piled stone, roofed in with straw, or old mats, or sorghum stalks, arranged so as to leave a hole in the center for the smoke to go through.

When we ride through the narrow, filthy alleys of one of these Arab villages, old women, children and dogs come pouring out of these dens by the scores. The women, filthy, ragged and haggard; the children, with filth encrusted on their faces, unkempt, uncombed, half-naked, and mangy dogs, all inhabit the same one-room dwelling.

Now, this is not an overdrawn or exaggerated picture of the peasants, their houses and their mode of living. It is just what we see in every Arab village, both in Egypt and throughout all Palestine. These are the people who occupy the country given to Abraham and his posterity, a country of untold resources, a picturesque country, a country susceptible of being made an earthly paradise; indeed, a country abounding in fertile valleys, rich rolling ridges, extensive plateaus, and mountain sides unsurpassed for fertility, abundant water power, and springs of pure cold water on every side.

Man could wish for no more desirable country than this. I know of no country with more natural resources and facilities for man's habitation than Palestine.

Zimri, having killed Elah, king of the northern empire, and having burned the king's palace, Omri,

his successor, purchased a hill from one Shemer, and erected upon it a residence for himself which he called Shomeron, or Samaria, after the prior owner of the hill. Omri had reigned over Israel six years before he purchased this hill, and his reign extended six years longer. After his death Ahab, his son, became king over Israel.

We have reason to infer, from the writings of Isaiah, that this part of the northern empire was for a long time the center of idolatrous worship. This writer says: "And all the people shall know, even Ephraim and the inhabitants of Samaria, that in the pride and stoutness of heart, the bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stone. The sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars. Therefore, the Lord shall set up the adversaries of Rezin against him and join his enemies together, the Syrians before, and the Philistines behind, and they shall devour Israel with open mouth."

Samaria continued to be the capital of the northern empire until 722 B. C. This fact is learned from Assyrian monuments, at which time it was besieged three years by Sargon, king of Assyria, 722 to 725 B. C., and finally taken and destroyed. We find it, however, rebuilt and a strongly fortified city, in the time of Maccabees. We learn that it was again beseiged for a year, captured and destroyed by Hyrcanus, son of Simon Maccabeus, a high priest of the Jews.

Pompey included Samaria in the province of Syria. It was then rebuilt and presented by Augustus to

Herod the Great, who caused it to be handsomely rebuilt and fortified.

Samaria was built upon an isolated hill standing alone in an extensive valley, rising fifteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, and six hundred above the surrounding valley. This hill is about a mile long and about half that in width, and you have but to ride over and around it to learn that at one time it was terraced from bottom to top and covered with palaces, temples and other magnificent buildings.

On the south side we find either standing or lying on the ground where they once stood a row of stone columns sixteen feet high without their capitols, extending a thousand yards in length, sweeping with a gradual curve the base of the hill. As we ride along by the side of these columns we reach, at the west extremity of the hill, the site of the gate of the city, where it is said the four lepers on entering the gate said, one to another: "Why sit here until we die?" Ben-hadad, king of Syria, had the city besieged until the inhabitants were starving. It is said in the scriptures of that time that the women were killing their children and cooking them for food, and that a donkey's head sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and a cob of dove's dung for five pieces of silver. This last was a cheap article of food, and called "dove's dung" from its resemblance to the excrement of the dove.

These lepers concluded that if they went into the city they would die, and if they stayed outside the gate they could but die, so they concluded to go into the camp of the Syrians, saying that they could but be killed, and if theSyrians didn't kill them that they could perhaps get something to eat. When they reached the uttermost

part of the encampment they found not a man, "for the Lord had made the Syrians to hear a noise like the advance of a mighty army of chariots and horses," etc. And the whole army fled, leaving their tents, horses, donkeys, commissary stores, and all their camping outfit.

These lepers were in good luck that time. Elijan had told the king's messengers that on the morrow a measure of fine flour should be sold for a sheckle, and two measures of barley for a sheckle in the gate of the city. I think the walls of the city have been rebuilt from time to time on the same old foundation without much change, and the gate in all probability has retained its ancient location.

But I must finish my pen picture of the site of Samaria. As I have before stated, this hill is fifteen hundred and fifty-four feet above the sea level, and the plateau on the top is six hundred feet above the magnificent fertile valley which is spread out before it in all directions, except on the east. The east end is narrow and connects this hill with the hills on the east by a low, narrow ridge. The hill is oval in shape and covers an area of ground equal to three hundred or three hundred and fifty acres of land. It is terraced up in such manner as to give more building room than could be otherwise obtained.

I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful location for a small city than this. In every direction except on the east it could be seen for miles looking like a castle in the air. It must have presented a grand and beautiful appearance after having been built up and ornamented by Herod.

The valley on the northeast of the hill is much lower

than it is on the south and the west and southwest. At the northern side of the hill stood the palace of Herod on a large terraced plateau. The whole plateau, which is some five or six acres in area, is now covered with broken columns and other remains of the immense stone castle which ornamented this site. There is no spring or fountain on the hill, and during the long sieges which its inhabitants have endured from time to time they must have been supplied with water from cisterns. Southeast of Samaria a short distance is a fine spring, and a little farther on in the same direction is a brook coming into the valley from the hills. The inhabitants would be cut off from these, however, by a besieging army.

It has been suggested, and I think with good reason, that as Samaria was a celebrated place a thousand years before Herod's time, he used the material which he found there for the buildings he caused to be erected. On the top of the hill is a level plat of land and here may be found a group of sixteen large columns, some standing, others fallen down. It is thought that the great temple of Baal stood here.

The most important building or ancient edifice at Samaria at this time is the half ruined church of St. John. It is now converted into a Mohammedan mosque.

There is a tradition, first mentioned by St. Jerome, that St. John the Baptist was buried here. This church, judging from the style of architecture, was evidently built by the Crusaders. Obadiah, the governor of Ahab's house, is also said to be buried at this church. I think it is very probable that Obadiah was buried in Samaria or somewhere in the vicinity of it. It is also

said to be the resting-place of Elisha. At the west extremity of the hill is a large level plat of ground supported by a terrace. Upon this spot of ground stands a dozen or more handsome columns. Here probably stood the temple which Herod the Great is said to have erected in honor of Augustus. Ahab had an ivory palace at Samaria, and also a palace at Jezreel.

Just before we reached the ruins of this old city we crossed over a ridge of land which projected from the hills on our right into the valley. This is pointed out as the vineyard which belonged to Naboth (it is said to have embraced that gravelly ridge of land) which old Ahab coveted, and because Naboth wouldn't exchange it with him nor sell it to him he went to bed and turned his face to the wall and refused to eat bread. Jezebel, seeing him so sad, asked him what troubled him, and he told her. Jezebel (his wife) told Ahab to get up and eat, and let his heart be merry. "I'll give you Naboth's vineyard," she said. A mean thing that a mean woman can't do just can't be done, that's all.

God made women better than men and constituted them by nature to occupy a more elevated plane of moral purity. But when one topples off this higher plane and begins to sink, the depths of degradation to which she descends is marvellous. This woman was totally destitute of every virtue which characterizes the female sex. And yet civilized lands furnish a per cent. (I won't say a large per cent., for I can't think the per cent. large) of just such characters.

See how this old virago went to work to steal this poor man's vineyard. She wrote letters and forged Ahab's name to them and used his royal seal, and sent

them to the nobles and elders of the city in which Naboth lived, and instructed them to proclaim a fast and set Naboth on high among the people, and put two sons of Belial before him to bear witness against him, that is, to accuse him of blaspheming God and the king, "and for this, take him out and stone him to death."

Now, reader, you may think this old murderess the basest woman that ever lived, but not so. There are many Jezebels in the world now. From my observation in the world I regard women as being far better than men, but a real dog mean woman is meaner than old Nick himself.

We learn that Ahab's minions, these elders and nobles, did as Mrs. Ahab wrote them and killed Naboth and sent *her* word. We know from this that they knew the letters were forgeries. They knew also that old Ahab dared not call his hat his own, and more, that she would protect them from harm in taking the life of this innocent man. But see how the matter turned out. Stolen property never does the thief much good. The Lord sent Elijah up that way and told him to go and "meet Ahab, king of Israel, which is in Samaria; you will find him in the vineyard of Naboth, the Jezrelite. Speak to him and say, Thus sayeth the Lord, Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" I imagine that sounded like thunder to this old thief. "And say further that in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick your blood, even yours." I wonder how the old fellow felt just then? It would be in keeping with such a man to curse his wife for doing what he wanted her to do, and what he knew she was doing when she did it, because their

plot of murder and robbery did not pan out well in the end. When this "thus sayeth the Lord" sounded in his ears he said to Elijah: "Hast thou then found me, O mine enemy?" Elijah answered: "I have found thee, and I will bring evil upon thee and thy posterity and make thy house like the house of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, and Baasha, and as for your wife Jezebel, the dogs shall eat her by the wall of Jezreel."

Sad ending this. A king and queen to be ignominiously slain and eaten by dogs as a public condemnation by the creator of their miserable, wicked, misspent lives.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The predictions of Elijah in regard to the death of this wicked king and Jezebel were literally fulfilled. Ahab was wounded in battle and brought to Samaria, where he died and was buried. When the blood was being washed out of his chariot the dogs licked up his blood. And Jezebel was thrown from the window of her house in Jezreel, by order of Jehu, and her flesh eaten by the dogs. Their wicked lives ended as had been predicted by the prophet of the Lord.

It was here that Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, came and brought a letter to Jehoram, king of Israel, from the king of Syria, requesting him to cure him of leprosy. When Jehoram read the letter he rent his clothes and said: "Am I God to kill and to make alive that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Jehoram concluded that the king of Syria was seeking a quarrel with him.

When Elisha heard that the king had rent his clothes he sent word to the king to send the man to him, that

he would let him know that there was a prophet in Israel.

It appears that Elisha was living at Samaria at this time, "And Naaman had his chariot driven to the door of Elisha's house."

Naaman expected Elisha to come out of his house and stand and call upon the name of the Lord his God. Instead of toadying to this man's self-esteem, however, Elisha sent a messenger to him telling him to go and wash in Jordan seven times, and his flesh should come again and he should be clean." Naaman became angry at this and said: "Are not the Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage. Naaman's servant asked him if the prophet had told him to do some great thing would he not have done it? "How much rather then when he told you to wash and be clean?"

Naaman acted very honorably about the matter however, for he went down and did as Elisha bid him, and when he found himself cured he came back and stood before Elisha and told him: "Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel."

Naaman then offered to pay Elisha for curing him. Now, reader, it isn't every one that feels as grateful for services rendered as this man did; doctors know this. Elisha, however, refused to accept his presents. But Gehazi, his servant, couldn't resist the temptation of securing something for himself. So he ran after Naaman's chariot, and when he came up with him he told a lie to get Naaman to give him money and clothing. When he returned Elisha made him a leper as a

punishment for his lying and dishonorable conduct on this occasion.

We learn from the scriptures that on one occasion Philip came up to this city of Samaria and preached Christ to the people.

After looking over the ruins of this ancient capital of Israel, we rode across the hills and valleys in a northeasterly direction, and about mid-day reached our lunch tent pitched near the site of old Dothan. Samaria, it will be remembered, is some five or six miles from Shechem, and Dothan about the same distance from Samaria.



CHAPTER XIX.

ALL this portion of Palestine is a perfect network of hills and vales covered with groves of flourishing olive trees, interspersed with orchards of apricot, almond and fig. It is not only a pretty country, but exceedingly fertile and well watered. Admit that many of the bold springs which we are passing every half mile or mile dry up in summer, as is stated by some writers, still we find cisterns and pools near and along the course of the brooks into which the flowing streams can be, and no doubt are, conducted to be filled before the droughty season sets in. These cisterns and pools are numerous, and supply the people and their flocks with an abundance of water during the summer and autumn.

Dothan was located on a beautiful hill, at the foot of which is a fine bold spring. Like most of the sites of these old scriptural towns, it is now occupied by the miserable little rugged huts of the Arab farmers.

Elisha, it appears, was residing here on that memorable occasion, when the king of Syria came down into Canaan with a large army, to make war on Israel. We read "that the king of Syria warred against Israel and took council with his servants as to where he should camp from time to time." I understand from the reading that the king counciled with his servants, or perhaps the commanders of the divisions of his army, at what localities or places they might expect to find the king of Israel and his army and give him battle, or

to get their opinion as to which were the most favorable strategic points to engage the enemy.

Elisha having informed the king of Israel of the various moves and intentions or expectations of the king of Syria, he was enabled thereby to evade him and to thwart his purposes at every turn. The king of Israel saved himself on several occasions by the information thus furnished by the prophet.

It became apparent to the king of Syria that some one was informing the king of Israel of his movements. And he thought it likely that it was some one connected with his own army, *i. e.*, that there was a spy in his camp.

The king was sorely troubled about the matter and therefore called his servants and said to them: "Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel?" One of his servants answered and said: "None, my Lord, O king, but Elisha, the prophet, that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speaketh in thy bed-chamber."

The king then commanded that they go and spy out where Elisha was that he might send and capture him.

The king was informed that he was at Dothan. He therefore sent horses and chariots "and a great host," and they came here by night and surrounded the city.

When Elisha's servant was risen early the next morning and went out of the house, he discovered that the city was surrounded with a great host, including horses and chariots. The servant went in and said to Elisha, his master: "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" The servant thought they were done for. Elisha answered the servant and told him "that they that be for us are more than they that be for them."

The prophet then prayed that the Lord might open the eyes of the servant that he might see. The Lord opened the eyes of the young man in answer to Elisha's prayer. "And behold the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire around about Elisha."

When the Syrian army moved down to where Elisha was, he prayed unto the Lord that he would smite them with blindness. "And he smote them with blindness, according to the word of Elisha."

Then Elisha said unto them: "This is not the way, neither is this the city. Follow me and I will bring ye to the man ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." When Elisha led them into the city, I imagine he ordered the gate shut behind them. He then said: "Lord, open their eyes that they may see;" and when the Lord opened their eyes they saw they were in the midst of Samaria.

I have often wondered what those Syrians thought and said when they saw the trap the prophet had led them into, and how nicely they were caught. No doubt but they thought they would be put to death to the last man, and I imagine they were even more surprised when Elisha refused to let the king of Israel smite them, but instead ordered that they be fed and sent back to their master.

Now, reader, in coming up from Samaria to-day we traveled along the road which this blinded army, led by this great man of God, must have traveled. Was there ever such another march in the world's history? A great host with horses and chariots, with God's hand over their eyes, feeling their way as they went, going they knew not whither, "having eyes yet they see not."

In coming along this road we see at the southwest corner of the plain, on an isolated hill, the Arab village Sanur. We learn the inhabitants are fanatical and ever ready to insult and maltreat visitors, so we gave it the go-bye. Jeba is another large village strongly located on the brow of the mountain.

Dothan seems to be surrounded by villages, which can be seen standing out on every conspicuous position, and by the side of every gushing fountain. If these villages were constructed of brick or stone, erected with architectural skill, and properly laid out with streets, parks, etc., instead of being what they are, a mere huddle of miserable huts, it would add an hundredfold to the beauty and picturesqueness of this delightful country.

This promised land can never be developed and its natural resources brought out as long as it is in the hands of this improvident people; so long as God permits it to remain in possession of this barbarous, intolerant, fanatical race.

Now look just out there by the spring and you will see our Arab servants taking their mid-day meal. They carry with them bread, and bread only, thin cakes not much thicker than a knife blade. You see them twisting off pieces of this bread, soaking it in water and eating it with a relish, laughing and talking all the while, as happy and jolly a set of fellows as can be found. During the fruit seasons they add to this some article of dried fruit, such as dates, apricots, figs, etc.

When the tempter came to our lord and said, "If thou be the son of God command these stones to be made bread," he answered and said: "It is written,

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Now these fellows seem to be trying the experiment anyway of living on bread alone. They can't afford to have the luxury of a diversity of food, for their wages are only twenty cents per day, and out of this they have to feed themselves.

But here is our friend, Abu Abraham, who is the father of the young man Abraham who rides the little grey donkey. His name tells you this much. When an Arab father and mother have a son born unto them they give him a name of course. Then the parents lose their names and take the name of the son. With us the children of the family have a given name, but add thereto the name of the father. But not so with the Arabs.

Let me illustrate this Arabic custom by calling your attention to the instance just mentioned. When this boy was named Abraham by his parents the father dropped his own name and was known only by the name of Abdal, or Abu (from Abba, "father") Abraham, *i. e.*, the father of Abraham; and the mother is called Em or Om Abraham, *i. e.*, the mother of Abraham.

They keep their tribal names but not their family names, nor is the wife of an Arab called Mrs. so and so, but she is known and called by her maiden name until a boy child is born unto her, then she takes his name, as above explained. They never use the prefix Mr. and Mrs. when speaking to or of each other, as is done in other countries and among other people.

Abu Abraham offers to show us the pit into which it is said Joseph's brethren cast him, and out of which

they drew him when they sold him to the Ishmaelites.

Jacob was at that time, from all accounts, living at Bethel. Joseph's brethren had taken a dislike to him on account of their father's partiality for him and because Joseph would now and then report to his father their bad conduct.

Joseph was seventeen years old when the following occurrences took place. "Joseph had two dreams; the first was that he and his brethren were binding sheaves in the field, and lo! Joseph's sheaf arose and stood upright, and his brethren's sheaves stood round about and made obeisance to Joseph's sheaf. When Joseph told his brethren his dream they said: "Shalt thou reign over us, or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him yet the more. His second dream was that the sun and the moon and the seven stars made obeisance to him.

This dream he told to his father and to his brethren, and his father rebuked him for his presumption, as he regarded it. We are told that his brethren envied him, "but his father observed the saying."

It is not unusual in Palestine for the shepherds to have a fold near their pasturage where they feed their flocks and house them at night. We see all over Palestine where caves are used for this purpose.

Old Jacob asked Joseph: "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, I will send thee unto them." And Joseph said: "Here am I."

Then his father told him "to go and see if all was well with his brethren and the flock." While Joseph was wandering around hunting for them he met with a man who told him they were up at Dothan. So

Joseph went to Dothan and found them. When his brethren saw him afar off, before he had gotten near them "they conspired against him to slay him." And the one said to the other: "Behold this dreamer cometh."

Joseph's brethren concluded that they would kill him and throw his body into a pit. But Reuben, who it seems was a better man and had more love for his kindred than the others, objected to killing his brother. So it was agreed that they would strip him and cast him into a pit, and leave him there to starve.

These sons of Israel, with the exception of Reuben, who loved Joseph more than them all, having willfully and deliberately made up their minds to murder their brother by leaving him to starve in the pit, sat down to eat their usual meal. While thus engaged they saw a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead with their camels laden with spices, balm and myrrh, carrying it down into Egypt. A great highway from Gilead to Egypt by the way of Dothan, now as then, winds its way up through the gorges between the Samaritan hills to this place and on, by way of Ramleth and Gaza, to Egypt.

When they saw the caravan Judah said to his brethren: "What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites. Let us not slay him, for he is our brother and our flesh." It seems from this remark that this unnatural brother had a little conscience and fraternal love left in his cruel breast, which upbraided him and caused him to make the suggestion or proposition which he did to his brethren.

Judah's suggestion being agreed to, they drew

Joseph up from the pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites for "twenty pieces of silver."

These cruel brothers then killed a kid and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood, and carried it to their father Jacob, to deceive the old man and lead him to believe his favorite boy, the boy of his old age, had been devoured by some wild beast, and they had the effrontery to ask their old broken-hearted father if it was his son's coat? Just think to what depths of depravity the human heart can descend, and how unfeeling it can become.

Reuben's conduct shows that he never consented to take the life of Joseph, not being present when his brethren drew him out of the pit and sold him to the Ishmaelites. Being ignorant of the transaction he went back to the pit, with the intention of taking him out; not finding him there he rent his clothes, and when he returned to his brethren he said: "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?" I think it evident that these inhuman, unnatural brothers kept Reuben ignorant of what they had done with Joseph, and when he saw them kill the kid and dip the coat of Joseph in the blood to deceive their father Jacob he verily believed they had killed him.

Now this pit into which water is now flowing from some springs near by resembles an old cistern or reservoir, prepared for the purpose of holding a supply of water in dry weather. At least, its location and appearance would indicate that it had been hewn out of the rock for that purpose. Whether this be in reality the pit into which the boy Joseph was put or not concerns us but little, for we know that it was a pit

like unto this, and the bible tells us this circumstance occurred here at Dothan where we now stand.

As our company are about ready to mount their horses we must make ready to leave this interesting locality, carrying with us a picture of what it now is, and also what it has been in the days long gone by. In addition to this I would have you ever keep fresh in your mind the picture of this beautiful type of our Lord and Savior, the rejected of his brethren, the one "who came unto his own and his own received him not." Think of this rejected brother cast off, and first put into a pit through a spirit of envy and jealousy, to perish and die in solitude and alone. Then change the scene and see these unnatural brothers barter and sell into servitude their own flesh and blood for the pittance of twenty pieces of silver.

The love of greed and gain, backed by a jealousy without a cause, obliterating in their hearts all feeling of affection and brotherly love for this young brother, his piteous cries to be permitted to see his old father and mother again fell upon deaf ears, his tears failed to melt their hardened hearts. When we were at Jacob's well one of those long caravans, just such as carried Joseph to Egypt, came by us en route from Damascus to Jerusalem. Change its location to this place and you complete the picture of the sale of Joseph by his brethren.

Another picture I would have you to take with you from this place. It is also a real picture painted nearly nine hundred years before the christian era, about six hundred years after Joseph was sold and carried into Egypt by the Midianite merchants. This is one of the grandest and yet one of the most unique pictures ever

painted on the canvas of the human mind. We see an old Israelite with flowing beard, bent form, with staff in hand, his eyes cast upon the ground, picking his way leisurely along the pathway that leads from here back to Samaria. He seems to be wholly unconscious of the confusion and uproar in his rear. He is being followed by a great host, a large army with chariots and horses. But see how they stumble and fall about. One falls and his comrades stumble over him. They feel their way like men walking in the dark. God has blinded them. They come here to Dothan to capture that old Israelite, that man of God, one of the few that walked with God. In answer to his prayer, God has drawn a veil over the eyes of that great host, and now they follow him at his bidding. "The captors become the captives." Elisha leads them back to Samaria over the same pathway we traveled this forenoon.

This picture teaches us that "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

God was with the boy Joseph, although rejected by his brethren. God was caring for him, directing and shaping his destiny. God was with Elisha, working his purposes and his will, with the children of men.

Our route from this point becomes more and more interesting, if one locality in this old land can be more interesting than another. The truth of the occurrences related in the bible, I mean the actual fact of their occurrence as related in the bible, comes home to us with a force and power of conviction, as we bring them up with the identical and real localities as witnesses, that we never experienced before. Our imagination stays with us, as it were, and we only have to rebuild

and repeople these ancient cities to re-enact the wonderful incidents connected with them.

Soon after leaving Dothan we noticed on our right a sacred tree covered with rags and various colored pieces of cloth, votive offerings. From this locality we have a fine view of the valley of Esdraelon. A few miles further on we pass a large stone-built village, a rare thing in this old land. After passing this our route traverses a small valley which leads us on a few miles further to Engannim, where we find our tents pitched for the night.

This is a very nice town, with a far better order of buildings than are ordinarily found in Palestine. It is built on the boundary between the mountains of Samaria and the plain of Esdraelon. A town of two thousand five hundred or three thousand inhabitants. Water from an excellent spring rising on the east is conducted through the village. In the environs are some productive gardens. We find in the distribution of the lands of Canaan by Joshua, among the cities given Issachar for the children of Issachar, according to their families, a city by the name of Engannim was mentioned. This has been identified as the site of the old city of that name; a city of the Levites within the territory of Issachar.

The plain of Esdraelon, on the outskirts of which we are now encamped, answers to the ancient plain of Jezreel. The valley of Jezreel is properly, however, the low ground by the village of Jezreel, upon the site of which stands now the modern Zerin. "In a wider sense the name embraces also the plain lying west of the Gilboa mountains which is called the "great plain," or the plain of Megiddo in the Old Testament." The

east side of this great plain is the shortest and lowest. The fall from this point toward the east is very perceptible to the unaided eye. The east end of the plain sends off several narrow plains or valleys extending out into the mountains. This great plain, than which I never saw a prettier or more fertile body of land, the soil being a red clay mixed in places with gravel, is of a triangular form, with its base running from Engannim northwest twenty-four miles, while the narrow end of the triangle extends east.

This place, *i. e.*, that portion of it extending from Jezreel to the Jordan, is two hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea, and upon the whole, as before said, is exceedingly fertile. In places, however, it is somewhat marshy. In the spring, when covered with green verdure, it has the appearance of a great green lake when seen from the mountains. Only a small portion of this great plain was cultivated until recently. One of the Bedouin tribes, the Beni Sakhr tribe, claimed the right of pasturage over it. Since about 1868 they have been excluded from it, but even as late as 1875 made predatory expeditions through the valley.

When we crossed the valley of Esdraelon I counted thirty or more plowmen in sight, scratching the soil with their one-handled plows.

This plain has been one of the great battle-fields of this country. It was in the east end and on that part of the valley now called Jezreel where that memorable battle between the Philistines and the Israelites commanded by Saul took place.

The Philistines were encamped at Shunem. We read "that the army of the Philistines pitched at Shunem and the army of Saul at Gilboa." Now if the

reader will get the topography of this particular locality in the mind there will be no difficulty in locating the armies and the battle-field.

The old city of Jezreel was located on the brow of the hill bordering the valley of Jezreel; on the south, or in the rear, the mountains of Gilboa, the valley of Jezreel lying north and extending east of the city. Shunem was located across and on a hill bordering the valley on the north. No doubt these armies advanced against each other and fought in the valley which lay between their encampments; the old city of Jezreel being located upon a spur of the mountains of Gilboa which projected into the valley. The sight of the old city is now occupied by one of the filthiest of Arab villages to be found, called Zerin.

When Saul saw what a host of the Philistines were arrayed against him he became alarmed at the thought of the result of an engagement, and we learn he sought the Lord, but the Lord wouldn't answer him, neither by dream nor by Urim nor by prophets.

Urim and Thummim were some kind of ornaments or inscriptions which Aaron was commanded to put in the breastplate of judgment. I am inclined to believe it an inscription, for at the same time and in the same manner he was commanded to bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate upon his heart. As the Lord would not hear Saul he inquired of his servants where a woman could be found having a familiar spirit that he might enquire of her. His servants told him there was one at Endor. Endor was some six miles northeast of Shunim. So Saul disguised himself by putting on other garments, and taking two soldiers with him went by night to see this old woman. From the

position Saul's army occupied he had to make a considerable circuit in order to reach Endor without detection. When Saul reached her house he said to the woman: "Bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee." Saul being disguised, this old necromancer thought the man was putting up a job on her to induce her to show her power in this particular, as proof that she belonged to the class whom King Saul himself had ordered to be "cut off," *i. e.*, killed. So she answered and said: "Behold thou knoweth what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that hath familiar spirits and the wizards out of the land. Wherefore then layeth thou a snare for my life to cause me to die?" Then Saul swore to her by the Lord, saying: "As the Lord liveth, there shall be no punishment happen to thee for this thing."

This old spirit medium then asked Saul who she should bring up. And he told her Samuel. And when Samuel appeared the old woman was nearly frightened out of her wits, for she cried with a loud voice, that is, she screamed as only a woman can, and said to Saul: "Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul?" The king then asked this woman what she saw, and she answered: "I saw gods ascending out of the earth." Saul then asked her what form was he, and she said: "An old man cometh up covered with a mantle." Saul recognized from the description that it was Samuel, and stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself. Samuel then asked him why he had called him up. Saul then proceeded to explain to him that he was in sore trouble, that the Philistines were making war upon him, and that God had departed from him, and refused to answer him either by prophets or

dreams and that he had called for him to tell him what to do. Samuel then said: "Why do you ask me, seeing the Lord is departed from you and has become your enemy?" Samuel then explained to Saul that the prophecy which he had made concerning him and his kingdom was being fulfilled; that the Lord had rent his kingdom out of his hand and would give it to David; that he and his army would fall into the hands of the Philistines, and that on the morrow he and his sons would be with him.

As to what spirit world Samuel was in I don't pretend to say, for that is none of my business. When Samuel told Saul what would be the result of the morrow's battle he fell flat upon the ground and was sore afraid. When the old woman saw Saul thus thoroughly overcome and prostrated she began to get alarmed herself, and told him that she had only done what he had commanded her to do, and that she had placed her life in his hands, and now he must listen to and do what she told him. She then insisted upon his eating something, and finally, after preparing a meal for him, she and the men prevailed upon Saul to eat some roast veal and bread, after which they rose up and went away the same night. I guess Saul went away feeling worse discouraged and down-hearted than when he came. And in his heart he no doubt wished he had never gone to see the old woman

This old woman differed materially from our modern spirit mediums. We don't read of her tipping tables nor rapping, or calling up dumb spirits that have to write their communications. When Samuel came up at her bidding, he didn't go into a wardrobe or cabinet, or ring a bell and beat a drum, to let Saul know

he was there. But he spoke out like a real sensible spirit as he was, and asked the king what he wanted of him. Samuel did his own talking; he didn't have to have an interpreter, nor did the medium have to count raps or write his answer to Saul's question, "What shall I do?"

These two hostile armies met in deadly conflict the next day, and as Samuel had told Saul, the Philistines put the Israelites to flight, and pursued them with great slaughter even up the heights of Gilboa.

On this mountain Saul, being sorely wounded by the archers, begged his armor bearer to draw his sword and thrust him through, lest his enemies find him and not only kill him, but mutilate his body. Saul's armor bearer refused to do this, and the old king, courageous and proud to the last, fixed his sword so as to fall upon it, and thus ended his life. His armor bearer, seeing that Saul was dead, likewise fell upon his sword and killed himself. Three of Saul's sons were slain in this engagement: Jonathan, David's true and oft-tried friend, Abinadab and Melchi-shua.

On the next day, while the Philistines were going over the battle-field stripping and despoiling the dead, they found the bodies of Saul and his sons upon Mt. Gilboa, and they cut off the head of Saul and put his armor in the temple of their god Ashtoreth, and they fastened his body and the bodies of his sons to the wall of Beth-shean, a town of Issachar. The Philistines then spread the news of their victory in their temple and among their people.

When the inhabitants of Jabesh Gilead heard what had befallen Saul, their valiant men went by night and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from

the wall of Beth-shean, and brought them to Jabesh and buried them. "They then buried their bones under a tree at Jabesh."

The reader will remember I pointed out a village lying to the right of the road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, where the father of Saul (Kish) lived, and to where the bones of Jonathan and Saul were removed and buried. This old town of Beth-shean was located where we now see the village and ruins of a place which lies near a basin on the margin of the plain of Jezreel, called Beison. The valley slopes down here towards a gorge which is some two or three hundred feet below. From the ruins found here some think the city was a large place at the time here spoken of.

At the beginning of the 9th century B. C., Jezreel was the residence of King Ahab and his wife, Jezebel, who had a palace here and also one in Samaria. And from the window of this palace Jezebel was thrown and killed.

You remember Joram was king of Israel and had been wounded in a battle with Hazael, king of Syria, at Ramoth-Gilead, and had come up to Jezreel to get well of his wounds. Ahaziah, the son of Jehoram, was contemporary king of Judah, and had united forces with him in the engagement with Hazael.

While Joram was at Jezreel recovering from his wounds Elisha sent a young prophet to Ramoth-Gilead and had him to anoint Jehu king over Israel. He was not only anointed king, but he was also told that he should smite the house of Ahab, his master. Being one of Ahab's captains of the host, Ahab is called his master. He was to avenge the blood

of the Lord's servants, the prophets, and the blood of all the servants of the Lord at the hand of Jezebel. He was commanded to cut off, or kill, all the male descendants of Ahab and all that is left in Israel, etc.

Immediately after being anointed king and acknowledged such by his fellows, the captains of the host, Jehu said: "If it be in your minds then, that is, that I be your king, let no one go out of the city to Jezreel to tell what has taken place."

Jehu then mounted his chariot and drove furiously to this place, coming up this valley. Joram had a man up on the watch-tower (we find these watch-towers here and there in that old country to this day; I saw one erected like scaffolding of wood); when the watchman saw Jehu coming a horseman was sent to meet him to inquire whether he was a messenger of peace or war. When this man met Jehu he asked him "Is it peace?" Jehu replied: "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn behind me."

The watchman seeing that this messenger didn't return, another was sent. Jehu treated him in the same way. This being reported to the wounded king, he ordered out his war chariot, also Ahaziah's. (Ahaziah was come on a visit to see Joram.) These kings went to meet the fast-driving charioteer. They met Jehu in a portion of land adjoining the road belonging to Naboth. Joram attempted to escape from Jehu, but was pierced by his arrow and sunk down in his chariot. Jehu ordered Bidkar, his captain, to "take him up and cast him in the portion of the field of Naboth the Jezreelite." Ahaziah fled by way of the garden house and

was pursued, but in going up to Gur was overtaken and wounded, but fled to Megiddo and there died.

Some biblical scholars locate Naboth's vineyard at Jezreel, but the bible locates it unmistakably at Samaria. The piece or portion of the field belonging to Naboth referred to in this connection was, I have no doubt, a piece of grain land which he cultivated down east of Jezreel, in the valley.

It is customary in all Palestine to this day for the inhabitants of the village to select and lay off their grain lands in a body, and unite their forces, in sowing, reaping, etc.

The Lord told Elisha to "Arise, go down to meet Ahab, king of Israel, which is in Samaria. Behold he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he has gone down to possess it. And say unto him, Thus sayeth the Lord, Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" I cannot see the slightest conflict in the scriptures in the relation of this circumstance.

As Jehu drove into the gate, Jezreel being a walled city, the Queen Jezebel painted her face, curled her bangs and donned her head-dress, and came to the window of the palace and called to Jehu and asked him if Zimri had peace who slew his master. Jehu answered her by saying: "Who is on my side? Who?"

Two or three eunuchs having come to the window with her, Jehu ordered them to throw this she-devil down. They did so, and Jehu drove his horses over her body, which the dogs afterward eat, as has been spoken of the Lord by the mouth of Elisha.

Now, reader, we will ride down the margin of the valley at the foot of the mountains and go east in the direction of the Jordan for a mile and a half or

two miles, which will bring us to one of the largest, boldest springs I ever saw. The mountains of Gilboa on the north side are abrupt and precipitous in places. This spring comes, as it were, out of a cave underneath the mountains, and forms a large pool in the valley fifty yards in diameter, and from two to four feet deep. This is called the pool of Gideon, and is said to be the place where the Lord told Gideon to bring his men down unto the water and he would try them for him. The horse of one of our company laid down with his rider in this fountain.

Here is the pool, and I will briefly relate this incident as given in the scriptures. If the reader is entirely familiar with it read it again, as it is the Lord's dealing with mankind in the ages gone by, and you may be enabled to draw a useful lesson from it which may not have presented itself to your mind heretofore.

The children of Israel had for seven years been oppressed and impoverished by the Midianites, who made annual raids on their fields. This people made annual incursions into the country of the Israelites about the time of harvest, bringing their tents and camels in such numbers that the Israelites compared them to grasshoppers. As soon as the crops of the Israelites were about ready for harvesting a great horde of these Midianites and Amalekites and the inhabitants of the east would come over into their territory and destroy the crops and drive off their flocks.

The Israelites were driven to the necessity of making for themselves dens, and caves, and strongholds in the mountains, and of hiding their grain and provisions in such places. The children of Israel were so

sorely dealt with and impoverished by this marauding people that they cried unto the Lord. In answer to their cry he sent a prophet unto them telling them of what great things the Lord had done for them, but in spite of it all they had been rebellious and idolatrous and had forsaken him and turned to the worship of other gods—the gods of the heathen among whom they dwelt.

After the Israelites had entreated the Lord for deliverance from these robbers he sent an angel who sat under an oak near where Gideon, the son of Joash, was threshing wheat. Gideon was by the wine-press hiding from the Midianites, and the angel said unto him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." Gideon replied to this, "that if the Lord was with them, why had so many troubles and misfortunes befallen them, and why were they delivered into the hands of the Midianites?" The Lord, in the person of the angel, looked upon him and said, "Go in this thy might and I shall save Israel from the hands of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?" Gideon asked him "how was he to save Israel? That his family was poor and that he was the least in his father's house." The Lord told him he would be with him, and that he should smite the Midianites as though they were one man.

Gideon then asked the Lord for a sign, which was given. The angel put forth his staff, and the flesh and leavened bread which he had brought for the angel to eat were consumed by fire, after which the angel departed out of his sight. After the angel departed Gideon became alarmed lest he would die, having seen an angel of the Lord face to face. "But the Lord said

unto him, Peace be unto you; fear not, thou shalt not die."

Then Gideon built an altar there unto the Lord and called it Jehovah-Shalom. The Lord appeared to Gideon that same night, and told him to throw down the altar which his father had built to Baal, and cut down the grove, and build an altar to his God upon the top of a certain rock and offer a sacrifice thereon. Gideon being afraid to attempt this in daylight took ten servants and went by night and did as he had been commanded. Early next morning when the men of the city saw what had been done they raised a great hue and cry about it, and when told that Gideon had done this thing they went to Joash, his father, and demanded that Gideon be brought out and given up that he might be put to death.

Joash, however, instead of delivering his son to them, asked them if they would plead for Baal? If they would save him? "If he be a God let him plead for himself, because *one* (man) hath thrown down his altar." Old Joash had some grit about him, and said, further, if there was a man among them that would plead for Baal, "let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning." Therefore Joash on that day called Gideon, Jerub-Baal, *i. e.*, "let Baal plead, let Baal plead against him because he hath thrown down his altar."

About this time the Midianites and the Amalekites and the inhabitants around gathered together and came over the Jordan and pitched their tents here in this valley, the valley of Jezreel.

But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon and he blew a trumpet and sent messengers among the Israelites around and gathered an army of twenty odd thou-

sand or more, and after the Lord had proven to Gideon, in a manner suggested by himself, that it was his purpose to save Israel by his hand, he crossed over and stationed his army beside the well of Harod, here in the same valley. The Midianites being north of them on the opposite side of the valley.

Now reader, you can see these armies are not far apart. You can observe for yourself that the valley is narrow here, and this pool and the spring which supplies it with water, are on the south side of the valley, and more, the well referred to may have been a reservoir supplied with water from this spring.

Now the Lord told Gideon that his army wa too large, that if he was to give him the victory the people would say their own prowess had gained it. "Go and tell them that all who are afraid to go into battle may return." Twenty-two thousand took him at his word and departed.

Then said the Lord "the people are yet too many; bring them down into the water and I will try them for thee there. And it shall be that of whom I say unto thee this shall go with thee, the same shall go, and of whomsoever I shall say this shall not go with thee, the same shall not go." The Lord said further to Gideon, "every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself, and every one that boweth down on his knee to drink set him aside."

Out of the whole number thus tested three hundred men lapped like dogs, and the Lord told Gideon to send all the others away.

Now to us this seems a very strange proceeding, but let us remember that the Lord's ways are not as our ways. The Lord told Gideon that it was with these

three hundred men he would deliver this army, which for multitude lay along the valley like grasshoppers, and their camels were without number as the sands of the sea for multitude.

The Lord told Gideon that night to arise and go down to the host of the Midianites, for he had delivered them into his hand. But if he was afraid to go, to first go down with his servant and hear what they were talking about. Gideon did this and heard one fellow tell his dream and another give the interpretation of it. This fellow that told his dream said: "Behold, I dreamed a dream, and lo! a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came into a tent and smote it that it fell and overturned it, so that the tent lay upon the ground." And his fellow answered and said: "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel. For into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all the host."

When Gideon heard this he thanked God and returned to his tent and roused his three hundred men, and gave them instructions as to what they were to do.

He first divided them into three companies of a hundred men each, and put a trumpet in every man's hand, with empty pitchers and lamps in the pitchers. This was a very strange happening for this army to have three hundred trumpets, three hundred pitchers, and three hundred lamps to put in them. Then their leader told them to watch him and do in every particular as he did. "You are to station yourselves around the encampment of the Midianites, and when I blow my trumpet you blow yours, and when I take my lamp out of the pitcher you take out your lamp, and when I

break my pitcher you break yours, and when I say, The sword of the Lord and Gideon, you say, The sword of the Lord and Gideon."

This was a strange and new proceeding throughout, and for that reason some will say "they don't believe that such a thing ever occurred." And yet it is not half as strange as that you should have lived and grown up to manhood or womanhood from a beginning of only one three-thousandth of an inch in diameter, is it? And yet such is the fact. Don't say you don't believe a thing because you don't see it occur just that way every day, simply because it is unusual. You see and are surrounded by equally as strange things every day, but they become common to you and you don't call them in question.

"The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." What was the result of Gideon's trumpet blowing and pitcher breaking? A perfect panic in the camp of the Midianites. They fled in every direction and killed each other without number. Every man's sword was turned against his fellow throughout all the host. Gideon gathered an army and followed up the advantages placed in his hands, crossed the Jordan, captured and put to death two kings and two princes, and discomfitted the whole host.

God's ways are not our ways, and the man is a fool who says he does not believe a thing because he does not understand it, for we do not understand half we think we do.

Reader, now we will return to Jezreel, from which place we can get a good view of Mount Carmel.

CHAPTER XX.

"MT. CARMEL, which branches off from the mountains of Samaria and stretches in a long line to the northwest is situated on the southern frontier of the tribe of Asher."

It seems to us from this valley of Jezreel to project into the valley of Esdraelon, because we see the valley extending along its northern border as far as the sea. The stream Kishon runs along the valley just north of the range of Carmel. We cross one or more of its tributaries in crossing the valley.

The word Carmel signifies "orchard;" this whole mountain being covered in the spring with a great variety of beautiful flowers, which is due to the abundant supply of water found here. This rich vegetation remains green and luxuriant even during summer, and forms a refreshing exception to the general aridity of Palestine in the hot season.

This mountain forms a very conspicuous object from any and every part of this valley of Esdraelon. It will be in plain view until we reach Nazareth. And how near it seems to be to us. Isn't it wonderful? How far is it did you say? It is twelve miles to the foot of the mountain.

The aboriginal inhabitants of this country regarded this mountain as sacred, and at a very early period it was called "mount of gods." Isaiah speaks of its beauty and excellency. Solomon in extolling the graces of the church compares it to this mountain. On the west side of the mountain are said to be numerous

grottoes which were once occupied by hermits. Even Pythagoras on his return from Egypt is said to have spent some time here.

"In the 12th century, Pope Honorius III. organized these hermits into an order, and in 1238 some of these Carmelites removed to Europe." In 1799, when Napoleon besieged Acre, a monastery which the monks had built upon Carmel was used by the Franks as a hospital. On the occasion of the Greek revolt in 1821, Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, caused the monastery and a church which had been erected here to be destroyed under pretense that the monks might be expected to favor the enemies of the Turks.

The monastery has been rebuilt, however, and is now occupied by some eighteen or twenty monks.

Near the foot of this mountain stood the ancient Megiddo and the neighboring Taanach. Megiddo was a fortified place and was given to Manasseh, in the territory of Issachar. But the Caananites retained possession of it at that time. It was to this city you remember Ahaziah, king of Judah, fled, when wounded by Jehu, and died. Several centuries later Josiah attacked the Egyptian army of Pharaoh-Necho in this plain when on its march against the Babylonians, but was defeated, and Josiah died in this city of Megiddo.

Now let me call your attention to some of the interesting incidents which have occurred on and around this old sacred mountain in the days long gone by. During the period of the judges, Jabin, king of Caanan, who resided in Hazor, had held the children of Israel in subjection for twenty years, and had sorely oppressed them. Deborah was one of the judges of Israel and the only woman who ever served Israel in that capac-

ity. She was not only one of the judges of Israel, but was also a prophetess and lived between Ramah and Bethel in the mountains of Ephraim.

Deborah sent for Barak (to whom Apollus refers in that grand sermon of his on the subject of faith in the 11th chapter of Hebrews) out of Kedesh-naphtali and said unto him: "Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go and draw toward Mt. Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun? And I will draw unto thee to the river Kishon Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thine hand."

Barak didn't deny but that the Lord had told him to do this thing, but it seemed that he was like Jonah. It was a job he was afraid to undertake.

So he told her if she would go with him he would go, but unless she did he would not go. Barak spoke very positively about the matter. It appears that he had made up his mind not to obey the Lord, but as a compromise, to get rid of what was to him an unpleasant duty, he told Deborah if she would go with him he would go. Deborah then told him she would go, but let the gentleman know at the same time that he should not reap any honors for going, that the Lord would deliver Sisera unto the hands of a woman, *i. e.*, into her hands. So Deborah went with Barak to Kedesh; and Barak collected his ten thousand men from Naphtali and Zebulun to Kedesh.

Barak went up on Mt. Tabor. I haven't been able to locate Kedesh, it was near here however. It seems that Sisera could see, had he been looking, the moving army of Barak and Deborah as it passed through the

valley where we now stand, from Carmel over west of us. For in the account given us it says: "They showed Sisera that Barak had gone up to Mt. Tabor." If we were a little further west of where we are standing to see beyond that projecting point or range of hills just over on the other side of the valley of Jezreel, we could see Mt. Tabor.

At all events Sisera gathered all his chariots, "even nine hundred chariots of iron," and all the fighting men that were with him, and he and Barak had an engagement of their forces at some point, I suppose out in the valley lying northwest of us near the Kishon. This stream drains the valley of the Esdraelon and empties into the Mediterranean.

The result of this battle was that Sisera's army was cut to pieces and put to flight, every man being slain. Barak pursued Captain Sisera so closely that he had to leave his chariot and take it on foot. Sisera in his endeavor to save his life ran to the tent of Heber, a Kenite, a descendant of the children of Hobab, Moses' father-in-law.

When Heber's wife (Jael) saw Sisera coming she went out to meet him and told him to "turn into her tent and fear not." After he went into her tent she secreted him by covering him with a mantle or rug. The race made the Captain tired and thirsty, and he asked Jael to give him a drink of water, but she opened a bottle of milk and gave him to drink and covered him again. The Captain then told her to stand in the door of the tent and if any one came along and inquired if there was a man there, to say no.

Here comes in a tragedy performed by this woman, the motive for which it is hard to fully fathom. In fact,

unless we in a manner concede that the ends justified the means, we are bound to condemn her conduct as an act of deception, treachery and murder, and I so regard it. I know Deborah and Barak extoll the act and sing her praise and say: "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite be. Blessed shall she be above women in the tent, etc., etc." When the Captain had told her to watch he lay still, feeling secure dropped off to sleep. Jael then slipped back and "went softly unto him" and drove a spike through his head into the ground, and "so he died." I should say he did.

When Barak reached the tent in hot pursuit of Captain Sisera, Jael met him and told him she would show him the man he was seeking. Jael could very safely promise this, for she had him nailed to the ground hard and fast.

I will relate to the reader another little episode which occurred near the foot of Mt. Carmel. You know David had a weakness of falling in love with pretty women. I don't know that we ought to censure David too heavily for this, however, for it is a weakness of human nature that was not peculiar to David. For we find able men, great, gifted, men, in all the walks of life, now and then yielding to the same seductive temptations. We read almost daily of men in the higher walks of life, professional men, men occupying positions of trust and confidence, even men who proclaim themselves called as leaders and teachers of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving up their fair names, their social standing, their influence for good, their honor, their all, tearing down like the mad cyclone the fair fabric, the superstructure of their lives, the fair social and moral

edifice which they may have been years in erecting, and in an unguarded moment surrendering their all to the charms and seductive influence of fascinating women.

When we consider the status of the social, moral and religious sentiments of the people at that remote period David, we find, was a man of no ordinary force of character, but, like many other great, and we say good, men, he had his weak points, and these led him to the commission of dark and wicked deeds wholly inconsistent with the higher and more ennobling traits of his character. We find him at one time giving expression to some of the most sublime, lofty, poetical, religious thoughts and feelings to be anywhere found. Then again we hear him in sackcloth and ashes, confessing his sins, deploring his backslidings, his shortcomings, and pleading for mercy and forgiveness. David carried his heart in his hand, and in his writings gives us an open, candid exposure of the inner man, a great man, a good man, and a bad man; a warrior, a king after God's will and pleasure, or, as expressed by Samuel, "after God's own heart"—not the man, but a king after God's own heart.

We are told that there was a man by the name of Nabal living in Maon who had possessions in Carmel. It is said he was very rich, that he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats on Mt. Carmel.

At the time we write he was down at Carmel shearing his sheep. It is said he was a cross-grained, churlish, crabbed, ill-natured fellow, "evil in all his doings;" notwithstanding he was descended from a good family, the family of Caleb.

David heard that Nabal was at Carmel shearing, and

sent ten young men up to Carmel and told them to go to Nabal and greet him in his name, and "say to him, that liveth in prosperity, Peace be both to thee and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast.

"And now I have heard that thou hast shearers: now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there ought missing unto them, all the time they were in Carmel. Ask thy young men and they will shew thee. Wherefore let the young men find favor in thine eyes: for we come in a good day. give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand unto thy servants, and to thy son David."

When the young men came to Nabal they spoke unto him as they were instructed in the above language, old Nabal, however, instead of appreciating the friendly greeting and kind messages of David, very abruptly asked, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? There are many servants in our days that break away from our masters; do you expect me to take my bread and meat, which I have prepared for my shearers, and give it to men whom I know not from whence they came?"

The young men returned and told David what a cool reception they had met with, and what Nabal said.

This made David mad, and he commanded his men to "Gird ye on every man his sword." David, with about four hundred followers, started to Carmel to avenge the insult. It appears that on an occasion previous to this David had shown Nabal a kindness and he now regarded it not only as an insult that his message and his messengers were received as they were but that he had requited him evil for good.

After David's messengers left Carmel to return, one of Nabal's young men told Abigail, Nabal's wife, all about the matter. He told her David had sent messengers to salute his master, and his master "railed upon them." The young man told Abigail "that she had better consider what was the best thing for her to do, for he was sure evil was determined against his master and against his household. That his master was such a son of Belial that a man dare not speak to him."

We are told that Abigail was not only a woman of fine sense, but of "beautiful countenance." She saw at once that trouble would come upon her husband and his household unless something could be done to conciliate David and make amends for the incivility offered his messengers.

She was equal to the emergency, however, for she made haste and took two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and measures of parched corn, and a hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs, and loaded them on donkeys. And she made her servants go on before her and told them that she would follow. Abigail said not a word of what she was doing or intended doing, to her old "son of Belial."

It so happened that as she was riding down one hill David and his men were coming down the hill on the opposite side of the ravine, and they met. When Abigail saw David she alighted from the donkey and fell before him and bowed herself to the ground and fell at his feet and said: "Upon me, my lord, upon me let this iniquity be, and let thine handmaid, I pray thee, speak in thine audience, and hear the words of thine handmaid." She then begged David not to regard or

treasure revenge for what Nabal had done, that his name was Nabal, "fool," and folly was in him. That she did not see the young men whom he sent. She said further: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, seeing the Lord hath withholden thee from coming to shed blood, and from revenging thyself with thine own hand, now let thine enemies and they that seek evil to my lord be as Nabal." She then asked David to give the men he had with him the presents she brought with her. She then complimented, or rather flattered, him, and told him that no evil had been found in him all the days of his life. She then told him he had an enemy who was seeking his life, but that his life was bound up in a bundle with the Lord his God, and that the lives of his enemies would be thrown out like a stone from the sling. And when the Lord should have made him ruler over Israel, that he would be glad that he had shed no blood causelessly. And when the Lord had dealt well with him he must remember his handmaid, etc., etc.

Abigail's pretty talk and pretty face took all the anger out of David's heart. So he received her present and said to her, "Go up in peace to thine house; see, I have hearkened to thy words and have accepted thy person." We find this expression "accepted thy person" the same as was used by the angel to Lot, when Lot requested the angel to allow him to escape into a certain city—"a little city." The angel said, "See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also;" *i. e.*, I have consented or yielded to your request. And that is what David meant. "Go up in peace to thine house; see, I have yielded to your request."

The sequel of this narrative shows conclusively that

David was captivated by the good sense, pretty face, manners, and flattery of this accomplished woman.

When Abigail reached home she found the old man in a high way. He was holding a feast fit for a king, and had taken on enough over-joyful to be as merry as a lark. The old man was on an American drunk. So she said nothing about what she had done to save his life, until the next morning.

The next morning when he was feeling as mean as only a drunken man can feel when sobering up, she told him all about it. His whisky being dead within him, the scriptures tell us, "his heart died within him;" *i. e.*, the emotional part of the man. Yes, that is one of the most constant effects of alcoholic drinks; it causes sooner or later the death of all the better elements of man's nature; it blunts and finally destroys the moral and intellectual man, leaving the brutal part of his make-up in all of its deformity to rule and control the wreck. It is really pitiful.

Now, to justify the remarks made about David above, I close my relation of this incident, which happened here at Carmel nearly three thousand years ago, by stating that this old drunken "son of Belial" died about ten days after his debauch, and as soon as David learned that he was dead he sent for Abigail and made her his wife.

There is another very wonderful occurrence which is said to have occurred here on Mt. Carmel which I wish to mention. And I especially invite my colored friends to read this chapter, and more especially the colored ministers.

At the time of which we now write Israel was cursed with a succession of miserable, wicked, idolatrous kings.

After the death of Solomon and the division of the empire, which had been built up, strengthened and prospered under the reigns of David and Solomon, ten tribes split off and chose Jeroboam as king over them, leaving Rehoboam king over Judah.

Jeroboam started out on a path of wicked idolatry and rebellion against the expressed commands of Jehovah. Under the pretext of convenience to his people he erected idolatrous temples of worship at Bethel and Dan. After the death of Jeroboam, Nadab, his son, succeeded him, but was killed at Gibbethon by Baasha, after a reign of two years. Asa, king of Judah, and this king of Israel, Baasha, were engaged in a long war. Baasha reigned over Israel twenty-four years. The capital of Israel was at that time Tirzah, and Baasha died and was buried at that place. After his death his son Elah reigned in his stead. After two years this drunken king was killed by Zimri, his servant, as before stated. Zimri's reign only lasted seven days. Omri, captain of the host of Israel, was at the time of the murder encamped with the army against Gibbethon, a city of Philistines. The army, upon hearing what Zimri had done, made Omri king over Israel. Omri moved the army at once and besieged Tirzah with a view of dethroning Zimri. When Zimri saw the city was taken he went into the palace of the king's house and set it on fire and perished in the flames.

The people of Israel were for a time divided in sentiment as to whether they would have Omri or Tibni as king. The Omri party, however, prevailed, Tibni having died in the meantime. Omri was acknowledged king and reigned twelve years, six years at Tirzah and six at Samaria (having bought the hill of

Shemer). After the death of Omri, Ahab, his son, reigned in his stead.

The scriptures inform us that each of these succeeding monarchs was, if possible, more wicked than his predecessor. All carrying out the idolatrous worship of Baal inaugurated in Israel by Jeroboam.

Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said to Ahab: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." In the third year of the drought, the word of the Lord came to Elijah, saying: "Go shew thyself to Ahab and I will send rain upon the earth." And Elijah went to show himself to Ahab, who was at Samaria. All the grass and vegetation had dried and parched up on all these plains which we see spread out in every direction here before us. There was also a great scarcity of water. I think a great many people have formed an opinion of this country from the description given of it in the scriptures in the third year of this continual drought. When Elijah was commanded by the Lord to go and show himself to Ahab we are told that "there was a sore famine in Samaria." Ahab had told Obadiah, the governor of his house, "to go in one direction and he would go in another into the land and search all the fountains of water and all the brooks, that peradventure they might find grass to save the horses and mules from starving to death."

Obadiah went in one direction and Ahab in another, as Ahab had ordered. As Obadiah was traveling along by himself he met Elijah and recognized him. Kneeling down and putting his face to the ground, he said: "Art thou that my lord Elijah?" Elijah

answering him, said: "I am." "Go and tell thy lord, behold Elijah is here." Obadiah told Elijah "that Ahab had searched for him through every nation, and kingdom, and when it was reported to him that he was not in a certain nation and kingdom that he required the oath of that nation or kingdom to that effect. And if I go and tell my lord that you are here, and while I am gone the spirit of the Lord carry you I know not where, and I then have to tell Ahab I can not find you, he will slay me." To this reasonable conclusion Obadiah adds: "Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid an hundred of the Lord's prophets by fifties in a cave and fed them with bread and water? And now, notwithstanding all this, you say, go and tell thy lord, behold Elijah is here, and he shall slay me." Elijah quieted Obadiah by telling him: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself to Ahab to-day." So Obadiah went to meet Ahab and Ahab went to meet Elijah, and when Ahab saw Elijah he said to him: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Elijah told him that he had not troubled Israel. "But you (Ahab) and your father's house, in that you have forsaken the commandment of the Lord and followed Baalim." "Now," said Elijah, "send and gather to me all Israel and four hundred and fifty of the prophets of this god of yours and four hundred of the prophets of the grove who eat at Jezebel's table." Ahab did as Elijah told him, and gathered all Israel and the prophets unto Mt. Carmel. Elijah met them there and said to them: "How long halt ye between

two opinions? If the Lord be God follow him, but if Baal follow him."

That was certainly a fair proposition, and yet "they answered him not a word." Elijah not only presented the question fairly and squarely, but he proposed to put the matter to the test. He said: "I, only, remain a prophet of the Lord, while on the other hand Baal is represented by four hundred and fifty prophets." Moses had told this people that "The Lord your God is God of gods and Lord of lords." He had told them that he was "a great God," a "mighty and terrible God," who regarded not persons nor taketh reward."

Here was to be a contest, not of human beings or of human power, but of Gods; a contest of supernatural power. It will be remembered that on one occasion the Syrians said that the Lord was God of the hills but not of the valleys, for which they were sorely punished. Jonah had the same idea of Jehovah.

The Philistines made this issue between the ark of the Lord and their god Dagon, but they were not able to keep their god in the ring (or on his seat). Their god Dagon got completely knocked out and mutilated on the second round. Again Pharaoh (Meneptah) accepted the gauntlet thrown down by Moses as a defiance to his gods, and with a courage worthy of a better cause took it up cheerfully in their name.

On the one hand were these two old men, Moses and Aaron, brothers, whom God had commissioned to represent him, and on the other hand Pharaoh assumed to champion the Egyptian gods. Pharaoh made an obstinate resistance, but was finally conquered, and said to Moses: "Go, then, serve Jehovah, and bless me also."

Elijah, not alone, but alone to all human appearance, challenges Baal and his four hundred and fifty prophets to a renewal of the same contest. A day is given by the prophet to his antagonists, to enable them to command all their invisible powers and forces to the struggle before them. If Baal be god, he must now convince this people by a demonstration of his divine power, prove himself a god, or get down and out.

Elijah told the prophets of Baal to "select a bullock for themselves and cut it in pieces and lay it on wood, and put no fire on it," and he would take a bullock and do the same; that the prophets of Baal must then call upon the name of their god, and he would call upon the name of the Lord his God, and the god that answered by fire let him be God. What could be fairer than this?

This proposition was agreed to by all the people, and they answered and said: "*It is well spoken.*" So the prophets of Baal selected their sacrifice, dressed it, cut it in pieces, and placed it on the wood, as had been agreed upon. I have often thought that I would like to see the Greek Catholics at Jerusalem put to an honest test in calling down holy fire, which they profess to do on Easter eve every year.

These patriarchs and priests not only practice a pious fraud upon the people, but they tell a lie on the Lord in saying he sends fire from heaven in answer to their prayers. The whole thing is a fraud, and the perpetrators know it.

But now listen how those prophets of Baal whoop and yell, calling upon his name from morning till noon. But no answer came, no voice, no fire to consume their sacrifice. *It didn't even smoke.* Elijah mocked them. This is the only place in all the bible where we find sar-

casm and ridicule. Our colored friends sometimes say that the white folks laugh and make fun of their extravagance in worshiping and praising God—and they have a right to, for God tells us he is a spirit, and that they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, and not like he was a heathen god, by whooping and yelling and shouting at the top of the voice as though "God" was "talking" or was "pursuing," or was on "a journey." All this was the manner of heathen worship, and Elisha laughed at them and taunted them, and told them "to cry louder."

If Elijah could hear the noise made in some of the churches of the colored people of our day he would not have had to say: "Cry louder." For I am sure they can beat the prophets of Baal and give them a decided numerical majority, at least two to one I imagine.

Elijah said: "Cry aloud, for he is a god. Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." And they cried aloud and cut themselves with lancets and knives till the blood gushed out upon them.

Now it is an admitted fact that since the colored people have been free they have congregated in the cities, towns and villages in the South in great numbers, and that they are, as Paul said of the Grecians, "somewhat superstitious," and in their religious worship cry aloud, and make as much noise as these prophets of Baal did.

It is further known that no one wants to live near one of their houses of worship. Their whoops and yells go out on the midnight air as though their god was talking, or was asleep or was a long way off. In very many instances I fear he is in reality a long way off

from people who gauge their religious sincerity and piety by the noise they make.

When I first began to get acquainted with the donkey I was often amused at his vanity and egotism. He prides himself on his musical attainments. To hear him bray, you would think from the swell of his bass notes and the way he dwells on the unbroken shriek of the higher parts of his peculiar anthem, that he was as large as an elephant. To hear the noise this little, insignificant creature can make is simply surprising. They are very much like some of our colored preachers. When the wind gets out of them there is nothing left but a little, long-eared, bandy-shanked, woolly donkey, actual value two dollars and a half a dozen.

But laying jesting aside, it would be interesting to know what peculiar piety or sanctity these yelling preachers and laymen, who keep whole wards and neighborhoods awake half the night, think there is in imitating the prophets of Baal, as though their god, too, was made of wood or stone, or was a hundred miles away—it's worse than heathenism.

If our colored friends think that god or man estimates their religious worth or their degree of piety by the noise they make, they are egregiously mistaken. They are not heard for their much (or loud) speaking. The bible nowhere intimates such a thing, and if they depend upon this I am of the opinion they will come out as the prophets of Baal did, *i. e.*, get no answer to their prayers.

I regard it as impiety and sacrilegious to engage in whooping and yelling and going into ecstacies, trances, swoonings, and all that kind of heathen worship and offering it to God as praise and adoration.

We read, after this, Elijah was down at Mt. Horeb, and the Lord told him to go forth and stand upon the mountain before the Lord. And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountain and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord. But the Lord was not in all that fuss and racket; he was not in the howl of that wind. And after the wind there was an earthquake, nor was he in the roar of the earthquake. And after the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. But after the fire a *still small voice*, and when Elijah heard it he didn't go into hysterics, nor a trance, in which he was carried to hell and had fights with dragons and all such, but he wrapped his mantle over his face and went out.

Now, if Christ be in you the hope of glory, if God be the father of us all, worship him *decently* and *in order*. Worship him in spirit and in truth, sincerely, honestly, faithfully—not as the prophets of Baal.

These prophets of Baal acted just as you do, only a little worse. They cut themselves with knives and lances and jumped upon the altar and rent their clothes, and, in short, acted more like maniacs than reasonable beings. Now see how differently Elijah worshipped his God. When the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice arrived Elijah said to the people: "Come near unto me," and they did so, and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of Israel, and with these he built an altar in the name of the Lord. Then Elijah made a trench around the altar as great as would contain two measures of seed. (A measure of seed would hold three gallons of water.) Therefore, this trench would hold about six gallons of water.

Elijah, after erecting the altar, digging the trench around it and putting the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces and laid it on the wood and said : "Fill four barrels with water and pour it on the burnt sacrifice and on the wood." In Genesis these barrels are called pitchers. These people had no such barrels as we have, but they used the same kind of earthenware water jars, or pitchers, now in Palestine that were in use in the days of the Savior and in the days of Elijah. They hold five gallons of water each.

When this was done he said: "Do it the second time," and they did so; then he said: "Do it the third time," and they did it the third time. Now there could be no sham in this. Elijah had them to bring from a beautiful spring near by sixty gallons of water and pour it over his sacrifice and altar. So much water, in fact, that it ran the trench over and ran on the ground around the altar. Everything being in readiness, Elijah offered up a plain, simple prayer. He said: "Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel and that I am thy servant and that I have done all these things at thy word.

"Hear me, O Lord, hear me that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back again." I ask every colored minister who reads this book to turn to this simple prayer of the prophets which the people had "to come near him to hear," but which God heard and answered, and read it over and over and then read all the story as you find it recorded in the XVIII. chapter of 1st Kings and judge for yourself *whose worship yours most resembles.* You are that far heathens, and acting as all heathens do,

and have done. They do the best they know, and that is all that a just and merciful god requires of them. His word teaches you and me, however, "to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service," wholly unlike hoodooism. All Bible readers have more light, more knowledge of God and what he requires at our hands, than do the heathens.

Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the offering, the wood and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." And if God hadn't put it out, it would have burned up a wicked world. "And when the people saw it, they fell on their faces and said: "The Lord he is the God. The Lord he is the God."

Then Elijah ordered the prophets of Baal to be taken (not one was allowed to escape) and brought them down to the brook Kishon, which I told you runs at the foot of the mountain, and slew them there. What a fearful responsibility rests upon a man who proposes to teach the people the way of life and salvation

Paul says: "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

Paul says this much in regard to men who pervert the scriptures and say it teaches thus and so, when the scriptures do not teach any such thing. Men did this in Paul's day, and men do it now I suppose, and then say: "God called them to teach." Well, it's none of my business. They and God for it. They have to account to him for what they teach, not to men nor angels. Are you colored preachers teaching your people aright?

These prophets of Baal had forsaken the worship of God and were teaching the people that the Lord God was not God, but that Baal was God, and that they ought to worship him.

After having had these false teachers put to death Elijah told Ahab to get up and eat and drink, for there was a sound of an abundance of rain. When Ahab went up to eat and drink, Elijah went up to the top of Carmel and cast himself upon the earth and put his face between his knees and told his servant to go up and look towards the sea. He did so, and came back and reported that there was nothing. He sent him again and again till seven times. When he came back the seventh time he said: "Behold, there arises a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." Then Elijah said to his servant: "Go and tell Ahab to prepare his chariot and get down, that the rain stop him not."

A great rain fell, and we are further told that Elijah girded up his loins and ran before Ahab's chariot from the mountain yonder across this twelve miles of valley in the rain and mud to the entrance of this city, Jezreel, near where we now stand.

Why Elijah did this I could never understand. The only explanation given of it is that "the hand of the Lord was upon him." Reader, you remember when we were in Egypt we saw this custom still practised. Every carriage and a great many of the donkey riders had footmen running before them.

Now, reader, as we expect to lunch at Nain, and as we will want to take a look at the site of old Shunem, which is about two or two and a half miles from here on the opposite side of the valley of Jezreel, we must be up and going.

The road leading from Jezreel (or Zerim, as the Arab village is now called) leads along what would seem to be a natural dividing line of elevation between the valley of Esdraelon on the left or west and the valley of Jezreel on the right. From this line the valley of Jezreel slopes very rapidly to the Jordan, Ghor, and the brooks formed by the springs on our right or east run to the Jordan, while those on our left or west of us gather and form the creek called Kishon. Near the centre of the valley we cross—and a bad, muddy crossing it is—the main head stream of Kishon. About a mile beyond this creek we reach the site of the old town Shunem. It was situated on a stool or bench of land projecting from the side of a high hill or small mountain. The mountain upon the side of which the old city was built was called by Jerome "Little Hermon," and has been so called since his day.

The road leading up to the present Arab village led us between cactus hedges which grew far above our heads. On reaching the village we were saluted by a drummer, and as we found quite a large collection of the inhabitants assembled in the "Broadway" of the village we felt sure that something more than ordinary had occurred or was upon the tapis. So, calling up our commissary Ishmael, who (although a Nazarene) could speak very fair English, we asked him to inquire what had or was about to occur that seemed to put a little life in these indolent, improvident people.

Ishmael soon informed us that they were preparing to celebrate a wedding that was to take place that evening. I asked to be shown the parties. He pointed to a tall slim young man dressed for the occasion, that is, he had on a long shirt which came below his knees.

The shirt was either a new garment or had been recently washed for the occasion, as it looked to be passably clean. This constituted his full dress. His legs and feet were bare. I took the young man's picture, but not of his face. He was afraid of the kodak, and turned his face from me as I touched the button. I inquired about his affianced and learned that she was a child ten years old. She had been shut up in a dark mud hut for ten days, no one being allowed to see her except an old female relative who carried her meals to her.

When the time for their marriage arrives she will be taken out, covered from head to foot with a cashmere shawl, and placed in the rear of a procession formed by the citizens of the village, etc. I think I have described this ceremony, therefore I will not repeat it here.

When Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done at Carmel the old lady got on a high horse and sent him word, saying: "So let the gods do to me and more also if I don't make thy life as the life of one of the prophets you have slain by this time to-morrow."

Now here is a funny thing, the threat of this old, infuriated hag scared Elijah so that he arose and went for his life. He left there in a hurry; he didn't stop either until he got a day's journey in the wilderness way down below Beer-sheba. Elijah camped down there under a Juniper tree, and an angel appeared to him there, fed him and sent him to Mt. Horeb (Sinai).

You remember the mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha. You also remember a charitable woman who once lived in the old city that occupied this site. She saw Elisha coming by her house one day, invited him, or rather constrained him, to come into her house and "eat bread,"

after which he called in and ate as often as he passed that way. This woman proposed to her husband to fit up a room for him, and put a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick in it, so that when he came to see them everything would be in readiness for him.

These good people fixed up a room for the "man of God" as suggested, and it happened on the day he came and went into his room and laid down and told Gehazi "to call the Shunemite woman." To show his appreciation for what she and her husband had done for his comfort, he asked her what he could do for her in the way of soliciting the king or the captain of the host to grant any request she might make.

She told Elisha: "I dwell among mine own people." Elisha then asked his servant what was to be done for her. Gehazi then suggested that he gladden her heart and awaken therein the womanly instincts and the maternal emotions of love and affection which had lain dormant in her breast all these years of her womanhood by sending a ray of sunshine, a heaven-given blessing, in the person of a son to make merry the household and upon whom she could lean in the declining years of her life.

In after years, when this little boy was old enough to go out in the field where his father and the reapers were, he was taken ill, and his father sent him from the field unto his mother. The mother held him in her lap till noon, when he died.

His mother took him up into Elisha's room and laid him upon his bed and went out and shut the door. She then asked her husband to send her one of the young men and a donkey, that she might go to see Elisha and get him to come and see the child. She

went and found him at Carmel, and when she told Elisha that the child was dead he told her "the Lord had not revealed it to him." He went home with that broken-hearted mother and raised her child from the dead and restored it to the arms of his mother.

It was here that Elisha miraculously supplied the poor widow with oil enough to pay a creditor who was about to take her two sons to have them "bound to him till the debt was paid."

Here the Philistines gathered their army to fight against Saul, whose army was camped over the valley next to Gilboa, as before mentioned.

These associations clothe even the rocks and hills of these special localities in this old land of the bible with an interest we feel for no other localities in all of our journeyings in strange lands.



CHAPTER XXI.

READER, you remember when we were down at the Jordan I showed you the brook Cherith, and even the place where it is said the Lord had Elijah fed by the ravens, or perhaps it should be by the Arabs, until the brook dried up.

Then the Lord told him to come to Zarephath, called by Luke Serepta, and dwell there, for he had commanded a widow woman there to sustain him. Elijah left Cherith and went to Serepta, a city of Zidon, which was located over on the Mediterranean coast.

When he reached the gate of the city he saw a woman gathering sticks, and he said : " Bring me, I pray thee, a little water to drink." And as she started off to get the water " he told her to bring him a morsel of bread in her hand." The woman told him that she didn't have a cake of bread in the house, and only a handful of meal in a barrel (earthen pot) and a little oil in a cruse. Then, as now, the people of that country used olive oil in the preparation of their food. "And I was gathering two sticks," she said—it would appear from this remark that wood or fuel was scarce in Palestine even at that remote period—"that I may go in and dress it for myself and son, that we may eat and die." Elijah told her to fear not, but go and do as she had said. But first to make him a little cake and bring it to him, and then make for herself and son. " For thus sayeth the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

We are told that the woman did as he told her, and that she and Elijah and her house did eat many days, and the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.

After this the son of this woman, the mistress of the house, was taken sick, and it is written he was bad sick, so sick in fact "that there was no breath left in him." He couldn't be any worse than that, you know; he was dead.

This mother in her distress charged the death of her child to Elijah, and accused him of having slain her child on account of her own sin. What her sin was we are not told. Solomon says: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." This woman's conscience, no doubt, had been upbraiding her for her sin, whatever it was, for months, perhaps for years, and she was ready to believe the Lord was punishing her for it by taking away her child.

Elijah prayed to the Lord to restore the child to life again. The Lord heard and answered his prayer and "the child's soul" or life came unto him again. And Elijah brought him to his mother and said: "See, thy son liveth."

Now, reader, it is pleasant for us to be where these miraculous events occurred so many long years ago. We have read about Elijah and Elisha and the many wonderful things the Lord did through their instrumentality. Our mothers read them to us when we were children, and impressed our young minds with the truth of them. (God bless the mothers of our children.) But never did they make such an impression on our minds as when we rode through the land and saw the places where God told Elisha and Elijah and others of

his prophets, to say to the people, or say to a certain king: "Thus sayeth the Lord God of Israel."

We now leave the places where these two illustriou prophets lived and worked and labored to draw the minds and hearts of the children of Israel from the worship of idols to the worship of the true and living God, Jehovah, the God of Israel.

We now enter upon the land where our Lord spent his boyhood days, and where so many incidents of his life took place.

As we leave Shunem our road bears northeast along the foot of the hills bordering the valley. The direct road to Nazareth goes northwest across the valley, but we want to visit old Nain, and therefore leave the main road and turn to the right. When we left Jezreel, had we kept the direct caravan route which runs in a northwest direction, directly across the valley to Nazareth, a few miles from Jezreel, we would have passed some Arab huts at a place called Tuleh. In the time of the Crusades a castle stood there. On the 15th of April, 1799, a battle occurred there between the French and the Turks. Kebler had marched the French army from Nazareth and was posted at Tuleh with his corps of about fifteen hundred men, and kept in check the Syrian army, composed of two thousand five hundred, until reinforced by Napoleon with six hundred men. The Syrians, thinking Kebler was being re-inforced by a large army, took to flight. Many were killed and many drowned—a small water brook in their rear being overflowed at the time. After this battle of Tabor, as it was called, Napoleon supped at Nazareth, where

we expect to spend the Sabbath, *i. e.*, to-morrow, as we will reach there this afternoon.

In skirting along the foot of the hills between Shunem and Nain, our road turns almost east. We find here an arm of the valley running down toward the Jordan, separating the hills now on our right from the hills of Nazareth.

A few miles from Shunem we climb a hill and see on our right a small village composed of rough stone and mud houses, and near these a small stone church located on the north side of the hill near the top. This is the site of Nain. One mile north of it, just across the arm of the valley, rises Mt. Tabor.

We learn that upon one occasion Jesus and many of his disciples were coming from Capernaum to the city of Nain, and when they drew near the gate of the city they met a funeral procession. The people were carrying a dead man, the only son of his mother, out to bury him. And when Jesus saw this distressed, weeping mother, he had compassion on her, and said: "Weep not." Jesus walked to the bier and touched it, and the men who were carrying it stopped, and Jesus said: "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." At his word this young man, "he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."

Now we learn that the old city of Nain stood here on the slope of this hill. We learn furthermore that it was a walled city having one or more gates. From the location of the city, however, I infer that there was but one gate, as in all other directions except from the north the approach to the city would be down the steep declivity of the mountain side.

Adjoining the little stone church is a room erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. In this room we partook of the lunch spread for us by Abdul, who had this department of our outfit in charge.

The only biblical interest associated with this old site is the miracle of our Lord and Savior which I have just related. While we regard the performance of miracles by the Savior at this day and time as one of the least of the evidences of his divinity, yet during his stay upon earth, and to the people to whom he came, and to whom he declared himself to be the promised Messiah of whom the prophets had spoken, it was necessary that he prove himself to them as he did to John the Baptist when he sent messengers to him saying: "Art thou he that should come or do we look for another?" "He said, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see." "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk. The lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear. The dead are raised up and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

Some seven hundred and fifty years before the advent of "The Christ" Isaiah said: "And he shall be for a sanctuary, but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offense to both the houses of Israel and for a *gin* and for a *snare* to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." This and other similar prophecies throw light upon the last part of the message the Savior returned to John.

We now ride across the arm of the valley referred to, and reach the foot of Mt. Tabor. As seen from Nain it is an isolated mountain in the form of a dome which rises ten hundred and fifty feet above the table-land which surrounds it in every direction except upon the

south and southeast. Its summit is about two thousand feet above the Mediterranean.

Tabor was situated on the frontier of the tribes of Issachar and Zebulun and allotted to the Levites. The plateau which forms its summit was the site of a town named Tabor, about 200 B. C. About fifty years after the birth of Christ, a battle was fought here between the Romans and the Jews. After this Josephus caused the place to be fortified and enclosed with a wall.

The plateau on its summit contains, as has been estimated, some five or six hundred acres of land, covered with ruins of cities of former periods. On the plateau the Greeks and Latins each have a monastery, and each claim that their monastery covers the exact locality where the transfiguration took place. We read: " And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter and James and John, and leadeth them up into a high mountain apart by themselves, and he was transfigured before them, and his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow;" whiter than they could have been made, the record says, by any bleaching process on earth.

" And there appeared to them Elias and Moses, who talked with Jesus." The disciples were greatly alarmed, and Peter, who was always ready to talk, said: " Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." It is said in the scriptures that Peter was so much alarmed that he didn't know or realize the purport of what he said. A cloud then descended and overshadowed them, and a voice from out of the clouds said: " This is my beloved son, hear ye him."

This may be the mount of transfiguration, Origen and

St. Jerome both speak of Tabor as the scene of the transfiguration. The bible does not tell us what mountain it was upon which he led his three disciples. From the top of this mountain lake Tiberius is visible, and in the extreme distance the mountains of Hauran, ancient Bashan, mark a blue line along the horizon. The mountains of Gilead are in plain view. Toward the south Nain and Endor come in view. Toward the southwest we view the battlefield of Barak and Sisera. Above all presides the majestic Hermon.

"On the day of transfiguration this glorious landscape was forgotten or unheeded by the three friends of the son of Mary, as a sublimer, grander and more awe-inspiring scene was passing before them. "They gaze in speechless admiration as they see his face and garments clothed in a strange light growing brighter and brighter, beautiful and yet more beautiful, until the man has changed to a god. Heaven came down to earth. Moses, too, in Canaan at last."

We ride along on the north side of the valley going west, leaving Tabor behind us. A mile further we strike the main road which comes through the valley from Jezreel. We take this road turning north up a high, rough hill. The road on this hill-side at one time was paved, and portions of the old pavement are seen here and there as we climb the rugged steep of the mountain. Soon after reaching the plateau we come to the old town of Nazareth.

Remnants of paved roads and other public improvements made by the Romans during their occupation of this country are to be seen here and there all over Palestine.

This city, so intimately associated with the life of

our Savior, is not mentioned in the old bible, and during the days of the Savior was an unimportant village.

The name Nazarene was used as an epithet of derision, first to Christ himself, and then to his disciples. When Philip found Nathaniel and said unto him, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," Nathaniel answered: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

The little village must have had a bad reputation at that time.

The modern town is built on the site of the old village. It is situated in a basin or slight depression on the south slope of the mountain called Jebil-es-Sikh. The bulk of the houses of Nazareth are well-built stone structures. It has a population of five or six thousand, composed of Mohammedans, orthodox Greeks, Latins, Marionites, and a few Protestants. "Most of the inhabitants are farmers and gardeners. Some, however, are engaged in handicrafts, and in the cotton and grain trade."

We are now in camp on the southern side of the town. The town, therefore, lies in the main between our camp and the higher portion of the mountain which rises several hundred feet above the town in its rear.

Seven hundred and fifty-two years before the birth of Christ we find in the Book of Isaiah this language: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Emanuel, God with us." The apostles tell us that when Joseph was espoused to Mary the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph and told him not

to fear to take Mary to wife, that her conception was of the Holy Ghost.

Another of the apostles states that the angel appeared to her and said: "Hail, thou art highly favored. The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." This salutation troubled her, for she didn't comprehend its meaning. Then the angel said: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son and shall call his name 'Jesus.' He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest. And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Mary asked "how this thing could be." And the angel said: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. Therefore also that holy child which shall be born of thee shall be called the son of God."

Now, reader, we will take a stroll up town. We go north and enter the broad market street of the town, and before we have gone very far we observe the Latin hospice on our left and a monastery on our right. Within the lofty walls of this monastery we find the "Church of the Enunciation." This church was completed in its present form in 1730, and is twenty-three yards long and sixteen wide. The vaulting overhead in the main body of the church rests on four large arches borne by four massive pillars. On each side are two altars. The high altars on each side, which are ascended by marble steps, are dedicated to the angel Gabriel. A handsome flight of fifteen steps descends to a vestibule called the "Angels' Chapel." On the

righthand side of the vestibule is the altar of St. Joachim, "an abbot who lived in the 12th century," and who protested with prophetic denunciation against the many and gross abuses connected with the assumption of authority on the part of the church." On the left, that of the angel Gabriel.

Between these two altars is the entrance to the Chapel of Annunciation, to which two steps ascend. This chapel has two small rooms; the first is called the Chapel of Enunciation and contains an altar, and at the back of the altar an inscription which reads thus: "Here the Word was made flesh." Immediately to the left of the entrance of the chapel are two columns. One of these is said to mark the spot where the angel stood when he visited Mary. This column is called the column of Gabriel. St. Luke tells us that Gabriel was the angel which visited Mary on that occasion. The other column, distant about two feet from Gabriel's column, is called "column of Mary." Here is where Mary stood, or is said to have stood, when she received the angel's message.

A fragment of a column may be seen depending from the ceiling, and is said to be miraculously supported above the precise spot where she stood at the time. The rock underneath this chapel is now richly overlaid with fine marble slabs, and covers the space of ground where the virgin's house is said to have stood.

The original house in which she lived is said to have been carried off by angels to prevent its being desecrated by the Mohammedans. The angels, it is said, carried it to Dalmatia, and from there to Loretc in Italy, where it may now be seen, and where it is visited annually by numerous credulous pilgrims.

In 1471, during the pontificate of Paul II., the Church of Rome confirmed this miracle. They confirm or affirm anything that suits them. Adjoining the Chapel of Enunciation is a dark chamber called the Chapel of Joseph. Over the altar in this chamber we find another inscription which reads, "Here he became subject to them."

In the rear of these chapels we ascend a flight of stone steps cut in the native rock which leads us to a small cave or an artificial grotto, I don't know which, in the rock. The walls, ceiling and floor are all of rough stone. In the ceiling overhead is a round hole some eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. This room is said to have been Mary's kitchen. The hole in the top was for the escape of the smoke, I suppose. The stone steps leading up to the kitchen are very much worn. Whether from usage, or whether cut in this way to deceive visitors who go to Nazareth to see what can be seen connected with the house of Joseph and Mary when our Savior was a boy, I am not able to say. I think it is as likely the one as the other.

This monastery now contains about twenty-five monks, chiefly Italians and Spaniards.

Upon one occasion Jesus was talking to the people of Nazareth in the synagogue, saying: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind. To set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

After reading this, he closed the book and handed it to the minister and said: "This day is this scripture

fulfilled in your ears." He then talked to the people and they wondered at his gracious words and "asked each other, Is not this Joseph's son?" The Savior told them they would say to him: "Physician, heal thyself. Do here what we have heard you did in Capernaum." But he told them: "No prophet is accepted in his own country." He told them that there were many widows in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, but that he was sent only to the widow of Serepta. And many lepers also in Israel in the days of the prophet Elisha, but that none of them were cleansed except Naaman, the Syrian. These things made the people mad and they rose up and drove him from the city and led him to the brow of the hill upon which the city was built (which place they claim to know and to show you), that they might throw him headlong over the bluff. Jesus seems to have paid but little attention to their threats, but went his way.

I learned that there was but one fountain of water in Nazareth. So I felt sure when I went to this fountain I would at least see the spring where Mary and her boy often went for water. When we reached the place, however, we found it covered by a church. The old sexton raised a small round stone some four inches in diameter under the altar, exposing a round hole through the stone floor. Through this he let down a small tin bucket about the size of a pound oyster can (and looking very much like an old oyster can), with which he drew up enough water to give us all a drink.

The water from this spring is conducted through an underground aqueduct and empties into a large stone vat called Mary's well, some hundred yards lower down



MOUNT TABOR.

the street. Here arrangements have been made so as to furnish ample accommodations to the inhabitants for filling their waterpots and watering their stock.

In this country women carry all the water for the use of the family on their heads in five-gallon earthenware pots. They place a small pad on the top of their heads upon which they set the water jar, and learn to balance them so as to carry them any required distance without having to hold them with their hands.

I thought it in poor taste to cover with a church this bold spring which gushes out of the mountain side, sending forth its bright, sparkling, cheery waters down the mountain, forming a succession of beautiful cascades as it leaps merrily from stone to stone, a beautiful reminder of the illustration used by the Savior when speaking to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. This spring is called Mary's well or spring, also Jesus' spring. The church which covers it is an orthodox Greek church, also called Church of Enunciation.

The mountain, whose summit rises seventeen hundred and eighty feet above sea level, towering majestically above the little town which nestles on its side, commands a fine survey of the valley of Nazareth. "Over the top of a lesser mountain looking east peeps the green and cultivated Tabor." To the south, little Hermon and the great plain of Esdrælon. To the southwest Carmel, to the north a beautful plain called El Buttauf, beyond which in the midst of a confused range of hills rises Mt. Hermon.

This mountain, in the rear of the city of Nazareth (now called by the natives En Nasira), is called Jebel-es-Sikh.

Not far from this spring we were shown a house upon the site of which stood Joseph's workshop. It may have been, I am sure the bible doesn't tell us where it was located, hence there is no way of knowing just where it stood.

We can visit the synagogue in which Christ is said to have taught; the place has been pointed out as its location since 570 A. D. It is now in the possession of the United Greeks. In another house across the market on the west side of the town we were shown a hard chalk stone, eleven and a half feet long, nine and one-half broad, on which Christ is said to have dined with his disciples. The Latins have inscribed on it that "this fact has been handed down by an unbroken tradition, etc." This, however, may be but another one of the legion of falsehoods written and spoken in this Catholic and Moslem country.

We spent a Sabbath day at Nazareth. Our tents were thronged with Nazarenes from morning till night. During religious services which were held in our dining tent and conducted by brother John Mitchell, or papa, as we learned to call him, a good old bachelor brother from North Carolina, these people surrounded the tent and showed very plainly that they were astonished and had no conception as to what we were doing. The idea of worshiping God as a congregation without the ritualism, trappery and tomfoolery in use among the Christless christians among whom they lived was a thing entirely new to them. The Moslems do not worship in congregations. As I have before stated, their mosques being the property of all, they enter them at any and all times, perform their ablution and say their prayers. Every man prays for

himself. He doesn't pray for anybody else, nor does he ask nor want anybody else to pray for him. In theory and practice the religion of Mohammed is strictly a personal ritualism based upon rewards and punishments.

While here we had the pleasure, pleasant on account of its novelty, of joining a marriage procession.

A large plateau of ground here was covered by pilgrims' tents, for the most part Catholics from France and other countries, who make annual pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

Monday morning we left Nazareth and took up our Indian file line of march for the lake of Galilee. We are now riding over a road that we know has been often pressed by the feet of "Jesus of Nazareth." About a mile from Nazareth we pass on the right a large spring. Here we see the neighboring women filling their waterpots, and again we hear the cry for "backshee, backshee."

We have scarcely seen a man, woman or child since we entered this God-forsaken country but what has sung in our ears the cry for "backshee" (Give me something).

The hills and tablelands around this despised city are very rich and productive, and have more undergrowth and pasturage than the hills farther south. Often in life, when reading the old bible, the thought would present itself, "How could that little country, Palestine, sustain such an immense population as was spoken of as inhabiting it?"

It is no marvel to me now. The inhabitants of this old country are living now very much as they did during the days of Solomon. Elijah asked the widow of

Serepta for a little cake and water. That constituted his simple repast. When Joseph's brethren had left him in the pit they sat down "to eat bread." Bread and water satisfies this people. They eat to live, unlike many of our people who seem to want to live to eat and drink and be merry.

One evening while in Palestine we were camped for the night near a village. Soon after reaching camp I noticed an old Arab woman sitting under a porch before her door baking bread. Having a curiosity to see the process I walked over to her house. A savage, wolfish dog forbade my approaching the house, but the old lady called out some kind of an Arab word to him which the dog, being a better linguist than I was, seemed to understand, for he left off his threats and warlike demonstrations and I gained admission. The cook oven was a hole dug out in the rock in the form of a jug. It was sixteen inches in diameter and eighteen or twenty inches deep. This oven was heated by building a fire in the bottom and covering over the top to retain the heat, only allowing enough air to enter the chamber to support combustion. When the oven is heated sufficiently the dough is patted into thin cakes, not much thicker than blotting paper, and spread over a cushion. This cushion is made for the purpose; it is some eight inches in diameter and on one side, *i. e.*, on the side opposite to that on which the dough is spread, has a hand-hold. With this arrangement the cook reaches down into the oven and slaps the cake of dough on the side of the hot oven. By the time another cake is ready to be put into the oven the first is ready to be taken out.

It looks like perpetual motion to see one of these old

experienced cooks putting in and taking out these thin cakes. I watched this old wizard (for she looked like I imagined one would look) put in and take out these wafers till she had a pile a foot high. They looked like a pile of circular filtering papers such as druggists use.

These are sold by a stone's weight. They use a rude kind of scales (home made) and have rocks of different sizes for weights. Bread is said to be the staff of life. It certainly is in Palestine.

Soon after leaving Nazareth we see a little to the northwest of the road the village of El-Meshhed which is said to be on the site of ancient Gath-Hepher, a town in the territory of Zebulon, where we learn that the prophet Jonah, the son of Amittai, lived. His tomb is shown here.

A short distance further on we reached a small Arab village, situated on a rocky ridge, a small, insignificant place. It is said here stood the old village of Cana. We read that here on one occasion Jesus and Mary, his mother, and his disciples were invited to a marriage feast. Some writers on Oriental customs give loose bridle to their imagination and describe the marriage ceremony among these peasant people as quite a romantic affair. After seeing one of these marriages I confess I can see no place for the romance to come in, and I have read enough of the Old Testament scriptures, and have seen enough of the manners and customs of these people, to convince me they are about the same as when our Savior went to the marriage feast at Cana.

But anyway, Jesus and his mother went to the marriage and when they wanted wine it seems they had none, having consumed what they had on hand at the

beginning of the feast; at least we read that "when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus sayeth unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." This seems to us like a strange answer for Jesus to make to his mother. But we find that this expression had been in common use since the days of David and perhaps before his time.

When Shimei cursed and threw stones at David when driven from Jerusalem by Absalom, Abishai, his servant, asked David to let him go over and take the head off the dead dog. David said: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah?"

Jesus addressed his mother the same way when on the cross, saying: "Woman, behold thy son." Mary told the servants who were waiting on the guests "to do whatsoever he told them." There were in the house six waterpots of stone, which contained two or three firkins apiece." One firkin equals eight gallons. Jesus told the servants to fill them to the brim with water. Then he said to the servants: "Draw out now and carry a glass to the governor of the feast." When he tasted it he told the bridegroom it was the custom generally for the guests on such occasions to be given the best wine at the beginning of the banquet and "when men have well drunk," *i. e.*, when they become somewhat intoxicated so that they couldn't tell good wine from bad, to then give them a second or third rate article. "But you have saved the best for the last."

This governor of the feast pronounced the wine made by Jesus of the water a first-class article, not knowing who made it. It has been said that Jesus made this large quantity of wine so that what was not used by

the guests could be sold by the newly-married couple and the proceeds would be a sufficient sum to give them a little start in the world.

Now I can't believe this for a moment. In the first place, I am of the opinion this wine was not an intoxicant, but this is merely an opinion. In the next place, we don't know how many guests there were at the feast to be supplied. And in the third place, the only money ever made by Jesus during his life, so far as we have any account of, or so far as the records show, was when he sent Peter down to the sea of Galilee and told him to cast a hook and take the first fish which he caught, and look in its mouth, and he would find a piece of money with which to pay the tribute money for both of them. In the next place, I am sure the Savior was too well acquainted with our human nature to think of giving a young married man a start with wine, for God only could know where he would land. We have seen a good many young men take that start, and as a rule they land at one of three places stationed at the other end of the road; these three terminii are the penitentiary, the gallows, or a pauper's grave.

I am aware that a learned minister and writer recently advanced this opinion. Such an opinion, however, places the Savior in the attitude of a liquor dealer, and as setting an example to modern saloon keepers. It will not do to say he did not manufacture an intoxicant, nor did he sell it. This learned divine says the Savior intended for the newly-married man to sell it and to appropriate the proceeds to his own use. All this is imagination, conjecture and bosh, unreliable and misleading. All we know about this circumstance is what the scriptures tell us, and from them we learn no

such a cock-and-bull story as the above. The statement makes Jesus a wholesale dealer and the newly-married man a retail dealer.

I had rather write a plain statement of facts as far as I can learn them, even if they do not read so well, than to write imaginative speculations having no foundation in truth, perverting the scriptures.

While it was at this little village that our Lord performed his first miracle, that of converting water into wine, it was not the only time he exercised the power of performing miracles given into his hands by the Father at this place.

We learn on another occasion he came into Cana of Galilee, and a certain nobleman, who lived up near the northern extremity of the sea of Galilee at an old town which once stood there named Capernaum, went up to Cana to see Jesus. This nobleman had a son very ill, and, having more confidence in the Savior than some of us have now, went out to Cana to see him. He went to Jesus and besought him to come down to Capernaum and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. Jesus said unto him : "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." Just like many people at the present day.

And the nobleman said : "Sir, come down ere my child die." "Jesus sayeth unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth." This man believed and went his way, and as he was going down to his house he met his servants, who told him that his son was better. He asked him when the change in his condition took place, and they told him on yesterday at the seventh hour. Then the father knew that it was at the same time that Jesus told him "Thy son liveth."

This miracle convinced the nobleman and his household that he was the Christ. Now, reader, we know that Christ was here, so we have the pleasure of knowing that we are not only in the Holy Land, but we are looking at the hills and valleys which He not only made, but over which He traveled, and upon which His eyes rested, and where He taught sinful mortals such as we the way of life and salvation. And while we are traveling the earthly road he traveled let us determine by his help to follow in the example of His life, and listen to His words of wisdom, which, if we will do, will make us wise unto salvation.

But Ishmael has sounded his tin horn for us to mount and move on. In many of the Eastern cities the drivers of omnibuses and street cars use tin horns to notify the people to clear the track and give the right of way. Our dragoman found it very convenient in giving notice to all the party when to mount, and when to take up the line of march. Everywhere the inhabitants, and more especially the children, flocked to the roadside to beg, "backshee, backshee."

I think these Arab mothers teach their infants to ask for backshee before nursing them. When the little imps can't say "backshee" they hold out their little dirty hands to beg.

A few miles from Cana we passed through a pretty valley in which were several nice wheat (corn) fields. Tradition locates the field through which the Savior and his disciples were traveling on the Sabbath day in this valley and on this road. We read that it came to pass that he went through the corn fields and his disciples, being hungry, plucked the heads of wheat,

which the overrighteous Pharisees told them was unlawful. Jesus cited them to an instance when David went into a house of God and eat the shew bread of which it was unlawful for any to eat except the priests, and gave of it also to them who were with him, and then shut up their officiousness by telling them that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. I wonder what they thought of that new doctrine?

This was an effort on the part of the Savior to take them out of their hypocritical, sanctimonious, pharisaical robes, and to put a little common sense in their heads.

Near here Saladin defeated the Franks in 1187, thereby giving a death blow to their power in Palestine. The Knights were sold as slaves, and the Templars and Hospitallers put to death. "The Grand Master of the Templars was slain by Saladin himself, on account of his having broken faith with him."

A few miles further on we ascend a high mountain to the left of the road. Here we find our lunch tent and a good repast in waiting. The tent having been pitched on the slope or side of the mountain, I rode past the tent, and had my gray pony to climb the precipitous cone to the summit. I was now on the summit of Karn Hattin, the mountain of beatitudes.

The road from Caanan to Galilee runs through a very fertile country comprising table-lands and valleys. There is, comparatively speaking, but little of it in cultivation, and we saw but few flocks. In fact, the country immediately around this beautiful lake seems to be almost deserted.

From the summit of the mountain we get a beautiful

view of the north part of the lake and the surrounding country. To the north we see the Lebanon mountains; to the west, Tabor; northeast, the northern extremity of the lake.

This is a peculiar country. Many of the hills are covered with basalt. Vegetation is very luxuriant. The highlands are very fertile and in large plats or tracts, water in abundance. The altitude renders the climate delightful. This is said to be the mountain on which the Savior preached that memorable sermon which we find recorded in the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew's gospel.

He had been going over Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom and teaching in the synagogues, and healing all manner of sickness and every disease found among the people. His fame had gone out through all Syria, and they had brought in all their sick, lame and palsied, and even the insane, and such as they believed were possessed with devils, and he healed them.

Great multitudes had gathered in from all parts of the surrounding country, from Decapolis and Jerusalem and other parts of Judea, and from beyond the Jordan, to see and hear him. Jesus, seeing what a great multitude had gathered together, went up into a mountain and sat down, with his disciples around him. And he opened his mouth and preached a sermon, such as one sent from God only could preach.

Never had these people heard such things before. And if mankind would follow out the lessons inculcated in that sermon, we would have no use for criminal laws, court-houses, penitentiaries or jails. Mankind would be knit and bound together in one common brotherhood, a brotherhood cemented into one united whole

by the spirit and unity of love to God and our fellow man. "All would love God with the whole heart, mind, soul and strength, and his neighbor as himself."

Tradition locates the feeding of five thousand with the five loaves and two fishes on this same mountain. This, however, is mere guesswork. No one knows on what mountain the sermon was preached, or on what mountain the five thousand were miraculously fed

And what matters it whether we know which particular one of these beautiful mountains that surround the lake was thus honored? He made them all. They are the work of his hands. It is not the mountain that was, is and will ever be a blessing to mankind, but the loving words of the loving Savior uttered by him somewhere near the shores of this beautiful sea of Galilee.



CHAPTER XXII

FROM the mount of beatitudes we traverse a high ridge running east to the hill which overlooks the town of Tiberius and the sea of Galilee.

From this point we are by the roadway three miles from Tiberius, and by the time we wind first one way and then another down, down, all the while, we begin to realize how far below the surrounding country is this pretty little sea.

The old town lies on a narrow plain between the lake and the hill in the rear. We ride by the town, our road having brought us into the plain above the little walled city. I never saw just such a little old dirty one-horse town as this walled in before. We found our tents being pitched about half a mile below the town, between the town and the hot springs which come out from beneath the mountain a few hundred yards below us.

The town of Tiberius was founded by Herod A. D. 20 and named for the Roman Emperor Tiberius. It has a population of about fifteen hundred, more than half of whom are red-headed, blue-eyed Jews.

When Herod founded this city here and was constructing foundations for the public buildings he found that it had once been a burial-place. And as, according to Jewish law, contact with graves defiled a person for seven days, but few Jews could be persuaded to live there. Herod was therefore obliged to people it chiefly with foreigners, scalawags, soreheads and beggars. I think all or nearly all of the first two ele-

ments of society in this noted place have died out, leaving it in full and undisputed possession of the beggars. Tiberius is a noted place, not because it has been brought into notoriety by the bible or by any miraculous events ever having occurred here, but it is noted all the same. Every tourist and every traveler who visits it can bear testimony to its being noted for fleas, filth, sore-eyed Jews and beggars.

It is one of the few towns one sees that excites their sympathy. It looks pitiful. It looks like it was "nobody's child." One intuitively puts his hand into his pocket to give it a penny. The ladies want to wash it, put clean clothes on it and comb its head. Poor, deserted little one, left all alone at the water's edge of the lake of Galilee to perish and die

The first of January, 1837, a terrible earthquake rocked and damaged the walls of the city very seriously and killed about one-half of the population. In 633 the Catholics built a church here and then said this was the place where Simon Peter and his companions brought to shore the miraculous draught of fishes. You know Peter and several of the disciples had been out fishing and caught nothing. When the morning was come they saw Jesus standing on the shore. He asked them what luck they had, had they caught any fish? They answered him no. Jesus told them then to cast their net on the other side of the boat. They did so and made a big haul; so many they were not able to draw in the net.

This occurred here on this lake, but there is no evidence that it occurred here at Tiberius any more than elsewhere. St. Peter is to the Catholic what the angel Gabriel is to the Mohammedan.

Soon after reaching camp in company with several of the party, I walked down the graveled shore, passed the bath-house into which the hot water from one of the springs is conducted, and, finding a suitable retired place, took a bath in the clear, clean, bright, sparkling water of this lovely little inland sea.

We find the water colder than we expected, but refreshing. "It's awful nice," as the girls say.

The name of this lake was anciently Keneret or Kenerot. In the time of the Maccabees, *i. e.*, in the 2d century, it was called Gennezar, or Gennesaret. Its length is sixteen miles and its width from four to seven and a half. It is somewhat of an oval shape. Its surface is six hundred and twenty feet below that of the Mediterranean. Its greatest depth is one hundred and sixty feet. These are the dimensions and figures given by Lieutenant Linch.

The hills surrounding the lake are moderate in height when considered in connection with the general face of the country, but rise to almost mountains above the surface of the lake, and are enlivened by the luxuriant vegetation and a few small villages to be seen in the distance; unlike the silent, still, gloomy appearance of the Dead Sea. One standing upon the beach of the Dead Sea feels like he were in the presence of death, so barren and desolate are its surroundings. The scene here is smiling, cheerful and enlivening. But you must leave out of this view the cancerous spot Tiberius, for it is the only thing that mars the scene.

We saw but one sail-boat on the lake this afternoon. This deep basin is frequently visited by sudden and severe storms. These hot springs could be made very valuable as a remedial agent in many diseases, but, like

all other valuable resources to be found in Palestine, they can never be made available while the country is in the hands of its present occupants.

There are several of these springs flowing from beneath this hill near each other, making a group varying in temperature, furnishing a very abundant supply of water, the temperature of which varies from one hundred and thirty-one degrees to one hundred and forty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

The hills on the opposite side of the lake are occupied by the Bedouins, and are not safe to be visited. We learn from the gospels that this lake was once navigated by numerous boats. But we now see only a few indifferent fishermen's sail-boats on its bosom.

We spent the greater part of the afternoon in wandering up and down the gravelly beach, contemplating the wonderful things done by our Savior on and around this lovely lake.

Here he walked upon the water in the midst of this sea. Here he commanded, and its winds and waves obeyed. He again commanded, and the finny tribe which dwell therein, forgetting the instincts of their nature, in multitudes crowded into and broke the net of the astonished and confounded fisherman, so that he fell on his knees and exclaimed: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

We left camp early the next morning, our route leading us up the lake. We passed the deserted child, Tiberius, leaving it on the right. Our road, or rather path, runs some thirty or forty feet above the level of the sea, which gave us a fine view of the sea and the hills bordering the opposite shore.

As I rode leisurely along the shore I endeavored to

locate the place where I thought it probable that the herd of two thousand hogs ran down the hill and drowned themselves. We read that when Jesus came to the other side of this lake, into the country of the Gergesenes or Gadarines, there met him two persons possessed with devils coming out of the tombs, exceedingly fierce, so that no one could pass that way in safety. When they saw Jesus they cried out, saying: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" "And there was a good way off an herd of swine feeding, so that the devils in the men besought him, saying, If thou cast us out suffer us to go away to the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And they came out of the men and went into the herd of swine, and the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the waters."

Now, are we to refuse to accept this as a fact, as an incident in the life of our Lord, which occurred just over on the opposite shore of this lake, simply because we have no such talking devils dwelling in men at this day and time, and because we never saw or met with such devils as these? For one I am willing to believe, yet not seeing. I do not want to see any such devils as those. And if I knew that there were such devils over on that shore, whether in men or hogs, I would be for leaving here in a hurry.

The dumb, silent, sneaking devils that live in men in this, the nineteenth century, are bad enough, and I have no desire to make the acquaintance of such as can run a hog crazy and make him drown himself. What demoniacal passions must have been excited in the breasts of these two excited men, who, in their mad-

ness and raving, broke fetters and chains, and cut their flesh with stones.

St. Mark, in his narrative of this circumstance, says soon after Jesus landed he was met by a man coming out of the tombs having an unclean spirit. St. Luke states it as one man who had devils a long time and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in tombs. All, however, say when the man saw the Son of God his voice cried out, saying: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

I have thought much about the real physical condition of this class of people, so frequently mentioned in the bible, especially in the gospels, as being possessed of devils or unclean spirits. I am aware that the ancients believed that insanity, epilepsy, catilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, and all this class of nervous diseases, of which they in reality knew nothing except their manifestations or symptoms, were wholly due to the influence of indwelling demons, devils, etc.

I am satisfied also that they regarded the irrational incoherent conversation of the insane as the language of the demons themselves. But in this instance some new features are presented. It seems that there was something in this man which, when transferred by divine power into a lot or herd of swine, not only crazed them, but engrafted upon their dull, obtuse mental faculties a suicidal insanity which seems to have pervaded all alike, as the whole herd "ran violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the water."

There can be no question but that there was something more in this particular case than the mere curing of a case of insanity by a word; something more than

a re-enthronement of a dethroned reason by the presence and divine influence of the son of God. His influence and superhuman power not only removed a local disease from this poor man's brain, thereby re-establishing and restoring the faculties of the mind to their normal condition, but it went further and implanted a suicidal insane impulse in the brain of a coarse, brutal herd of swine to the extent of determining their immediate self-destruction.

We know no more of the strange and mysterious connection between mind and matter than we do between soul and body, if indeed they be not the same. When we approach this subject we realize that there is a horizon beyond which human knowledge cannot go. And when I consider this miraculous circumstance from this standpoint I am forced to the conclusion that no unaided human power could accomplish this wonderful transfer of diseases and mental derangement.

We are unavoidably driven to acknowledge that Christ was more than human, that he was the "Son of God," and as such endowed with superhuman powers; or we must deny the witnesses and say that the whole thing is a fabrication of designing men.

We find many fine springs at the foot of the hills, but I am told that some of them are salt springs, the water being unfit for use. About two miles up the lake from Tiberius we pass on a small plain a miserable village called Medgel. This is the old Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalene, who, in my opinion, had Chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, but who was said to have had seven devils cast out of her. Every now and then as we proceed up the lake we find sacred trees; the

branches being thick set with rags and shreds of cloth.

Near Magdala the hills recede westward from the lake, and we cross a plain through which runs quite a large creek. The caravan route from Damascus to Nazareth runs up this valley. About two miles up this creek, on the lefthand side of the valley, lie the ruins of an old castle. The almost perpendicular cliffs here are eleven hundred and fifty feet in height. The castle consists of caves in the sides of the cliff connected by passages and protected by walls. Within the enclosure were several cisterns.

This stronghold was at one time the haunt of robbers. "Herod the Great besieged them here, but only succeeded in reaching and destroying them by letting soldiers down the cliff in cages by means of ropes to the mouths of the caverns."

At Magdala begins the plain of ancient Genesar, one mile wide and about three miles long, the creek above referred to running through it. From this plain the lake took its ancient name, Gennesaret.

This plain is not in cultivation, although the soil is extremely fertile and well watered by numerous springs. The banks of the lake and the brook are fringed with oleanders, many of them as high as our heads on horse-back and very luxuriant. Numerous springs and brooks from the plains and valleys west of us discharge their waters into the lake. What a lovely location this is! On the northern extremity of the plain of Gennesaret we reach the ruins of Bethsaida, where our tents are pitched.

But little of the ruins of the ancient city are now to be seen. We know, however, that the place was

frequently visited by our Savior. We know furthermore that it was the home of Peter, Andrew and Philip. "Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter."

I infer from what is said in the 24th verse of the 17th chapter of Matthew that Peter after this moved up to Capernaum, and that the Savior was living with him, for it reads thus: "And when they were come to Capernaum they that received tribute money came to Peter and said, Doth not your Master pay tribute?"

This is the only instance of which we have any account that money was ever demanded of the Savior or of his ever having an occasion to use money, nor did he convert water into wine and install Peter as a bar-keeper to sell it to get the money he needed to pay tribute with.

We go beyond our tents and pass a marshy place which seems to be full of springs, as quite a brook carries the accumulated water into the lake. After crossing this our route rises on the side of the hill some considerable height above the surface of the lake, a narrow, deep way resembling a conduit for water having been cut down into the rock. This passway is about three feet wide and from two to four feet deep. We pass through it, and soon reach a copious stream which turns a mill. Our route continues to skirt the lake, and some three or four miles further on we reach Tell-Hum, the site of old Capernaum.

On the bank of the lake we find one building to some extent preserved. In the midst of the ruins of the ancient city which lie scattered in every direction rises the remains of a beautiful ancient structure, twenty-five yards long and eighteen yards wide, composed of

large blocks of white stone resembling marble. Fragments of columns, bases, and Corinthian capitols and other remains lie scattered around in wild confusion. Some think this must have been a Jewish synagogue, and the one built by the centurion. Upon one occasion when Jesus entered Capernaum "a certain centurion's servant who was dear to him was sick and ready to die. When he heard that Jesus had come to the city he sent the elders of the Jews to see Jesus and request him to come and heal his servant. The elders went to Jesus and told him their mission, and said further that the centurion was "a worthy man," that he loved their nation and had built them a synagogue.

The same authority tells me of Jesus that told me that these old cities stood here on the bank of this lake two thousand years ago. And now, reader, here we see with our own eyes the places where they stood, and enough of the remains and ruins of the old buildings to confirm the testimony of the witnesses beyond the question of a doubt. Who, after seeing what we have seen, can say otherwise than as did Nicodemus: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him." We also know that the record is true, for this beautiful lake, its hills and vales, its fountains, its brooks and rippling streams declare it. God himself says: "This is my beloved son." How dare man call God a liar?

The same authority which tells us that the city of Capernaum once stood on the shore of this lake tells us it was the home of Peter, Philip and Andrew, and that Jesus here paid tribute. It tells us that this same Jesus said: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin. Woe unto thee,

Bethsaida, and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell." We see the ruin and desolation to which they have been brought. Is it not of itself enough to remove all doubts and compel us to say as did Thomas: "My Lord and my God?"

About the year 600 a church stood here which was said to stand upon the site of Peter's house.

"From the ruins of this deeply humiliated city" we gladly turn our faces to the south and take in the grand and beautiful scene which lies before us: Galilee surrounded by lofty verdant hills, the white sails of the fishermen's boats floating quietly upon its surface; God everywhere present. The cheering sunlight reflected upon the bosom of the waters testify of him. These silent rock-ribbed hills tell us they have seen him. manifested in the flesh. The gentle breezes whisper his name, and the rippling murmur of the running rills sing their songs of praise to Jesus of Nazareth.

We now retrace our steps, and as we near our camp we see a fisherman standing out in the edge of the lake 'casting his net."

He is catching quite a number of nice, large white and speckled perch, just, as I imagine Peter and Andrew used to do. Our commissary buys enough to give us a mess for supper and breakfast. At the morning meal I laid the bones of one aside for an esteemed friend at home who said to me before I left home: "If you eat a fish caught out of the sea of Galilee, bring me the bones." I told him I would, and I did.

Our party agreement calls for another bath in the lake this afternoon, but I decline and prefer wandering around among the ruins of this ancient city and securing a few souvenirs in the way of kodak pictures. I

will take one of the narrow pass cut into the rocky cliff. Some visitors think it was intended for a conduit for water. But as there are springs pouring their waters into the lake on each side of the hill on the side of which it is cut, I dissent from that opinion.

It was evidently done by the Romans, and in my opinion was done to shorten the road from Bethsaida to Capernaum. It is cut wide enough for footmen even with burdens to travel, and one can pass through it without difficulty on horseback.

We now leave the sea of Galilee and take a trail running north over the fertile hills which surround it. Some three miles distant from the lake we reach an old khan, or stopping place for caravans, situated in a small cultivated plain. Between this old khan and Capernaum are the ruins of ancient Chorazin, once an important place. But we learn that the inhabitants rejected the teaching of Jesus and a "woe" was pronounced against it. It now lies a mass of ruins.

From the old khan our route lay over rocky hills and fertile valleys. About ten o'clock we passed a small village occupied by Jew farmers. The tract of land upon which the village stands was bought by the Rothschilds and given to the Jews. It didn't amount to much of a gift, however, as it is as unproductive a body of land as I have seen in Palestine. A short distance from here we enter the valley of the water of Muleh. Joshua called them the waters of Merom. A few hundred yards from our trail and to the right of it is where Joshua had a battle with a score, more or less, of the kings of the surrounding country. They gathered their armies at the instance of Jabin, the King of Hazor, and the Lord delivered them into Joshua's hands

and he gained a decided victory over a vastly superior force.

Joshua had defeated the forces of the five kings in the memorable battle of Gibeon and put the kings themselves to death at the cave Makkeda. The kings of the northern provinces and cities having heard that Joshua was taking possession of the country by force of arms gathered their united armies in this valley by the "waters of Merom." No doubt they thought by uniting their forces they could crush, at one blow, Joshua and his comparatively small army of Israelites, and put an end to his triumphant invasion and conquest of their country.

Joshua was told by the Lord not to fear them, that he would cause Israel to triumph, and he must cut the hamstrings of the captive horses and burn all their chariots. All the spoil of the cities, however, was to be divided among the Israelites. Their destruction was complete. The cities that stood still in their strength, we are told, were not destroyed, but Hazor, Jabin's city, which stood here where we see those scattered stones, was burned. Jabin, the king of Hazor, had gathered this mighty army to fight Israel, and this fact being known to Joshua is the reason, I suppose, that Hazor was committed to the flames.

This victory gave the Israelites possession of all the northern parts of Canaan as far as Baalgad. (Baalbec.)

At noon we reached a fine spring called Hamra, the water from which runs a mill. We are in the suburbs of Salfed, a place mentioned in the Talmud under the name Safat. Some writers mention this place as the place referred to by the Savior in the sermon on the mount, where he says, "Ye are the light of the world;

a city that is set on a hill can not be hid." I don't think the Savior referred to any particular city, but simply stated a fact and used it for an illustration of another fact too little heeded by his followers.

This is the loftiest town in Galilee, twenty-seven hundred and seventy feet above sea level. The Jews living here are Spanish-Portuguese who immigrated after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain under Isabella I. They are called Sephardan Jews, and are Polygamists. This place has a history, but not a bible history. And as it is a sorry place at best, we leave it without regret. There are some mountains in the neighborhood of this place having some trees on them. But as we only see them in the distance, I suppose they are olive and apricot trees.

We are now riding through the valley of the Jordan, with marshy lands around and above lake Merom to our right and the hills of Naphtali on our left. Our road runs for the most part at the foot of the hills in the country of Naphtali.

We find our tents pitched in the valley near a large pool fed by a copious spring coming from beneath the rocks at the foot of the hill. In the rear of our tents runs quite a large stream, one of the tributaries of the Jordan. Nearly the whole of this valley, a mile or more in width, is made marshy by the water of the springs coming from beneath the hills on each side emptying into it. This marshy land is covered with tall rush, and we find a large encampment of Bedouins here working the rush into mats, baskets, etc.

I went into their encampment and secured some pictures of tents and some of the Bedouins themselves. They are a rough, ignorant, dirty, savage looking peo-

ple. The walls of many of their tents are made of rush wicker-work, and covered with black goat's-hair cloth. This hand-made goat's-hair cloth is used very extensively among the Arabs; they make their tents, mantles and other articles of it. The Sultan furnishes annually a new covering of it for the Great Caba at Mecca. The old one is then cut up and sold at exorbitant prices, being regarded very sacred.

At the foot of the hills bordering the valley of the waters Merom are a few Bashan oaks, venerable in appearance and symmetrical in form. Beggars besiege our camp here as elsewhere. If the Porte of Turkey can't boast of anything else, it can certainly boast of having more beggars than any other country on earth. We leave this place early expecting to lunch at old Dan. Our route lay along at the foot of the hills bordering the valley, sometimes ascending and running along their rocky sides, affording an extensive view of the valley below and mountains north and east of us. Each day brings us nearer and nearer old snow-covered bible Hermon, which, like Mt. Vesuvius in Italy, is a landmark whose hoary head can be seen from Jerusalem, from the Dead Sea, from Carmel, and from the far north and east—Damascus and Beyrout being overshadowed, as it were, by this father of mountains, Grand old Hermon, whose praises have been sung by prophets and kings.

Moses had heard of these mountains and longed to see them before he died, and besought the Lord that he might go over and see the good land that lay beyond Jordan and "that goodly mountain, Lebanon." David says of it to have "his fruit shake like Lebanon," *i. e.*, to be rich in blessings. To "grow

like a cedar in Lebanon" "was to flourish in unchecked vigor." But the cedars, the glory of Lebanon, are well-nigh gone. Comparatively few of the old monarchs of the mountain are left. "The curse of the Holy One is fallen upon it, and the prophecy that "Lebanon shall fall" and her "tall cedars shall be cut down" has been fulfilled. But few of the old trees are left, and time with his ruthless hand has robbed them of their former glory. God planted these cedars of Lebanon. He gives and he takes away.

As we reach the northern extremity of the valley, or, more properly speaking, marshes, we find a large rapid stream, its waters leaping and rushing down a mountain gorge with perpendicular cliffs on each side.

This stream is called Dedara, one of the main tributaries of the Jordan. The fall from the foot of the Lebanon mountains to Merom is over fourteen hundred feet, which accounts for the mad rushing of the water in the many streams which pour their waters into this valley. We cross this stream on an old Roman bridge of a single arch. The lands of this valley not inundated and marshy were once cultivated but are now used as pastures by the Bedouins.

After crossing the Bedara our route carries us over a considerable hill, and leads us some two miles further on to another bridge which is called El Ghazar, which spans the Hasbany, the north tributary and chief source of the Jordan. Descending hence by the east side of the river we soon leave the main path and turn south, and making our way through underbrush in a mile, or perhaps a mile and a half,

reach the hill upon which stood old Dan, where we found our lunch tents spread.

I wish all my pedo-baptist friends and brethren could see this part of Palestine and see and know for themselves what an immense quantity of water the little stream Jordan carries down to the Dead Sea. The channel would not be of sufficient size and depth to drain this country were it not for the great fall which it has; the rapidity of the current in the meantime being retarded by its frequent shoals and its tortuous course.

The fall from where we crossed the tributaries of the Jordan to lake Merom is thirteen hundred and thirty feet, and thence to lake Tiberius eight hundred and ninety feet, and from that lake to the Dead Sea six hundred and sixty-seven feet, and in a straight line from the sources here in these mountains to the mouth is not exceeding one hundred and forty miles. The meanderings of the stream across this broad plain greatly increase its actual length of course.

The mound upon which the old city of Dan stood is three hundred yards long and about two hundred and fifty wide, and from thirty to forty feet above the plain on the very margin of which it stands. This mound, covered with green verdure and trees, was shown us from our camping-ground the evening before. On the top of the mound is a fine oak tree, under which is a Moslem tomb. As soon as we dismounted our ears were greeted by the murmuring of abundant water.

The base of the mound opposite the valley is washed by the El-Leddin, which has its source in a large pool forty yards in width, fed by springs. So copious is this supply that it runs a corn mill. The stream formed

by the fountains hereabouts is called by Josephus Little Jordan, and from the amount of water flowing through its channel is regarded as the chief source of that river. It contains far more water than the Banias or the Hasbany. The other two branches we crossed before reaching this. Four or five miles below here the river is said to be forty-five or fifty feet wide, the bed being double that width and lying twenty to fifty feet below the level of the plain.

This is the first mill I have seen since leaving Jerusalem. The reader would laugh to see what a flimsy, rude affair it is. The runner has no hoop around it, and consequently the meal flies out in all directions. It is gathered into a reservoir by Arab women, who sit around the runner for the purpose. The miller was sick and I prescribed for him, for which he gave me a handful of corn.

From the plateau on the top of this mound we get a fine view of the plain. All around its sides and base are small trees and undergrowth and thickets of oleanders.

We read that the coast territory alloted to Dan in the general distribution of lands was too small to accommodate the tribe. Therefore the children of Dan sent five men from their coasts to hunt them more territory. They went up north and spent the night with one Micah at Mt. Ephraim. Micah had a Levite in his employ, hired as his priest. And they asked him to inquire of the Lord which way they should go to succeed in accomplishing the object of their journey. The priest did so and told them to "go in peace, before the Lord is your way wherein you go."

The five men came up here and found a people occu-

pying this fertile, well-watered section, that had no magistrate or other officers of law to hold them responsible for their misdeeds; a careless, indifferent, isolated people. This place was called Laish or Leshem, at that time. These five men went back and made a favorable report. They told their friends that they had seen the land and it was good, and a large country; that it was a place where there was no want of anything that is in the earth. Thereupon, six hundred of the tribe came up here; the five men who first came being of the number. When they reached Mt. Ephraim and came to the house of Micah, the five men asked the others if they knew that there was in the house of Micah "an ephod and teraphim, a graven image and a molten image."

They went to the house and found the Levite at the gate. The five men left him standing at the gate with their brethren and went into the house and brought out the ephod, the teraphim, the graven image, and the molten image. The Levite asked them what they were doing. They told him to "lay his hand on his mouth and hold his peace and come and go with them; that it was better to be a priest of a tribe of Israel than a priest of one man." This tickled the priest, and he took his tricks and went with them.

These Danites seemed to realize that their proceedings in this matter would be objected to by the people, Micah's neighbors. So when they departed they put their women and children and flocks in front, and the men brought up the rear. When they had proceeded some distance from the place Micah and his neighbors gathered together and followed the children of Dan. And when they came up to them they halloed to

them. And the Danites turned their faces and asked Micah "what ailed him, that he came with such a company." Micah answered them by saying: "Why ask me what aileth me when you have taken away my gods and my priest, and what have I more?"

The children of Dan frightened Micah and his little band so that they returned to their homes. The Danites then came on up here and whipped out the Laishites, who were a quiet, harmless people, who thought themselves secure in their possessions, and took their city and burned it; this isolated people having no near neighboring tribes to help them in a defense of their country or city. The children of Dan then built them a city and called it "Dan," after the name of the old man, their father. And they set up the graven image, and Jonathan, the grandson of Manasseh, and his sons were priests to them until the day of captivity.

You remember Jeroboam erected one of his golden calves here on this mound. I guess it was somewhere near where this oak under which we are sitting is standing that the golden calf was set up.

How many of us, I wonder, are worshiping golden calves or eagles in this day and generation? The Lord knoweth.

After lunching, visiting the rude mill, prescribing for our sick Arab, and looking around to see whether or not a fragment or bone of the golden calf might not have been left upon the mound by some oversight, and not finding any, we mounted and set out on our afternoon ride to Cæsarea Philippi, our next camping-place. The hill upon which the old village of Dan was situated is now called Tell-el-Kadi. We now return to the main

road, and passing a piece of wooded land we crossed a creek, where we met an Arab driving a camel loaded with stone. The poor beast had all he could carry. Shortly after crossing this stream the ascent of the Eastern hills became steeper. It seems a little strange to be riding through wooded land again where we have to stoop and bend forward to ride beneath the projecting branches of the trees. The growth is mostly oak, yet we find among these several other kinds of trees, of which we know not the names.

We soon arrived at Cæsarea Philippi, now called Barias. When Herod the Great received from Augustus the territory called Zenodorus, and the Tetrarchy to the north and the northeast of the sea of Galilee, it included this place, which was then called Paneas, on account of the immense temple of Pan which was located here. We find our tents huddled together in a small grove of olive trees near a stone bridge which spans a beautiful rapid running stream. This stream flows from the Barias spring, located about a hundred yards east of the town. The location of this old city was beautiful. "It lies at the north end of a triangular terrace in a nook of the Hermon mountains, eleven hundred and fifty feet above sea level, and four hundred and ninety feet above the mound upon which Dan was built. It has a narrow valley on each side of it coming from the mountains east of it. A third valley opens a little to the north from a deep wooded ravine among the mountains. Water abounds in every direction, giving life, vigor and luxuriance to vegetation: verifying the report made by the five men who went to spy out the land, and who said: "It was a place where there was no want of anything that is in the earth."

They meant, of course, that the land was productive, that there was an abundance of timber and water and everything to make it a desirable place in which to live. Even now timber for all ordinary uses is abundant. The soil is exceedingly fertile and covered with a luxuriance of vegetation.

Northeast of the present old, filthy Arab village, some hundred yards, is a fountain, semi-circular in shape, some seventy-five or more feet around the circle, bursting forth through the broken rock which seems to have been shaken down from the perpendicular cliff which rises in a broad surface three hundred feet above it. This fountain forms one of the chief sources of the Jordan. This is one of the grandest and most picturesque spots I have ever seen. The water, cool and clear as a crystal, goes dashing madly down its rocky bed, singing and dancing as though it were happy in its purity and freedom.

Just above this spring, if we may call a small river bursting forth from its subterranean channel, which has wended its dark passage beneath the Hermon mountains, a spring, is a perpendicular cliff three hundred or three hundred and fifty feet high; at the base of this cliff once stood a pagan temple. Niches were cut in the face of the cliff in which the idols were set. These niches were once much higher than they are at present. Detached pieces of stone fallen from the face of the cliff have filled it up at the base. The most northern niche is the largest; above this is a smaller one. Over one of the small niches is inscribed in Greek, "Priest of Pan." It is said Herod built a temple on this edge of broken stone in honor of Augustus. To the left of the niches is a cave. Its mouth is now obstructed, however,

by fallen stone. This place is as far north as we have any account of our Savior going.

The view from a point below the fountain, taking in the fountain as it bursts forth from its rocky prison, and the perpendicular cliff, which towers far above it, is simply grand beyond description.

Remains of broken columns and other fragments of stone show that the ancient city extended much farther south than the mountain stream which flows on that side of the city. In some places considerable portions of the ancient castle walls are still standing. The old castle which was located in the northern part of the city was an immense affair. Its walls on the north were protected by the waters of the spring I have just described, *i. e.*, the Barias spring. "The remains of the building material are extremely massive." Three of its towers are yet preserved.

The Arabs living here have small rooms constructed (wicker-work) of reeds on the top of their flat-roofed dirt huts, in which to sleep. Ishmael informed us that they slept in these elevated reed rooms to get rid of the fleas and gray-backs which infest their dwellings.

"Here Titus celebrated the capture of Jerusalem with gladiatorial combats, in which many of the captive Jews were compelled to fight with wild beasts and with each other, to the death."

We read in the scriptures of a woman who was diseased with an issue of blood with which she had suffered twelve years. This woman believed if she could but touch the garment of our Lord that she would be healed of her infirmity. With this confidence and faith in his ability to heal her, she came behind him and touched the hem of his garment. Doubtless,

this woman believed this act of hers would restore her without the knowledge of the Savior as to what she had done. The Savior, however, turned around, and seeing her and understanding her thoughts told her to be of good comfort, that her faith had made her whole, and she was made whole from that hour.

The scriptures do not tell us where this occurred, but tradition says it occurred at this city of Cæsarea Philippi. I can see no reason why it may not have occurred here as well as any other locality.

We read in Matthew that it was here that the Savior asked his disciples: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" And they answered, saying: "Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Then Jesus said: But "whom say ye that I am?" Simon Peter answered this question by saying: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus then said: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

I imagine the Savior and his disciples were up at that big spring looking at that stupendous cliff at the base of which was the Pannium when this conversation occurred. And if they were, the remark of our Savior that he would found his church upon this rock (Peter's confession), not that immense rock containing a pagan

temple, becomes more impressive and more natural. Jesus used objects around and about him to impress his divine lessons upon his hearers.

I have stated that our tents at this place were huddled very closely together in an olive grove. At about ten or perhaps as late as eleven o'clock, when nearly all of our company had retired for the night, the alarm of fire was given. One of the Arab servants had carelessly set a lighted candle where it toppled over against the wall of a tent occupied by two ladies who were at that time in another lady's tent, setting it on fire. Had there been a breeze blowing, other tents would have caught fire and we would have had a lively time of it. As it happened, however, it was a calm night and only the one tent burned. The fire was discovered in time to save the ladies' baggage.

From Banias we began to climb the Anti-Lebanon mountains. The path is very rough. Springs are gushing from the sides of the mountains in all directions. On our left, on a high, seemingly inaccessible mountain are the remains of an old castle covering the area of the summit of the mountain; the mountain being separated from Hermon by a ravine. Its walls from east to west are two hundred and thirty to two hundred and sixty yards; at each end one hundred yards. A few poor hovels now stand within the castle walls. The southern part is best preserved. The pointed arches indicate the mediæval origin of most of the structures. But older materials have been utilized.

The substructions are hewn stone of beautiful workmanship. It is not known by whom this castle was first erected. The architecture of many different centuries is traceable in the ruins. Several of the build-

ings, towers and considerable of the walls are yet standing. On one side the wall has toppled over the precipice six hundred feet below. Across the ravine from this magnificent old castle Hermon with its crown of perpetual snow rises in grand proportions. As we cross over this mountain range we ride by large patches of snow and see others far below us on the mountain sides, although this is the second day of May.

On our right three extinct volcanoes are within full view, and for miles we ride over the scoria thrown out by them in the centuries long past.

An old writer in describing the last scenes in the fall of Jerusalem when besieged by Titus speaks of a volcano blazing with unusual brilliancy. It may have been one of these, for it could have been very easily seen from Jerusalem, though we have no account of a burning volcano here at that time.

In our journey across this range we ascended within nine hundred or a thousand feet of the top of old Hermon, and as we descend the mountains we leave the land of Palestine and enter upon the plains of Syria. Near the foot of the mountains we reach a Druse village and find our tents spread out on a small plain near a beautiful spring.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE bible reader will remember that the northern part of Gilead and the district of Bashan are not so frequently mentioned in the scriptures and do not appear to have been as well known to the Israelites as the more southern portions east of the Jordan.

It is not known where the northern boundary of Gilead was, *i. e.*, where Gilead ended and Bashan began. It seems that the name Bashan frequently included the northern portion of Gilead as far down as the Jabbok river. When Moses led the children of Israel into this country this whole region was occupied by the Amorites who had Og as their king, and he was called "king of Bashan." Moses defeated his army at Edrei and took possession of the whole country and allotted this kingdom to the tribe of Manasseh as far as Edrei. The scriptures tell us that Moses slew Sihon, the king of the Amorites which dwelt in Heshbon, and Og, the king of Bashan, which dwelt at Astaroth in Edrei. This kingdom of Bashan extended as far as the slopes of the Hauran range of mountains, where the Israelites found sixty cities fortified with high walls and gates and bars and a great many unwalled cities in the midst of an extremely fertile tract.

We find at a later day Ezekiel speaks of this same country and calls it Hauran, the name of the mountains having been extended to the country, as it is at the present day.

The ancient dwellings in this country form its chief attraction at the present day. Wetzstein divides them

into four classes and describes them as follows: First, the original Troglodite or cave dwellers. Their dwelling places were artificial grottoes or caves, from ten to twelve yards long, about six yards wide, and about ten feet in height. The entrance was about three feet wide and five feet in height and had no shutter. In front of the cave was a small stone enclosure through which a stone door led to the open air. Second, in dry, rocky and lofty situations are sometimes found shafts or tunnels descending obliquely to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet; from the bottom of which ran a number of straight passages or streets from sixteen to twenty feet wide. On each side of these streets subterranean dwellings were hewn in the rock, holes being dug down from the surface opening into the ceiling for light and ventilation. These villages generally have but the one outlet, and that was usually in a precipitous rocky slope. It was a matter of the utmost difficulty for an enemy to capture one of these strongholds. Third, another kind of dwelling found here consisted of a chamber dug down into the surface of a rocky plateau and then covered with solid stone vaulting. All this character of dwellings certainly belong to hoary antiquity. When, as the Bible informs us, Hauran was inhabited by the Rephaim or Amalekite giants, we learn that Og, king of Bashan, slept on an iron bedstead fifteen feet nine inches in length and eight feet in width.

I don't blame the spies whom Moses sent to spy out the land of Canaan for being afraid of such men as these.

Fourth, most of the villages of Hauran consist of stone houses built of handsome, well-hewn stone

beams, and admirably jointed without cement. Wood is nowhere used. The houses are built close together and have lofty walls. Some of the larger villages only are surrounded with walls, and these are provided with very numerous towers.

I have said this much about Hauran because it is a country frequently mentioned in the bible. It is chiefly occupied by roving Bedouins, but the slopes of the hills and the plains are inhabited by peasants who form the permanent part of the population. For several centuries past, however, the Hauran mountains have been colonized by Druses.

They are a mixed race of people, *i. e.*, they are of Syrian and Arabic origin. They inhabit Lebanon, a province of Syria embracing parts of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains. "Near the end of the 10th century A. D., Caliph Hakim-Biamrillah having declared himself in Egypt to be an incarnation of Ali, his doctrine together with the transmigration of souls was promulgated in southern Lebanon by Mohammed Ishmael Darazi, a shrewd Persian secretary who succeeded in making many converts. They believe in the existence of a God, inscrutable and indefinable, but who has occasionally manifested himself in human form; his last incarnation having taken place in the person of Hakim. This Hakim, the last prophet and the founder of the true religion, is said to have subjected himself to death only with a view to ascertain whether any of his followers embraced his doctrine from worldly motives. At a future day he would return to found a vast empire and convert the whole world to the Druse religion. They perform

their worship in solitary chapels. Their inward religious sentiments and mode of worship seem to be but little understood.

"In Hauran, as in central Arabia, every village has its public inn where every traveler is entertained gratuitously, and the Hauranians deem it honorable to impoverish themselves by contributing to the maintainance of these establishments.

"When a traveler arrives he is greeted with shouts of welcome by all who see him and is conducted to the inn. A slave roasts coffee and pounds it in the wooden mortar, singing all the while. Soon after his arrival the whole village assembles, and after the stranger has been served the whole assemblage partake of the coffee. They urge the visitor to prolong his stay with them."

Their bill of fare consists of fresh bread, eggs, sour milk, raisins and grapes, and in the evening a dish of wheat, boiled with a little leaven and dried in the sun, to be eaten with mutton. The Druse women used to wear the *Tantur* or horned head-dress. I have said this much about these strange people because we passed through a portion of their country and are now in camp near one of their villages.

Before reaching our camping-place for the night we passed a rock tomb in a plain which is said to be the burial-place of Nimrod, son of Cush, who, you remember, was a great grandson of Noah. It is said of him that he was "a mighty hunter." But as he lived and died twenty-two or twenty-three hundred years before the christian era it is somewhat doubtful about anyone knowing just where this hunter died and was buried.

From our camp to Damascus we rode over a beautiful plain, portions of which are in cultivation. Now

and then we pass a village surrounded by vineyards and orchards. The capabilities of the plain of Damascus when properly irrigated are already apparent here.

We found our lunch tent pitched on the Pharpar, which has its source in a large spring at the foot of the Lebanon mountains. This is one of the rivers of which Naaman said: "Are not the Abana and the Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?" Calling this little creek a river reminds me of the watercourses about Athens which are called rivers, but which in reality are brooks which can be leaped over without difficulty.

It is true we are on the main stream of the Pharpar, but near its source, and tributaries coming into it increase its volume and make it a stream of more respectable proportions before reaching Damascus. Ten miles before reaching the city we cross a lovely stream of sparkling water rippling over its gravelly bed. Near it on the right is quite a nice village of substantially built houses.

Near this stream it is said Saul was converted. We learn that Saul was very zealous in persecuting the early christians. When Stephen was condemned to be stoned to death Saul not only witnessed it, but the clothes of the witnesses were laid at his feet. In the law which was given the children of Israel by Moses, for their observance when they had come into the land of Canaan, was a clause warning them against false prophets, and when they should have proven one to be such they were commanded to stone such an one to death. This was one of the modes of execution among the Jews.

If one were to stand before an audience in Jerusalem

to-day and preach to those ignorant, bigoted, pharisaical people as did Stephen and tell them as he did that they were stiff-necked and uncircumsized in heart and ears, that they persecuted the prophets as their fathers did before them, that they had slain them who proved the coming of the "Just One," that they had betrayed and put him to death, that they were "betrayers and murderers," and that they had received the law by the dispensation of angels and had not kept it,—I say if a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, or Christ himself, were to boldly proclaim these truths to that pharisaical people they would stone him to death as they did Stephen or crucify Christ as the Jews did when he was on earth.

We further learn that this same Saul went to the high. priest at Jerusalem and requested of him authority to search the synagogues at Damascus, and if he found any christians there, men or women, that he might bring them in fetters to Jerusalem.

I wonder how many professing christians at this time could endure unwaveringly the persecutions to which those early followers of Christ were subjected? I believe there are thousands and tens of thousands who would endure the torture of flame before they would blaspheme his name or deny having an abiding faith in his merits.

Saul traveled the road we are traveling. I imagine I can see this young man with his retinue of followers as they trail along this way on their camels and donkeys. Saul's brow is knit, his teeth firmly set, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," and as he journeyed he came near Damascus and suddenly there "shined round about him a light from heaven." And he fell to the

earth and heard a voice saying unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" This was a question to which Saul could not, nor could any other man, give a reasonable answer. Hence Saul, instead of answering or endeavoring to answer the question, said, "Who art thou, Lord?" Jesus told him who he was, and "Saul, trembling and astonished, said, What wilt thou have me to do?" And Jesus told him to "arise and go into the city and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Tradition has handed this locality down as the place, where this miraculous event occurred. You say the sceptic denies that such an occurrence ever took place. Yes, that is not at all strange. Some people are so constituted and have trained themselves in a school of unbelief who would deny that they ever had a mother, if they could account for their coming into the world in any other way. I am not surprised at this.

From this locality the city of Damascus is in full view, immediately to our left; distant some two or three miles are the hills of Kalabat Kezzeh. Bordering the road to the left is an immense, nicely kept vineyard; on the right an artificial aqueduct conveying water for irrigating purposes, I suppose, from the Pharpar river; south and southeast the extensive plain of Damascus, which, as far as can be seen, seems to be as level as a floor. What a beautiful plain! Long lines of silver poplars follow the courses of beautiful brooks and the aqueducts as they wend their way eastward through the valley to empty their waters into the lakes lying on the border of the desert eighteen or twenty miles east of Damascus.

The silver poplar, a thrifty tree, grows abundantly here and forms a characteristic feature of the environs

of Damascus. It is chiefly used for building purposes. Having no large or wide extending branches it grows tall and straight. When used for second floor joists the only work done to them is to trim off the limbs and strip off the bark. Rooms are not ceiled overhead in Damascus. These round joists are put very close together to make a steady floor and then painted. I don't think they have any house-carpenters in the old city.

The history of this old city (Damascus) reaches back into the mists of antiquity. Josephus says it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram, and the name of its territory as given in the bible as Aram Demesk is almost identical with the modern Arab name, which means " Damascus of Syria." It was a noted place in the days of Abraham. Some centuries later it came under the rule of the Ben-Hadads, the rivals of Israel; and during this period Naaman came to Samaria to be healed of his leprosy.

In the time of the prophet Elisha, Hazael smothered with a wet towel and killed Ben-Hadad and reigned in his stead, and made a change of dynasty; but soon after, Damascus was captured by Tiglath Pileser and its people carried away to Kir in Assyria. Colonists from Assyria were then placed in the city and it continued for many centuries a province of that empire. Damascus was taken by Alexander the Great, and after his death was attached to the Kingdom of the Seleucidæ. In 64 B. C. the Romans under Pompey captured it and it remained under the Romans until 37 A. D., when Aratus, king of Arabia, captured it, and it was held by him when Saul was there.

The first mention of this old city in the Bible was

made by Abram to the Lord God, when he told him he was childless and the steward of his house was "this Eliezer of Damascus." According to Amos, the inhabitants seem to have come from Kir, which probably lay north of Aleppo. This same prophet says they were afterwards banished to Kir. And another writer of the Scriptures says the kings of Assyria went up against Damascus and took it, and carried the people of it captive to Kir. David conquered this city, after a bloody war, as it was allied with his enemy the king of Zobah, and placed a garrison in it. During the reign of Solomon an adventurer named Rezin fled from his Lord Hadadezer, king of Zobah, and gathering a company went to Damascus and usurped the sovereignty and reigned as king, and proved an adversary of Israel all the days of Solomon. After the death of Solomon and the division of the empire, the policy of the kingdom of Judah was to foster the hostility of the princes of Damascus against the northern kingdom. Several of these princes bore the name of Ben-Hadad.

The book of 1st Kings is largely composed of an account of the frequent invasions of Canaan, and the consequent wars and conflicts between the Israelites and the kings of Syria and princes of Damascus.

Owing to the hostility between the two Jewish kingdoms the Assyrians could attack Israel unopposed. On one occasion Hazael devastated the country east of the Jordan and crossed that river and went across the country and captured Gath and set his face to go up to Jerusalem. But Jehoash, king of Judah, bought him off from taking Jerusalem with a large sum.

Ben-Hadad III, the son of Hazael, was not as successful, however, as his father. Jeroboam succeeded

for a time in restoring Israel to its former power, and we learn that he even captured Damascus itself. After this, Pekah, king of Israel, formed an alliance with Rezin, of Damascus, against Jothan, king of Judah. They marched against Jerusalem but had very little success against Ahaz, who, in the meantime, had ascended the throne of Judah, although he was compelled to surrender Elah, a seaport town on the Red Sea, to the Edomites.

After this Ahaz invited Tiglath Pileser, king of Assyria, to aid him against the Assyrians. This proved to be an ill-judged step, which resulted disastrously to the whole of Palestine. The story of this old city is long and intricate, and I don't think it advisable to weary the reader by following its fortunes through its various vicissitudes.

Suffice it to say that Damascus was captured by the Arabs in 635, Mohammed having died three years before, the policy of conquest and subjugation which was inaugurated by him having been sucessfully carried on by his successors.

I must mention, however, the brutal massacre of 1860, one indirect cause of which was an article in the treaty of Paris, 1856. This article was designed to exclude foreign intervention in the affairs of Turkey and which was thought to place the Christians entirely at the mercy of the Sultan. The minds of the Mohammedans were in an excited condition on account of the insurrection against the English in India. The soldiers and the Druse population began on the 9th of July, 1860, to devastate the Christian quarter of the city, and that whole quarter of the city soon became a heap of ruins. The residences of all the consuls except

the English and Prussians were burned down and the most savage excesses were committed by the infuriated assassins.

"Many Christians had sought an assylum in the house of the Moslems, but on the 11th of July the populace began to search for and murder them. Abdel Kader, the Algerian ex-chief, with his Moorish retinue, succeeded in saving many Christians, while the Pasha himself looked quietly on. No fewer than 6,000 unoffending Christians are said to have been murdered in this city alone—their bodies lay in heaps throughout the city. Many of the clergy were murdered beside the altars where they had sought refuge."

The Christian quarters of Damascus show to this day the effects of the devastation to which it was subjected on that occasion.

Similar tragedies took place among the Lebanon mountains, where the Druses gave vent to their invet erate hatred to the Maronites. The whole number of Christians who perished in these days is estimated at fourteen thousand

All Europe expressed their indignation of this inhuman affair, which caused the Turkish government to arrest and behead a few of the ringleaders, Ashmed Pasha being one of the number. This wholesale murder was in the main the work of the Druses, and this sect is charged with it in Damascus at the present time.

From a very early period the Arabians had regarded Damascus as a prototype of paradise where there was a foretaste or realization of the joys of heaven.

No doubt "Damascus, when her walnut trees are in full foilage and the vines climbing from tree to tree, and

when her large apricot trees bear their golden fruits in the midst of their large green foliage, and the pomegranates are in the 'perfection of their blossom,' forms such a striking contrast to the barren hills and desolate sandy wastes of Arabia, that to the Arabian it appears a paradise indeed." But one who is accustomed to the rich, luxuriant vegetation of America, and who has visited the beautiful gardens and tastily arranged parks and ornamented grounds so common in and around our American cities, feels disappointed in this particular when he sees Damascus. I was very much disappointed in the city and its surroundings. From what I had read about it I was expecting, perhaps, too much.

It is beautifully located on the west margin of the great Syrian desert, and bounded on three sides by mountains. Close to the city on the northwest rises a bare mountain called Kasiun, west of which rises old Hermon in the midst of and overlooking the anti-Lebanon mountains. Owing to its altitude, frosts are not uncommon in winter, but such a thing as fire-places and heating stoves are unknown. The city lies two thousand two hundred and fifty feet above sea level.

Several beautiful streams come dashing down the mountain gorges into the valley, the loveliest of them all, however, is the Abana, which divides into seven branches as it reaches the plain. Two of the main streams are used to distribute water in numerous conduits throughout the city. These are walled up with stone, having stone steps every now and then, leading down to the water, for the convenience of the inhabitants. The other streams are used for irrigating the orchards and gardens which encircle the city. The

water from this river is distributed through reservoirs into the interior of many of the dwellings.

In summer the inhabitants live mainly on fruit, which is not at all times well matured, and notwithstanding the cold nights and heavy dews, they sleep on the flat roofs of their houses. As a result, they suffer from ophthalmia, dysentery and intermittent fevers. These sudden changes of temperature, where the thermometer ranges from one hundred to one hundred and four degrees (Fahrenheit) every day during the summer months, and drops down to an unpleasantly cool, damp temperature at night, are indications of an unhealthy climate in all countries.

But in addition to this the inhabitants depend solely upon numerous masterless, ill-looking dogs for keeping their cities free from all manner of carrion and garbage. And what these dogs don't devour is allowed to accumulate and rot in the streets and alleys. Consequently, the atmosphere is filled with all manner of disease-producing germs. The streets are sprinkled by the water carriers as shown in illustration.

Damascus has a population estimated at one hundred and ten thousand. Of this number ninety thousand are Mohammedans. The form of this city resembles, somewhat, a spoon, the handle represented by the noted street called "Strait." This street is noted from the following circumstance: When Saul arose from the earth, after having been striken down, as was related in the beginning of this chapter, and opened his eyes he found he was blind, and his comrades had to lead him into the city. He continued blind for three days. "Neither did he eat nor drink anything." There was a certain disciple of our Lord's living in Damascus at that

time named Ananias. The Lord told Ananias to go into the street, which is called "Strait," and inquire at the house of Judas for one "Saul of Tarsus," "for behold he prayeth." I wonder if this was the first time this pharisee ever prayed? Paul was a Jew, and tells us he had lived after the straightest sect of their religion. He was a pharisee, and the Savior tells us "that they were hypocrites," that they "devoured widows' houses," and for a pretense made "*long prayers.*" And "prayed on the street corners to be seen of men." From the reading and from what the Lord said to Ananias, we may infer that the first prayer Saul ever uttered in his life that reached the throne of God, were the prayers which welled up from his soul during the three days that God had his hand over his eyes.

I have often thought how I would like to know what Saul prayed for, or what he said. I wonder if he prayed for the salvation of the Hittites, the Perizzites, Moabites, the Jebusites, and the Amalekites, the Arabians in their sandy plains, the Africans in their jungles, the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, and all the nations of the earth, calling them out, one by one, as we sometimes hear men do in these days. I wonder if Saul could be heard all over Damascus, hallooing at the top of his voice as if God was deaf, as we not infrequently hear men pray in our day. I wonder if, in after years, Paul, in his public ministry, kept his congregations in the posture of prayer until their knees were sore, thinking he would be heard "for his much speaking."

I rather expect Saul felt the hand of God upon him and said: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Amen!

The inhabitants in Damascus, as in Jerusalem, are

divided off into different quarters. The Jews live in the southeastern part of town, and, as in the days of the apostles, near the street called "Strait." North of this is the Christian quarter where the streets, if they deserve the name, are very narrow and wretchedly out of repair, and the houses in a ruinous condition; partly owing, no doubt, to the sad events which transpired in this town in 1860, just related.

The other parts of the city are occupied by Mohammedans, including a portion which is occupied alone by a poor class of peasants. I noticed, in walking the streets of Damascus, that these quarters were subdivided into smaller sections, and closed in by wooden gates placed across the narrow alley. These gates are closed and locked at night. When you approach one of them after night it will be opened to the call: "Iftah-ya-Haris" (Open, O watchman).

Nearly all, or quite all, of the narrow streets in Damascus, and a good many in Jerusalem, are covered their entire length, light holes being arranged at certain intervals.

The shops here, as in all these Oriental cities, are such as I have hereinbefore described,—small, that is having but little front, and shallow in depth. The proprietor, whether merchant, artisan, jeweler, saddler, or whatever may be his business, sits down on the floor, which is elevated about two feet above the level of the street, and not only does his selling and bartering but also his manufacturing sitting tailor fashion on the floor.

Reader, by keeping the scenes described to you in the bazaars at Cairo in your mind, I have but to say, you see the same here. Every business has its street

or bazaar, such as silk bazaar, saddle bazaar, shoe bazaar, cloth bazaar, etc.

The streets are not called by these names, however, but all the trade or business and manufacturing done on certain streets are in one line of articles. On Broad street, which we find by turning to the left from our hotel (Hotel Dimitri), and when we reach the river, instead of crossing over the bridge which carries us into the horse market, we again turn to the left and cross the river a little further on by walking diagonally across an open square. The river runs beneath the plaza. At the righthand corner of the square or plaza we enter Broad Street. Along this street we observe a great many coppersmith shops, and among the articles displayed for sale are what is called "oriental dinner services." The principal dish or tray standing in the midst of the other articles is three, four, and even as much as six feet in diameter.

One of our interpreters, a Bethlehemite, informed me that a man's hospitality here is usually gauged by the size of his tray.

Running out from Broad Street are numerous narrow streets with shops on either side, where a lively trade is carried on.

Beggars are not as numerous here as in Palestine, but the dogs! the dogs! and the fleas! the fleas! oh my!! They are as thick as office seekers in Washington City just after a presidential election.

Just think of working your way along one of these alleys only ten feet in width crowded with people, camels, donkeys, and every few feet as you go along having to walk around or step over a big lazy cur stretched, full length and fast asleep, in the middle of

the street. It is provoking beyond measure. You feel inclined to kick him, but he may bite you if you do, and if he doesn't bite you he is apt to raise such a howl that all his friends in hearing will come to his rescue, for dogs have their friends the same as people. In these oriental cities you have to "beware of dogs."

When down in the Jewish quarter we were permitted to look through the rooms of the residence of a rich Jew. As the house was built, finished and furnished in truly oriental style, I can simply say it was magnificent and costly. The interior architectural designs and the decorations were such as I had never seen before, and such as I could not describe if I wanted to do so.

After enjoying a stroll through this rich Jew's mansion and admiring the fine Turkish rugs which covered the floors, the silk tapestry which adorned the walls, the interior woodwork inlaid with mother of pearl, the walls and ceilings beautifully carved and chiseled in granite and marble, I remarked, when looking at this magnificent work, that it gave employment to several hundred artists for years to complete the decorations. All around the rooms are richly decorated divans fitted up in luxurious style. The spacious court, paved with various-colored stone, with a large fountain in the centre bordered with groups of orange, lemon and pomegranite trees, a large open colonnade bordered with soft couches, etc. After seeing all this, and then strolling through the streets in its immediate vicinity, and seeing for myself the extreme poverty of his people all around him, I said to the friend by my side: "I wouldn't live in that rich man's house if he would make me a present of it." The huts of the starving standing in the shadow of the palace of the

rich Jew, another instance of the glittering wheels of the chariot of Dives throwing dust on the tattered garments of the starving Lazarus."

Damascus is the largest city in Syria, and here the traveler has the best opportunity of observing the characteristics of this people.

They are undeniably more energetic and industrious than the Arabs of Palestine. They are a manufacturing people, and this little city is one vast workshop.

If you stop at a shop to buy an article, however, every shopkeeper in hearing and every passer-by gathers around and tries to help the man make a sale of his goods. The price asked for an article is usually triple or double its value. If you have an interpreter and he is an Arabian, you have to watch him or he will be a partner of the salesman before you are aware of it. Fair, open, honest dealing is wholly out of their line of transacting business.

Damascus boasts of two hundred and fifty mosques and schools; their chief branch of study being theology, that is, the Koran and the traditions of their prophets. All other branches, except a little grammar, logic and philosophy, are entirely neglected. The Moslems here, as elsewhere, are ignorant, proud and fanatical.

I took a ride down the Meidan, which is one mile long and carries one to the gate of the city called "God's gate." The street is broad but poorly paved. This is the street from which all pilgrimages to Mecca, by way of Medina, were formerly made. But since steamboat lines have been established on the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, but few Persians and North Africans now come to Damascus to begin the fatiguing

overland journey of twenty-seven days to Mecca, by way of Medina.

An eye-witness describes a return of pilgrims from Mecca as follows: "On these occasions are seen grotesque camel litters, rudely made of wood, covered with colored cloth and open in front, containing several inmates reclining on beds. The litter is sometimes borne by two camels, one before, the other behind, which are trained to keep step with each other. The camels are adorned with a head-gear of leather straps, to which shells, coins and small bells are attached. A handsome richly caparisoned camel bears a large litter, which is hung with green cloth embroidered with gold, and contains and old Koran and the green flag of the prophet."

This writer further states that some of the pilgrims have an eye to business as well as religious duty, and bring back goods from Mecca. When this is the case the merchants of Damascus travel as far as into Hauran to meet them. The pilgrims are accompanied by many half-naked dervishes and by an escort of soldiers composed of Druses and Bedouins.

This "God's gate," as it is called, is the way of entrance for the caravans coming in from the south and east. It is not unusual to see long strings of laden camels stalking through the streets accompanied by ragged, yet proud and independent, Bedouins. These wild or tent-dwelling Arabs called Bedouins, poor as they are, often ride beautiful horses, and guide them with a halter only. The rider is usually armed with a long lance, less frequently an old flint and steel gun.

I tried to handle one of their lances, but concluded I could do about as good fighting with a fence rail, so I

handed it back to the owner, a Sheik, and thanked him.

Near the east gate of the city we visited a small church with a crypt or subterranean burial-place. Tradition points this out as the location of Ananias' house. Not far from this gate and north of the eastern termination of Strait street we find the lepers' hospital, said to be located on the site of Naaman's house.

In company with two or three of my traveling companions I went into the enclosure and saw its wretched inmates; the most of whom, however, were out around the city begging alms the day we were there. I and my companions were astonished to find the enclosure destitute of shade trees and even stumps of trees. As we had with us a popular recently written work on travels in the Holy Land in which the writer describes his visit to this hospital in quite a pathetic strain, among other things he says "when he entered the enclosure the lepers were sitting under 'shade trees.'" We could see no evidence of there having been shade trees in the enclosure for lo, these many years.

Our conductor and interpreter, who had been visiting Damascus frequently for the last fifteen years, informed us that he had never seen a shade tree in the enclosure. How such a mistake could have been made by the author I am unable to understand. I am sure, however, it was a mistake. He may have entertained the opinion that leprosy was a very contagious disease, and the poor fellow may have been scared out of his wits. At all events he makes a very egregious mistake when he says that there are shade trees within the lepers' hospital



House from whkch Paul was let down in a Basket (Damascus).

inclosure at Damascus, for there is not a tree nor the stump of a tree in it.

These poor afflicted creatures which one frequently meets with in the Orient are surely worthy of our sympathy and alms, being treated as outcasts by the natives. In the suburbs of the city we find factories for making rope, dyers quarters, wood shops, blacksmithing, lock makers, etc., etc. The old city is surrounded with a strong substantial wall, with square stone houses erected on the top of it in many places. On the south side of the city we were shown a house on the wall from which it is said Saul was let down by the disciples. You remember when the Lord sent Ananias to visit Saul he told him he would find him on Strait street at the house of Judas, as I have before stated. Ananias found him there and laid his hands upon him, that he might be filled with the Holy Ghost and have his sight restored; after which we are told he was baptized forthwith.

Saul remained in Damascus certain days and preached Christ in the synagogues, that he was "the Son of God," confounding the Jews who lived in the city, and proving that Jesus was the Christ. This was more than the Jews could stand; not being able to controvert his arguments or to rebut his testimony, they concluded to get rid of this unimpeachable witness by waylaying him at the gates of the city and killing him.

Saul and the disciples, being apprised of the intention of the Jews to assassinate him if he attempted to leave the city by way of the gates, "his disciples took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket."

When you see these houses on the walls of Damascus,

you say at once that it was a very easy and very natural way of getting Saul without the city.

Saul went down to Jerusalem, but he had been such a persecutor of the Christians they were afraid of him, and wouldn't have anything to do with him, until Barnabas took him to the apostles and declared to them that Saul had been converted and was now a good fellow, and as proof of what he said he told them that he had been preaching boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.

The walls of Damascus have in the years gone by been broken and repaired in many places. In other places, however, they have the appearance of having withstood the ravages of time and the devastating hand of man for many long centuries. Tradition claims that the wall and the house from which Saul was let down by the disciples has never been destroyed.

The barren hill, Kasiun, which rises conspicuously to the right of the gorge of the Abana and northwest from the city, is held sacred by the Moslems because it was on this hill that Abraham is said to have learned the doctrine of the unity of God. It is believed also that Adam lived on that hill, and it is further said that Mohammed once visited this place and took a look at Damascus, but did not enter the city.

This hill consists of partly reddish stone like many others in that country. This red-colored stone gave rise to the legend that it contained a blood-stained cavern in which the dead body of Abel was hidden. These Arabians say old Father Adam lived on this hill and that Cain cultivated some of this pretty valley land and Abel herded his sheep further down the plain.

Cain, you know, got angry with the Lord for rejecting

his offering, and gave vent to his mean, malicious disposition by killing his brother, whose offering the Lord had accepted. This unfortunate murder shows to the human family where we get our wicked meanness from. It has been passed down along the line of heredity from the beginning. This little muddy stream poured its corrupt waters into the current at the fountain head, and the little leaven has leavened the whole lump.

As before stated, there are two hundred and forty-eight mosques and schools in this old city. Of these seventy-one are large mosques. One of these, called the Great Mosque, I will call your attention to, as some interesting incidents are associated with it.

This Great Mosque, as it is called, and through which I had the pleasure of going, has only of late years been thrown open to the public. The body of the building is one hundred and forty-three yards long, and forty-one and one-half yards wide.

I find the following brief description given of the interior of this celebrated mosque by a writer far better qualified to convey a correct idea of it than I am, and therefore give the reader the benefit of it: "It is divided into three isles of equal breadth by two ranges of Corinthian columns twenty-two feet high, supporting round arches. In the center is a dome resting on four massive piers. Underneath is said to be a cave in which the head of John the Baptist is preserved in a golden casket."

The mosque has three minarets, one of which is two hundred and fifty feet high, and upon it, according to Moslem traditions, Jesus will descend in the day of judgment.

The whole area occupied by this immense Moham-

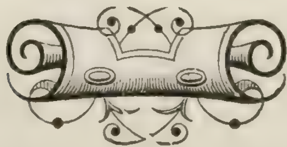
medan house of worship is one hundred and sixty-three yards by one hundred and eight. It is so completely hemmed in by buildings around the outside of its walls that the exterior is concealed from view. The whole of the interior is richly carpeted with fine Turkish rugs. Somewhere in the neighborhood of the locality of this mosque we ascended to the flat roof of a house and then leaped over a four-foot space onto the roof of another to get a view of the upper beam of the gate entrance to the mosque, which was probably used by both Christians and Moslems when the mosque was owned by them jointly, as it was at one time. On this beam is a well preserved inscription in Greek, reading: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." —Psalm cxlv. 13. The words "O Christ," being an interpolation.

During the first centuries it is thought a heathen temple stood on the site of this mosque. Between 395 and 408 A. D. the temple was restored and converted into a Christian church. When Damascus was taken by the Mohammedans, led by that intrepid warrior Khalid, assisted by Abu Ubeida, it is said these two generals or commanders met in the city near this church; in consequence of which that part, the eastern part, was regarded as conquered, while the undisturbed possession of the western part was guaranteed to the Christians. The Moslems were not then as fanatical as now, as they habitually entered their place of prayer by the same gate as the Christians. In the 6th century Omaygad Caliph forcibly took the Christians' part of the church from them and converted it into a mosque.

It is said this Caliph struck the first blow to demolish the Christian altar.

Although Damascus has a population of one hundred and ten thousand, it has but two hotels, and only one of these what an American would call a second or third-rate hotel. The other is spoken of by visitors as being unworthy of patronage.

The Arabs have no use for hotels. The vast majority of them in traveling go with caravans and sleep where night overtakes them. Before leaving Damascus we visited the grave of their great warrior, Saladin, whose name among his own people was Noreddin. He was Sultan of Syria in the 12th century and rendered himself famous by his persevering opposition and the determined manner in which he fought the Crusaders. In ascending the Cloth bazar we find his mausoleum on our right. The visitor has no difficulty in gaining admission.



CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN we leave Damascus for Baalbec we ride up the gorge through which the Abana river makes its way to the plain. I never saw a lovelier stream than this. Every few hundred yards copious streams fed by large streams come dashing headlong down the mountain sides.

The narrow valley and mountain sides are well timbered.

One and a half miles from Damascus we come to a post station, and a few miles further on we leave the main road and turn to the right and pass over some white limestone hills, the Abana gorge being too narrow here to be traversed.

For the next hour we ride over a dreary elevated plateau. This is said to be a favorite resort for gazelles, but we saw none. After riding about four miles we descend into a small cultivated valley to the left, pass a small village, and soon reach another in the river valley.

The rich, luxuriant foliage of the silver poplars in the floor of the valley and for some distance up the sides of the mountains afford an agreeable contrast with the bare mountains. Our route leads us up the Abana, the gorge varying in width, spring after spring pouring its clear, beautiful water into the stream. At noon we find our lunch tent pitched at the spring of El Tizeh, which is regarded as the chief source of the Abana river.

I wish every reader of these pages could see this spring, this powerful volume of beautiful, clear water

bursting from beneath the mountain rocks. Some of the most beautiful works of our God are hid away from the eyes of men in secret recesses of mountain fastnesses or deep down in the caves and caverns of the earth, or in the depths of waters of lakes, seas and oceans.

Nature has made this one of the loveliest spots, one of the grandest water scenes it has ever been my good fortune to see. Above the cavern from which gushes the spring rises a kind of platform consisting partly of loose stone and partly of masonry. In the rear of this are the ruins of an ancient temple. This temple is situated a few steps south of the spring. The side walls are thirty-seven feet long and the end walls twenty-six and a half, the walls being three and one-half feet thick. The whole building seems to have been at one time vaulted over. Large stones project on the outer lateral walls, leaving corresponding niches on the interior. Facing the river, or, as I would call it, the large mountain creek, was once a door.

This is a very ancient and venerable shrine which was, doubtless, dedicated to the river god. It is enclosed or surrounded by a beautiful grove. We were enchanted by this lovely display of the beautiful, and could but have respect for the devotion which prompted the primitive inhabitants of these mountains to give expression to their love of these manifestations of the Deity by erecting and dedicating a temple to His honor and praise.

One of our servants carelessly hitched a donkey to one of the trees near the spring. The donkey of course barked the tree, slightly however, but enough to give an old woman who lived near by (who with

others had come to our tent to see us eat with knives and forks, I suppose) an excuse to demand "back-shee" for damages done the tree by the hungry donkey.

After luncheon, when we mounted our horses to start on our afternoon ride, the old lady untied the donkey from the tree and holding the halter-line in her hand refused to let the servant have the donkey until he paid the damages demanded. Such pushing, pulling and quarrelling I never heard. We sat on our horses for some time watching the contention and struggle for the donkey. It was a case in which Turk met Turk. Finally we rode off and left them, but the old woman triumphed in the end. The con test, contention and strife was kept up, however, until near sundown before the man would pay the backshee of ten cents, demanded.

From the Tizeh spring our path continued to ascend the valley, following the windings of the brook between cliffs from eight hundred to one thousand feet high. We reach the mountain plateau after a few miles of travel, passing small villages on the right and left. Beyond the ruins of an old Greek temple we cross the stream and reach the direct road which leads us on still up the river to Abilene, where we rest for the night.

This town is spoken of by St. Luke, who mentions a certain Lasanias as having been Tetrarch of Abilene in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius. The town is prettily located on the upper waters of the Abana, where it makes a bend at the outlet of a defile, which the stream has formed for itself between precipitous cliffs. On the face of these high cliffs are shaft tombs,

some of them seemingly inaccessible. I counted forty of these tombs at various heights from the valley in the face of the cliff. How the friends of these dead people arranged or suspended the scaffolding to hew out their burial-places, two or three hundred feet up on the face of these perpendicular cliffs, is a mystery to me. We see no such ingenuity displayed elsewhere. We see them all through Palestine and Syria. In some instances the ends of the shafts are closed with slabs of stone, others open.

Our tents are pitched upon an elevated plateau, and here is an Arab who seems anxious to make a pittance for himself by conducting some of our party up the mountain in the rear of our camp to the tomb of Abel. Two gentlemen of our company concluded to make the ascent to see what was to be seen. The mountain was some six hundred or more feet above the plateau upon which our tents rested. On the summit of the mountain they found a small mosque covering the tomb of this one of our forefathers. Judging from the size of this tomb, as reported by the aforesaid gentlemen, that is, that the tomb was about twenty feet long, Abel must have been the progenitor of the race of giants of whom we read in the old Bible.

What a strange fancy these Arabians have of burying their dead upon the apex of the highest hills. I suppose their motive is to get them as near heaven as they can. If that be their aim, it is no bad idea, for I imagine the summit of one of these mountains is about as near to heaven as some of them will ever get.

On leaving our camping-ground we continue the ascent of the gorge, and about a mile beyond the village reach a bridge across the stream. After crossing this

we climb a steep hill and reach an ancient road skirting the cliff. About one hundred feet higher up the cliff is another road hewn in the solid rock from thirteen to sixteen feet wide and cut down into the mountain from ten to thirty feet in depth. This cut is about three hundred paces long, at the northeast end it terminates in a precipice. When built, however, by Marcus Aurelius the gorge at that end of the road was bridged over to the next hill A Latin inscription chiseled in the face of the stone on one side of the road informs us that the road was built a little after the middle of the 2d century during the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, at the expense of the citizens of Abila or Abilene, a village of two thousand inhabitants. That was very kind of those Roman emperors, I am sure, for at that time it was far more expensive than building a railroad at the present day.

In this cut road I secured a very valuable and ancient souvenir, nothing more nor less than the hoof of Baalam's donkey. I had some doubts at first of its being genuine, but the committee on antiquities, composed of the two gentlemen who pronounced the tomb of Abel genuine, decided after closely inspecting the relic that it was undoubtedly the hoof of Baalam's talking donkey. I prize it very highly and will take pleasure in showing it to any of my readers who may wish to see it.

Further on our little trail bends around the hill to the right. The mountain scenery here is really grand. All around us are the grand old Anti-Lebanon mountains over which we are now passing to reach the plain between these and the Lebanon range.

Our route now gradually descends into a lovely plain

called Zebedani. This plain looks as though it might at some period have been a lake. It runs north and south and is about three miles in width. It is beautifully planted and cultivated and is well watered.

The whole valley is dotted over with splendid orchards enclosed by green hedges and covered with apple, apricot, walnut and poplar trees, the interspaces being sown in small grain. Traversing this luxuriant plain we reach in a couple of hours the village of Zebedani, situated in the midst of exuberant vegetation. This village has a population of three thousand, half of them being professed Christians. These people live on the products of their orchards and gardens, the plain being celebrated for its growth of superior apples and grapes. A few miles beyond this valley we cross the watershed and descend into another small valley and pass the village Surghaya, where they have a fine large spring.

Two miles further on we reach the Yafufeh, where we find our tents and tea awaiting us. During the night an effort was made by some of the villagers to rob the inmates of one of our tents, but an alarm was given and the thieves ran off before getting anything of value.

The route from Yafufeh to Baalbec, a distance of twenty miles, runs over mountains and across small valleys and brooks, now and then passing a village. The scenery was magnificent and made pleasant and interesting what otherwise would have been a fatiguing ride.

BAALBEC.

This little town or village is three thousand eight hundred and forty feet above sea level, and lies on the east side of the valley of the Litany river, which rises a

few miles above here and makes its way into the Mediterranean just above Tyre.

Like all the rivers of this mountainous country, it is a small mountain stream. Baalbec is situated between the waters of this river and the Orontes. The acropolis of the place rises to the west of the town and runs from west to east, surrounded by fertile gardens. On the acropolis stood at one time one of the largest and most imposing temples ever erected in old Phœnicia or in all Syria. Greek and Roman authorities write of this place as Heliopolis, but there is no written records of the place earlier than the third or fourth century of our era. This Greek name, Heliopolis, meaning "city of the sun," suggests that it was connected with the worship of the sun, and Baal was nearly identical with the god of that luminary, Baal in Syriac meaning sun.

There is a statement dating from the 7th century that Antoninus Pius, a Roman emperor in the 2d century, erected a large temple to Jupiter at Heliopolis in Phœnicia, which was regarded as one of the wonders of the age. From the inscriptions found upon the temple it would appear that the large temple was dedicated to all the gods of Heliopolis, and the smaller one (for there are two distinct temples) was dedicated to Baal, or the sun. It has been thought by men who are competent to determine the question from the style of work that both temples were erected about the same period.

Besides Baal, Venus was also specially revered at this place. But the worship of these deities was said to have been suppressed by Constantine, who it is claimed erected a church here.

I don't think, however, that this old hypocritical

murderer erected all the churches it is claimed he did. He was no saint.

Baalbec at the time of the Mohammedan conquest of Syria was one of its proudest ancient cities. It was the capitol of all that portion of Syria lying between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains.

When the Mohammedan army under the command of Abu Obeida was marching against Baalbec, Damascus having been taken prior to this by treachery, after a close siege of two months Abu Obeida intercepted a caravan of four hundred camels laden with silk and sugars on their way to this city.

Obeida, unlike Khalid (who superceded him soon after as commander of the Moslem army), allowed the captives to ransom themselves. Some of these hastened on to Baalbec and informed the governor Herbis of their approach. Herbis, thinking it a marauding party, sallied forth with six thousand cavalry and a multitude of irregular infantry to meet them, with the expectation of recapturing the spoils. He found to his cost, however, that he had to contend with a large, well-disciplined army. "The governor was soon driven back within the city walls with heavy loss, after receiving seven wounds in his own person." The Arabs then invested the city and daily fights occurred, until on one occasion Herbis and part of his army were cut off from the city and had to take refuge in an old monastery which stood somewhere not very far from where we are now camped. Perhaps upon this hill to our right.

"The governor, feeling humiliated at another defeat, and knowing that he could not defend himself with the fragment of the army he had with him, threw off his silken robes, and, putting on a well-worn woollen robe,

sought a conference with the Arab general, and made a surrender of the city upon the terms demanded by Abu Obeida, "which were that he pay two thousand ounces of each gold and silver, and two thousand silken robes, one thousand sabres, and all the arms of the soldiers in the monastery, as well as engage in behalf of the city to pay an annual tribute, and engage to erect no more Christian churches, nor ever act in hostility against the Moslem power." I insert the above for two reasons. First, because this battle was fought over the ground where our peaceful tents are now pitched, and secondly, that the reader may form some idea of the demands made by the conquerors of the conquered in this professedly religious war conducted by the Mohammedans.

The great court of this temple, *i. e.*, the large temple, is one hundred and forty-seven yards from east to west and one hundred and twenty-three wide. At the east end of this immense court, separated from it by a partition wall with a large portal opening into it from one to the other, is a beautiful hexagonal porch sixty-five yards long, and from angle to angle eighty-five yards in diameter. At the west end of the large court was an extended portico surrounded by columns sixty feet in height with Corinthian capitols. Six of these are still standing. This portico, as I call it, or western extension of the temple, had nineteen of these immense columns on each side and ten at each end.

The temple of the sun, the smaller of the two, stands on a basement of its own, lower and unconnected with the larger temple. This temple is said to be one of the best preserved as well as one of the most beautiful antiquities in Syria. The rectangular center

edifice is surrounded by columns, fifteen on each side and ten at the ends. These columns, including the capitols, are forty-six and one-half feet in height, on the top of which is a handsome double frieze.

The peristyle, or porch, as I call it, around this temple of the sun is ceiled overhead with large slabs of stone beautifully and delicately engraved, looking more like lace than stone-work.

Tradition affirms that this large temple was erected by King Solomon to please one of his wives, who was a native of Sidon and a worshiper of the sun. I think it very probable, for we read that these idolatrous wives of Solomon turned away his heart from Jehovah, and we find him building temples and altars to Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians; and Milcom, the abomination of the Amorites; and a place to Chemosh, the abomination of Moab; and for Molech, or Baal, the abomination of the children of Ammon; "and likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods."

I can't see what better heathen anyone could ask for than this once great man. But like his father David, the seductive charms of women wrought his moral downfall. The absence of written records of the existence of the city of Baalbec prior to the third or fourth century proves nothing antagonistic to this tradition.

Many of these old pagan temples stand all alone among these mountains, never having had a city near them. The ruins of such temples may be found at various places in the mountains of Lebanon.

The immense blocks of stone of which this temple was constructed remain to this day objects of curiosity

as well as of admiration to travelers and a perplexity to engineers.

In the west wall some nineteen or twenty feet from the ground are three large stones which we measured. One of these is sixty-three feet long, one sixty-four, and the other sixty-two feet long, each of them thirteen feet square. The quarry from which the stones were obtained is about a mile distant from the location of the temple. In the quarry lies a larger stone than those in the wall of the temple. It is shaped but not entirely cut loose from the rock beneath it. I measured this stone also with a three-foot rule. I found it sixteen feet square and eighty-one feet long, weighing over seventeen hundred tons, or three million four hundred thousand pounds.

How such blocks of stone as this or such as are above described in the wall were transported and placed in position in the walls in ancient times, I presume will ever remain a mystery. The lower stones of the temple are gray and the large blocks yellowish in color. It was doubtless from these three large stones in the west wall that the temple derived its name of Trilithon, three stones.

Our company reached this ancient Syrian town on Saturday a little after noon. And as it was our rule to lie over on the Sabbath, I had the opportunity of seeing a dervish sheik perform miracles and then seeing his two hundred or more followers go through their ritual of religious service on Sabbath morning.

Sunday morning, seeing large crowds of the villagers going up the mountain just south of our camp, I asked my man Ishmael what they were congregating on the mountain for? He answered

that Ramadan ended the evening before, and they were going up there to put in a day of rejoicing, and added: "It will interest you, Doctor, to walk up there and see them." I started at once, but it was much farther and a far more fatiguing walk than I had thought. But by sitting down and resting occasionally I finally reached the summit, where I found some seven or eight hundred Arabs already assembled.

Just over the summit of the mountain was a level plateau or bench comprising some two or three acres of land. On this the crowd had assembled and gathered around the dervishes, who seemed to be the central object of attraction.

When I reached the ground some fifty or more of the older men were seated in a circle on mats spread upon the ground. About half of them were armed with tambourines and castinets, or small timbrels. Such of them as had no musical instruments were chanting verses of the Koran and the others beating time, one or perhaps two or more keeping time and adding variety to the instrumental part of the entertainment by striking two hardwood sticks together.

This was begun in a slow, monotonous way, but grew more rapid and louder, and yet louder, as time passed, until finally it reached a pitch of seeming frenzy and desperation. The sheik of the tribe or band, with a few old men, was standing in the middle of the group keeping time and leading the chanters. Within the circle formed by the musicians, with the crowd standing around at their backs, with the sheik and old men, was a snake charmer with a large serpent entwined about his neck. After this part of the service was over the rugs, mats, etc., together with the musical instruments,

were piled up to one side. A ring was then formed by the clan standing around all facing the sheik, who stood in the center with an old rusty sword in his hand.

One old, hard-looking customer stepped out in the ring and drew off his shirt and allowed the sheik, who was a tall, spare made man, straight as an arrow, and seemingly a very nervous man, to hack on his old India rubber abdomen with the edge of the old rusty sword. I watched this proceeding with more than ordinary interest. My reasons therefore will be given later on. The sheik made long sweeping strokes with the sword, but he was careful not to use much force. The old brother's abdomen being covered by nature with rawhide, flapped in and out at every stroke like a rubber bag. The sheik's ability to strike such blows with naked sword, and not inflict flesh wounds, was taken by the *true believers* as a proof of his being possessed of supernatural powers, or the power of performing miracles, this being regarded as one.

The next thing on the programme of miracles was that of thrusting a dagger through the cheek of several of his followers. These savage, ignorant-looking fellows with dark skins, low foreheads and countenances, from which one would naturally shrink, stepped into the ring. The sheik thrust the thumb of his left hand into one corner or angle of the man's mouth, holding the cheek between the thumb and the forefinger; then with the right hand he passed a dagger into the mouth, piercing the wall of the cheek and pushing it well through. The dagger was about twelve inches in length, having a wooden ball one and one-half or two inches in diameter on one end for a handle, the blade being

shaped like a sword cane with very dull edges. This spear was thrust through the cheek obliquely, leaving about one-half of the length of the instrument projecting from the mouth, the other half projecting from the outer side of the cheek. The fanatical devotee would then take hold of each end of the dagger and with a kind of waltzing swinging step dance around the ring swaying his body backward and forward for half an hour or longer, then waltzing up in front of the sheik who withdrew the spear and closed the wound by pressing it firmly between the thumb and forefinger so as to prevent its bleeding.

The instrument was too dull to cut the blood vessels, consequently there was no hemorrhage. But this constituted the miraculous part of the performance. This torture, for I can call it nothing more nor less, was submitted to by several of the young men of the clan and may be, for ought I know, their mode of initiation into the order of dervishes. Perhaps the author of "Light from the East" can inform us on this point.

The next miracle performed by this imposter—was he an imposter? Yes, I verily believe he was, in so far as pretending to be performing miracles, for he well knew he was deceiving his followers—but he had as much right to do so as the Catholic priests have. The next miracle was to have one of his disciples strip to the waist and lie on his back on the ground. Two of his accomplices, the aforesaid old men, then took one of these short spears in each hand and pretended to hold the points of them on the nude body of the recumbent victim. The sheik, now resting a hand on each of the bended bodies of his accomplices, walked over the recumbent man by stepping from one to another of

the balls on the upper end of the spears. The body not being pierced by the spears constituted the miracle. Another middle-aged man, stripped to the waist, presented himself to the sheik, who pinched up the loose skin on his side and pushed the spears through it, making the point of entrance some two and a-half or three inches from the point of exit. The victim then took hold of the balls, one in each hand, and waltzed around the circle swaying his body backwards and forward as the other had done with the spear through the cheek. When the spears were withdrawn the sheik made pres sure on the wounds to prevent hemorrhage as in the other instances, the absence of hemorrhage constituting the miracle.

The circle of dervishes was then enlarged, forming a large circle around the sheik, and the two or three old men. They began to bow their heads and bend their bodies forward, bending low, then by a rapid motion straightening up and then down again. At each going down and coming up every fellow would cry, "Allah! Allah!" This swaying of the body and the cry of Allah was kept up until several of them fell from sheer exhaustion.

This ended, a crossway was formed by men lying on their backs, side by side, on the ground for a distance of twelve or sixteen feet. The sheik, after having whispered for some considerable time in his horse's ear, mounted him and rode over their prostrated bodies. The whole company then dispersed, the sheik and his clan going to their mosques down in the village.

Now these are the people from whom it is claimed comes "a Flood of Light," The "Pilgrim Knight" or

"Palm and Shell," "Light from the East." In one of the letters in this book of "Light from the East" the author says: "It is known that the society of dervishes in this country is closely allied to ancient Free Masonry." And yet this author says these Mohammedan fanatics, like the prophets of Baal, "cut themselves with knives, charm and eat snakes, swallow burning coals, eat glass," and practice to a greater or less extent the tricks in trade of the India jugglers. I have been accustomed to the use of the microscope, but I was not able to detect, even with the wonderful magnifying powers of that instrument, a germ of Free Masonry or anything akin to it among the three orders of dervishes which I visited. I would as soon expect Mr. Stanley to find societies closely allied to Free Masonry among the Africans on the Congo. I regard it as a slander on one of the grandest institutions among men.

I am at a loss to comprehend the object of the writer in bringing forward the order of dervishes to establish the antiquity of Masonry, which he does, if I understand him aright, when it is well known that the various orders of dervishes are all Mohammedans, and that Mohammed himself was born some time between the years 569 and 571 of the Christian era. I think this cunningly devised scheme shows its cloven foot in visiting Masonic lodges, and by imposing and conferring this "Palm and Shell" as a degree akin to Masonry, and for which hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars have been paid by the Masons of the United States, not as a Masonic degree, I confess, but if not as an adjunct or addendum to Masonry, why was it conferred in lodges and only on Masons? That

it is regarded as a pledge of friendship by these people, and also as a pledge of immunity from molestation by the Bedouin tribes, I also admit. Just as we used to smoke the pipe of peace with the Indians. But in this widely circulated and popular Masonic work this "Palm and Shell" is represented as a token in a society "assimilating Masonry." Webster defines assimilating "causing to resemble, *converting* into a like substance."

Now if there is nothing in the symbolic ritualism of Masonry more than a pledge of friendship, if there is no embodiment of principles in our sublime degrees, if they be empty shells, shadows without substance, merely pledges of friendship, if this be all there is in Masonry, then I have studied Masonry to no avail. If my Masonic brother who visited the lodges of Texas and delivered Masonic lectures was not inducing the brotherhood to believe that he was bringing additional light from the East, why, I ask, was the dervish pledge conferred only on Masons? If it had no association or connection whatever with Masonry (and it has none whatever, as my Masonic brother very well knew), why did he visit lodges *only*, and why did he extend to Masons *only* the privilege of buying from him for the sum of five dollars each, a dervish or Bedouin pledge of friendship that could in no possible way ever be of any practical use or benefit to them in this country.

I wouldn't trust an Arab Bedouin or dervish sheik no farther than I would a mule, no matter how much "salt" I had eaten with him. I think my Masonic brother by the manner in which he used this dervish pledge among his Masonic brethren put his Masonic obligations woefully on the stretch, to say the least of

it. He made money out of it, but was it not "wrongfully" made?

After reading the foregoing account of the ignorance and superstition of this order of Mohammedans, to say nothing of the humbuggery and imposition practiced by their sheiks, I leave Masons to judge of this matter for themselves and to form their own opinion as to the value of their "Palm and Shell" degree, and how much Masonry there is in it.

Masonry is one of the grandest moral and charitable institutions known among men, and he who lowers its standard of merit or acts unworthily should be excluded from the rights and privileges of the order and deemed unworthy the confidence and esteem of the brotherhood. I confess I dislike to see Masons using the order and the sacred emblems by which its great moral lessons are taught to promote their business transactions and enhance their individual gain. It is not nor should it be a money-making institution, but its charity should be as universal and unbounded as its principles.

After leaving Baalbec we travel for miles in the great plain which lies between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains. A large portion of this valley is in an excellent state of cultivation, the mulberry tree being grown extensively through the valley; silk and tobacco culture being perhaps the most valuable enterprises engaged in by the inhabitants of this Lebanon province.

Our lunch tent was pitched near a pretty village inhabited by Christians. The village is located around the head of a short but deep gorge which extends up between the mountains. We are now traveling the

turnpike road made by a French company to run daily diligences from Beyrout to Damascus. Here a large mountain stream crosses the road. We find quite a respectable mill built on the roadside and run by the water-power of the stream.

Soon after lunch our company, by invitation, rode to the village above referred to and spent a couple of hours very pleasantly at the house of our principal muleteer, Abu Abraham, *i. e.*, father of Abraham.

We found his home very conveniently and pleasantly arranged. The family seemed to be very proud of having the privilege of entertaining the "Americans." Refreshments of different kinds, in the way of candies and cordials, and (sha) tea and other nicknacks were served at short intervals. The people of the village flocked in to see us until the house and yard were crowded. Our dress, manners and general appearance being so different from theirs, we were to many of them a new and strange people. But time admonishes us to be up and going.

Our ride this afternoon is short, however, as our tent is being erected only a few miles from this pretty little city, perched on the sides of the mountains sweeping around the gorge at an elevation of over three thousand feet above sea level. It is called Zahleth, a city containing ten or fifteen thousand of these semi-civilized Syrians. They are members of the church of England, *i e.*, Episcopalians, no Mohammedans among them.

The families of most of our muleteers and other attendants are living here in quietude and peace.

This day completes our stay in the Holy Land and Syria. We now go to Asia Minor. We went into camp

last evening with a sense of gratitude for the preservation of our lives and our health during our wanderings in the Holy Land and Syria. We have done much hard work, and have passed through many dangers. We have gone over rough, rugged and dangerous roads, but God has blessed us, and cared for us, and brought us unharmed through it all. We are tired, and travel worn, and rejoice that this is our last day in the saddle. We expect to reach Beyrout to-night, where we will take the water route to old Smyrna via Tripoli.

The wives, sons and daughters of our muleteers came to our camping-ground last night and gave us a concert and an exhibition of their social amusements. They had music and dancing and plays. One lady danced for thirty or forty minutes with a five-gallon earthenware jar of water filled to the brim balanced on her head. The feat was a difficult one, but was accomplished admirably, as she neither touched the jar with her hands nor spilt as much as a tea-spoonful of water. They seem to be a happy people. "Having food and raiment, they are therewith content." Is not this true wisdom? "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Thousands of our fellow-men are saying by their lives, we exchange it for wealth, for honors, for the applause of our fellowmen; for the pomp, glitter and parade of fashionable life; for covetousness, for greed, for self-indulgence, for licentiousness, for unbelief in Him upon Whom to believe is life everlasting. "He that hath the Son hath life."

It was a hard day's ride that brought us to Beyrout. We were four hours in reaching the summit of the Lebanon mountains. All that four hours we were

going up, up, and then for another four or five hours it was down, down. From the summit of this range of mountains is a beautiful view. East of us in our rear lay spread out the beautiful valley of the Litany, with its numerous green fields, orchards and vineyards. Beyond this rises the Anti-Lebanon mountains, their summits covered with snow, the majestic Hermon overlooking them all. Before us is the blue waters of the Mediterranean; the white walls of the city of Beyrout glittering in the bright rays of the evening sun, seated upon the seashore seemingly but at our feet, as it were, yet wearied and aching will be our limbs before we reach that far-away city.

Beyrout, the most important seaport town of Syria, is located on the coast of the Mediterranean about sixty miles on a direct line west of northwest of Damascus. The large bay north of the city affords the best anchorage on the Syrian coast. This was one of the places which was mentioned as having been occupied by the Caananitish Giblites or dwellers on mountains in the land of the Phœnicians. They worshiped different gods from the Phœnicians. This place seems originally to have been unimportant. We learn that it was entirely destroyed in the second century B. C., during the reign of Antiochus VII. in consequence of a rebellion. It was afterwards rebuilt by the Romans. Herod Agrippa embellished it with baths, theatres, etc., to please the Romans. Gladiatorial combats were fought here, in which the Jews captured by Titus at Jerusalem were compelled to engage. During the Roman occupation of Beyrout it and Tyre furnished Rome her silk fabrics. It is not known when Syria first began the growth of the mul-

berry and the culture of silk, it was known in the middle ages to be of long standing.

In 529 Beyrout was destroyed by an earthquake, after which we learn that it was never rebuilt with the same magnificence as before. In 635, when the Mohammedan army was in Syria, it was captured by them. In 1125 it was taken by the Crusaders under Baldwin. This city, as you see, like all other important cities in this oriental country, has had literally its ups and downs. For about thirty years it was the residence of a Druse prince, who, abusing the confidence of the Turkish government, succeeded in founding a kingdom for himself. Having banished the Arabs, he formed an alliance with the Venetians, who, it seems, were the natural enemies of the Turks.

The Turks, however, finally succeeded in overthrowing his kingdom, putting the Prince, or Emir, to death, and banishing his family. After this the Turks gradually withdrew power from the princes, which proved to be a salutary policy. Abdallah Pasha afterward took Beyrout from the Druses, and under a change of rulers it became an important seaport town.

It has now a population of one hundred and ten thousand. Its population has greatly increased within the last few years, however. A very large majority of its inhabitants are Moslems.

In connection with this brief and imperfect history of Beyrout, let me say that the old town is uninteresting and contains very few antiquities. The plain upon which the city is built, lying between the sea and mountains, is small. The city in consequence has been built around the south side of the bay. The climate is pleasant, and it ought under proper hygienic regula-

tions to be a healthy city. They now have a new set of waterworks and the city is lighted with gas.

"The walls which once surrounded the old town, with the exception of a few remains on the east, have fallen down and gone to ruin, and suburban cottages with beautiful gardens and orchards have lately sprung up and are annually extending." "Beyrout is fast becoming a modern city, not, however, by modernizing the Moslem element of society, but by emigration from the European states. It, being the great seaport of all that oriental country lying east of it, has assumed a commercial importance which it never had before."

That portion of the city occupied by the Moslems, as elsewhere, is characterized by narrow, filthy streets, small workshops, absence of sidewalks, the usual ~uota of curs, children, old hags, donkeys, etc.

Taken as a whole, however, Beyrout is quite ahead of many other Eastern cities in modern improvements.

Wednesday, May 13, I find myself on board a Russian steamer bearing the autocratic name "Czar," bound for Constantinople by way of Tripoli and old Smyrna.

We weighed anchor about noon yesterday, and I find our vessel this morning anchored off the shore of the Syrian province Liwa, just opposite the city of Tripoli. This city, the Phœnician name of which is unknown, was built probably not earlier than seven hundred years B. C., long after Arvadus was founded by a tribe who descended from Ham, and are called in the scriptures Arvadites.

Suppose, reader, we stop and enquire who these people were. You know Ham was cursed by his father, and it is claimed that a strange transmutation took

place in this son of his as a consequence; if not in the son, in one of his descendants. By reading the genealogy of the family of Noah, we find among the lists of the descendants of his son Ham, that Cush was the father of Nimrod, the hunter. Mizraim, another of Ham's sons, was the progenitor of the Philistines, and Canaan, another son, the progenitor of the Jebusites and Amorites, Hitites, and among others, a tribe who occupied this section of the country called in the scriptures Arvadites. We further learn that old man Noah played American and got on a drunken spree, and when he awoke from his drunken sleep pronounced a curse upon his son Ham, for not treating him with that respect and deference due the parent from the child.

The old man said: "Cursed be Canaan (Ham's descendants), a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." And he further said: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."

Now I can see nothing in this curse but a life of servitude, that the descendants of Ham (Canaan) should occupy a subordinate position to the descendants of his brothers, and there is no evidence in the scriptures that this curse extended any further than this. Some think, however, that some of the descendants of Ham were wholly transformed into another class of beings as different from the other descendants of this accursed man as day is from night.

That this wonderful transmutation did not take place in Ham himself is evident from the fact that the Jebusites from whom David wrested Jerusalem, the

Amorites, Hitites and also the Arvadites and many other tribes of the Canaanites, were the direct descendants of this man Ham. There is no evidence among these tribes that the great and universal law of generation, that is, "that like begets like," was altered, changed or suspended by the curse pronounced against Ham.

If Ham was the progenitor of one or more tribes of people differing in their physical and anatomical make-up with an entirely distinct and different cast, scope and power of intellectuality, differing in moral perceptions, moral responsibility, and in every imaginable particular; transforming them into a lower order of beings and implanting in them anew the law of heredity which keeps them with an unmistakable individuality and a distinct species and race, we have no account of it in sacred history.

Again we know this law of heredity transmits the physical, intellectual and moral qualities, not only of parent and child and family, but it also determines and differentiates races, tribes and species. It was as impossible under the laws now governing this universe for Ham and his wife to have had one child black and one white as it is for an oak tree to produce acorns on one branch and chestnuts on another. It is strange that men will contend for such things. Then they say that climatic influence acting through the unnumbered centuries made a black man out of a white one. This, however, is a mere conjecture, strange indeed, if true, but most assuredly not true. God alone can altar these laws, and we have no record of his having done so in this instance. Reader, take this for what you think it worth. I show you who the Arvadites were, and they

occupied the country lying along this shore, and as we are so near their country I will tell you something more of this ancient people.

This tribe, the Arvadians, built the town of Arvadus on a small island which lies just above Tripoli. "In the Persian period Arvadus is mentioned as the third of the towns in alliance with the Sidonians."

Now this wonderful old historical book which lies open before me, I mean the bible, tells us that in the palmy days of old Tyre, whose navigators were masters of the ocean for more than twenty centuries, these ship-builders and bold navigators were Arvadians. It says the wise men of Tyre were her pilots. Ezekiel says: "They were skillful mariners and brave soldiers." This people were remarkable for their commercial enterprise. Their chief place of business, however, was not at Arvadus, but at Karne, a place about three miles to the north of Arvadus. Some of our company have gone on shore, but as the sea is rough, and my stomach informs me that I am slightly seasick, I conclude to remain on board the steamer, and will tell the reader about this Syrian town, Tripoli.

A French author gives the following statistics of its inhabitants. He says: "There are eighteen hundred Moslems, four thousand eight hundred orthodox Greeks, twelve hundred Marionites, a few Catholics and a few Jews living here." It is said to be an unhealthy place; that the country back of it is extremely fertile and the market abundantly supplied with silk. In 1872 four hundred and twelve tons of cocoons were exported from here to France and other countries. From thirteen to fourteen tons are annually woven here at this city.

Tripoli has eleven soap factories. I hope they are not like the people of Nablaus (Shechem), who export all they manufacture. The sponge fishery is extensively carried on here. The planters are annually enlarging their acreage of tobacco land, and are begining to export oranges and potatoes. I learn that many of their narrow streets are covered in as at Damascus and Jerusalem. The dancing dervishes have a monastery here. It may be of interest to the reader to know that in 1289, when the place was taken by one of the Sultans of Turkey, at which time many Franks perished and the place was nearly destroyed and much booty carried off, there were four thousand silk weaving looms worked at this place at that time. This shows that it has been a great silk producing country for many centuries. Laodicea lies just above Arvada on the coast.

I see the sailors are weighing anchor and we are about to steam out of the harbor. Our route carries us just south of the island of Cyprus, after passing which we see no more land until we reach the island of Rhodes.

But isn't there something about this island of Cyprus to interest us? Yes, we read that during a time of persecution, when Stephen was stoned to death at Jerusalem, the disciples scattered abroad and some of them came here to Cyprus, and some went to Antioch, which was still further to the north and east. Antioch, you remember, was located on the Orontes, some distance from its mouth back in the interior, at which place there were both Jews and Greeks, to whom the apostles preached, and a great number, we are told, believed.

We further learn that Paul and Barnabas and Simeon, that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and a disciple named Manaen, were all members of the church at Antioch. And the church was instructed by the Holy Ghost to separate Paul and Barnabas for the special work to which the Lord had called them. They did so. Saul and Barnabas then went to Seleucia, which was located on the coast opposite Antioch, and from there they came to this island, which can now be seen off to our right.

You know this was Barnabas' country, *i. e.*, where he lived before he became a disciple of the Lord Jesus; his name then was Joses, meaning the "son of consolation." Salamis, where they preached in the synagogues of the Jews, was located on the east side of the island. They landed here and went through the length of the island to Paphos, which is located on the eastern part or end of the island of Cyprus. Here Paul met Sergius Paulus, a deputy, a sensible man who called for Saul and Barnabas and desired to hear of them the word of God. But there was there also a certain fellow named Bar-jesus, a sorcerer like those Pharaoh (Meneptah) had in Egypt when Moses went down there. This fellow reminds me of some of the young men of the present age, who think it smart to be called "sceptics" and who are always ready and anxious to tear down what wiser people are trying to build up. This fellow withstood Saul and Barnabas and sought to turn away Paulus from the faith. Saul set his eyes on him and said: "O full of subtlety and all mischief, *thou child of the devil.*" Saul knew his parentage, you see. "Thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" Then

Saul told him the hand of the lord would be upon him and he should be blind and shouldn't see the sun for a season. If he couldn't see the sun he was totally blind. I guess when this fellow received his sight he was cured of his scepticism. I think that would have convinced me that Saul was filled with the Holy Ghost and that Jesus, in whose name Paul did these wonderful things, was a divine personage.

After leaving Tripoli we had a rough but not a boisterous sea. The next morning, however, it was more calm. My seasickness of the day before soon passed off and we are all merry. The second day out from Tripoli, about 10 A. M., we came alongside the island of Rhodes on our left. It will be remembered that here was erected the colossus, one of the wonders of the world for a long period. This island is about one hundred and thirty miles in circumference and is said to be one of the loveliest and most delightful little places anywhere to be found. Dr. Clark says: "Rhodes is a truly delightful spot. The air of the place is healthy and its gardens are filled with delicious fruit. Here, as at Cos, every gale is scented with the most powerful fragrance which is wafted from groves of orange and citron trees. Numerous aromatic herbs exhale at the same time such profuse odor that the whole atmosphere seems to be impregnated with a spicy perfume."

As before stated, Rhodes at the present time is noted for the colossus which was erected at the mouth of its inner and lesser harbor, three hundred years before the Christian era. This statue was made of brass by one Chares, a pupil of Lysippus. Chares was twelve years in making it. Its height was one hundred and five

feet, and cost over three hundred thousand dollars. It was erected with one foot on the land on each side of the small harbor, the feet being fifty feet apart. That you may have some idea of its magnitude, it is said very few people could reach around the thumb of this statue with their arms.

It is said the ships of that day entered the harbor between the legs of the statue. The colossus and part of the walls of the city of Rhodes were thrown down by an earthquake fifty-six years after the colossus was erected. And it lay as it fell for nearly a thousand years. It was finally bought by a Jew, who attempted to move it in pieces to Edessa. He loaded nine hundred camels, eight hundred pounds to the camel, which shows that the ruins of the colossus after deducting rust, and perhaps theft, weighed seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The colossus not only broke itself when it was shaken down, but it also broke the Jew who bought it—a rare occurrence. I guess, however, he had it insured.

When Paul went from Troy to Jerusalem he sailed over the waters of the Ægean Sea, following about the same line of travel that we are now. He tells us that they went straight from Troas to Cos, and the day following into Rhodes.

This island to which we are coming on our right is the island of Cos, where Hyppocrates, the father of medicine, lived and first taught the principles of rational medicine.

Hyppocrates lived from 460 to 370 B. C., in an age of ignorance, superstition and witchcraft. Medicine at that time was an art which was supposed to be most mysterious, and those who practiced it were

supposed to hold communion with the world of spirits. Some people believe the same to-day. It is believed by some that certain individuals are given the power to call to earth the spirits of the departed dead. They call such mediums. I call them humbugs. Some few of them may be honestly deceived and believe that they can hold communication with the dead, but where you find one that is honest in believing this you will find a dozen who know they are practicing a game of fraud and deception upon a too credulous public. In the time of Hyppocrates the "physician was a magician, and the magician a physician."

Hyppocrates separated medicine from the popular yet false philosophy of the age and brought it back into its proper channel, that of rational experience. The world at large knows very little of how much they are indebted to this man for the almost perfected science and art of medicine as it exists to-day.

He is called and deserves the title of the "sage of Cos." This island is about seventy-five miles in circumference, and is one of the many lovely isles of the Ægean Sea. But here is one which for centuries has been an object of far more than ordinary interest, especially to the Christian world. Here is Patmos, where St. John was when he wrote the Apocalypse.

CHAPTER XXV.

PATMOS.

As we steam up the Ægean Sea we pass on our left a small island, perhaps the most celebrated of all these lovely isles. At one period it is said to have had a volcano upon it. But now it is largely covered with gardens, vineyards and olive groves. The small plains on the sides and at the base of these volcanic mountains are extremely productive.

Patmos is now occupied in the main by fishermen. Some of the smaller of these Grecian islands are composed almost wholly of beds of salt. Others are of the finest marble. The noted Parian marble was from an island called Paros, one of the Cyclades, south of Delos.

Patmos is said to be only eighteen miles in circumference, and now has some twenty-five hundred inhabitants. It is made historic as being the place where St. John wrote the Apocalypse. It has been generally thought by theologians and believed by the masses, that St. John was banished to this island and while in exile wrote the Apocalypse.

The tradition is that he was in Rome with St. Paul and St. Peter at the beginning of the persecution of the Christians, just after the burning of the city of Rome under Nero. The tradition says he was plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil at one of the gates of Rome, and so far from suffering, that he came out of the cauldron improved in physical condition and in

appearance. I am growing old, but I don't propose taking a bath in boiling oil as a rejuvenator.

It is then said he was banished to this island. Another story is, that an attempt was made to kill him by a poisoned chalice, but that "it was rendered harmless when he made over it the sign of the cross, and the poison fled from it in the form of a little asp."

Reader, since we come into this land of legends, fables and traditions, our credulity has been taxed to such an extent that if you are like myself you place but little reliance upon any account of supernatural appearances or events reaching you through these channels.

The only scripture given us from which the inference could be drawn that St. John was upon the island of Patmos involuntarily, or as an exile, is what he himself says in the 9th verse of the 1st chapter of Revelations, which reads as follows: "I, John, who am also your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle which is called Patmos for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

There is a period in the life of this beloved disciple that no reliable authorities give us any account of, as to where he lived or where he was. But one thing we do know, and that is, that he was on this island when he saw the vision which we find recorded in the last book of the New Testament. Wise men have for centuries endeavored to comprehend for themselves and for the enlightenment of others, the true intent and meaning of the Revelation. I am of the opinion that those to whom it was sent comprehended, and perhaps saw its accomplishment in the main, for John says at

the outset that the things therein shown him "must shortly come to pass."

He also says "the time is at hand" for their fulfillment. Mr. Farar, who is acknowledged as standard authority, in his learned work on the "Early days of Christianity" expresses decidedly the opinion that St. John wrote the book of Revelations before he did his gospel and epistles, and that the revelation foretold the dreadful persecution which Christians would undergo in the dark days inaugurated by Nero after the burning of Rome, and that it also pictured in prophetic symbol the downfall and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. But anyway John was a great man, a beloved disciple, and has told us enough outside of the Apocalypse if we will only conform our lives to it, and live as he tells us to live, and love as he tells us to love, to enable us not only to grow in the wisdom and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, but to take us home to a happier world beyond the grave in the not far distant bye-and-bye.

It was a bright, pretty, sunny day when we steamed up the lovely archipelago. We had on board several hundred Greek Catholics, who were returning home from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These devout people gathered together on the deck of the steamer, and just as the bright rays of the morning sun came streaming over the mountains of Asia, they began their morning devotions. They prayed standing. Their oft-repeated bows and crossings kept them in continual motion. This devotional exercise occupied about an hour, and was repeated three times a day. I was forcibly impressed with the religious devotion of these oriental people as compared with the Protestant religionists of our country.

There are thousands of our people, professors of religion and non-professors, who can't find time, on account of pressure of business on the part of some, laziness on the part of others, and indifference and want of interest in religious matters on the part of yet others, to devote even an hour on the Sabbath to the worship of Almighty God.

These oriental people devote from four to six hours of the twenty-four to their religious worship. Who shall say that God does not hear and answer their prayers, or that they do not "go down to their houses justified rather than the other?"

We are now passing between two islands, Samos, on the right, and Nikaria on the left. Samos is a short distance from the mainland, nearly opposite Ephesus. When St. Paul sailed from Ephesus on his way to Jerusalem he sailed between the island Samos and the mainland. But, as it is our intention to visit Ephesus by rail from Smyrna, we leave this little island to our right.

Samos was the home of Pythagoras, who, we learn, discovered, among other theorems in geometry, the 47th problem of Euclid; that is, "that the square of the side which subtends a right angle is equal to the sum of the squares that contain the right angle."

Pythagoras was a philosopher, and was also well-versed in mathematics, geometry, and the arts and sciences in general. Eusebius says he died in 466 B. C. Pythagoras, having procured recommendations from Polycrates, the king or emperor of the island of Samos, to Amasis, king of Egypt, visited that then enlightened country to add to his store of knowledge by being initiated into the secret orders of the Egyptian priest-

hood. He found this no easy matter, however; notwithstanding he went to Heliopolis, the city of the sun, with authority to the priests to admit him from King Amasis himself. The college of priests of Heliopolis referred him to the college of Memphis, under the pretense of its being an older college. This college, under the same pretense, sent him to Thebes. The Theban priests required of him many severe and troublesome ceremonies, among which was that of circumcision, hoping thereby to discourage him from prosecuting his design.

His patient and quiet submission to all their requirements, however, finally won their confidence and esteem, and they admitted him to their hidden mysteries. Pythagoras remained in Egypt twenty-two years. When he returned he founded a school at Crotona, in Italy. He bound his disciples under oath to receive his doctrines, and under no circumstances or inducements whatever were they to be divulged or to go beyond the sect.

This Pythagorian college at Crotona had a membership of six hundred. After initiation and a certain amount of training they were made to study geometry and the laws governing the universe, the primary principles of creation and the evidences of the existence of a god. We are further told that Pythagoras taught after the Egyptian manner, by images and symbols, which were unintelligible or exceedingly obscure to those who were not initiated into the mysteries of the school. It would appear from all this that this learned man found in the wisdom of the Egyptians something nearer akin to Free Masonry than can be found among the howling dervishes of Palestine.

Pythagoras is said to have been a master mason. We know enough of him to know that he was one of the learned men of the age in which he lived, and like Moses, Plato and other illustrious characters, he gathered much of his wisdom and knowledge in the land of the Pharaohs. No man can look at the pyramids, the temples, the obelisks, the mastabas, and other works of the craftsmen which we find in Egypt, executed before the days of steel-made tools, without feeling a degree of wonder and admiration for the artistic skill and architectural knowledge displayed by those ancient masons. A skill unequaled even in the civilized world to-day.

Among these islands and over tnese lovely waters, eighteen hundred years ago, SS. Paul and John were accustomed to make voyages, visiting the various churches which were scattered along the Syrian and Asiatic coasts. Can the narrative given us in the New Testament be a fable, "a tale that is told"? If so, why do I find, everywhere I go, God's witnesses to its truth. Witnesses which will endure long after the earthly remains of such cavilers have been consumed by worms and returned to dust.

When we went on deck this morning we found our steamer anchored at Chios. We are told in the scriptures that after leaving Troas, St. Paul sailed by this island and landed at Samos and tarried at Trogyllium, and the next day went on to Melitus, which is on the southern shore of the bay, and at the time St. Paul was there it was an important city. It lay to our right when opposite Patmos. We are told that he avoided Ephesus, as he was in a hurry to reach Jerusalem so as to be there on the day of Pentecost.

Reader, you will see we are traveling over the same route which St. Paul traveled in going to Jerusalem. He was going to Jerusalem, and we are coming from the Holy City.

Leaving Chios, we soon entered the bay of Smyrna, which place we reached about noon. Smyrna is located very much like Naples, *i. e.*, it is located on the sides of the hills bordering the bay. The city extends further down on the right than on the left-hand side of the bay, however.

Smyrna has a good harbor and a good wharf. I would estimate the population at about fifty thousand. Vessels are not allowed to go up alongside the wharves and run out stage planks, and receive and discharge their cargoes, as is done in all decent countries where they have such harbors and wharves as we find here. This is to prevent the laborers engaged in transporting freights and passengers in their little boats to and from the steamers, from being thrown out of employment.

As we approach the city we pass a fort planted in the middle of the bay, which seemed to be well garrisoned.

There is a nice wide street running along the bay, and all or nearly all the houses fronting on this street, both residences and business houses, are occupied by Europeans, back from the street and all the heart of city being occupied by Arabians and Turks. Consequently we find the same narrow, rough paved, dirty streets without sidewalks as seen and described elsewhere, many of them vaulted, others covered in with some kind of old coarse black cloth. The element of the population occupying this part of the city seems to be more degraded than in some places we have been.

We find here, as in some other places, all manner of refreshments served on the streets. The restaurants set their tables in the street, where all manner of eatables and drinks, such as tea, coffee, wine, lemonade, etc., are served. We see no donkeys or camels here, but quite a number of nice hacks and street cars. In some directions the city is built back to the top of the high rocky hills. The buildings, as before stated, extend mainly down on the right-hand side as approached from the bay. Near the top of a hill on the right-hand of the bay we visited the grave of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and a personal friend and acquaintance of the apostle St. John. The grave is very nicely walled in and arched over, and has an evergreen growing in each end of his tomb.

We learn that Polycarp was probably born at this place during the reign of Nero, *i. e.*, during the latter part of the 1st century of the Christian era. He was a disciple of the apostle John, and was by him appointed bishop or pastor of the church at Smyrna. During the persecution of the Christians under the reign of Marcus Aurelius, this faithful Christian and pastor suffered martyrdom with the most heroic fortitude. This occurred in the year of our Lord 169. When he was being led to the stake to be bound and consumed by the flames the pro-consul offered him his life if he would blaspheme Christ. The venerable old servant of God replied, "Eighty and six years have I served him and he has ever treated me with kindness. How then can I blaspheme him?" I plucked a sprig of evergreen from one of the cedars which grew by his grave and wondered and asked myself the question, could I march to the stake and offer up my life in the midst of tor-

turing flames rather than deny my Lord and Savior? Reader, ask yourself the question, could you?

There is but little here to interest the traveler, except the fact that it is the site of ancient Smyrna, where was located one of the seven Christian churches of Asia to whom the letters in the Apocalypse were addressed. In fact all seven of these churches were located not far distant from this old city.

Our vessel lies in the harbor, giving us a day to visit old Ephesus. So after an early breakfast we take a street car and go up the bay half or three-quarters of a mile to the railroad depot, where we find a special train fitted up for our accommodation.

Dr. Crunden, our teacher and interpreter, was frequently doing such things for us.

Our route runs south through a beautiful valley, which for ten or twelve miles was covered with magnificent orchards of olive, pomegranate, fig and other tropical fruits. Far out in the plain on each side of the road, and occasionally bordering it, were immense vineyards. Everything seems to grow with a luxariance unseen by us before.

As we get further out from the city we begin to see grain fields—wheat, barley and other cereals. When we had reached a point thirty or thirty-five miles distant from the city, we came to a narrow pass, the almost perpendicular cliffs of the mountains projecting into the valley on each side of the road. This was but for a short distance, however, as the valley soon widened out again. Now and then, especially on the east side of the road, we could see branch valleys (leading off and widening out) as they stretched away in the far distance. Now and then we crossed beautiful run-

ning streams, contiguous to which, in many instances, were large tracts of uncultivated lands, generally flat and wet, used for grazing purposes by the Bedouins, who were in tents herding large droves of horses, cattle and sheep. As we approached the depot, where we were to leave the train and mount donkeys, the valley again widened out and was covered with wheatfields just beginning to ripen for the harvest.

After reaching the hotel we mounted donkeys, which had been brought out from Smyrna on the train with us for our use, and set out to visit the ruins of the old city of Ephesus, three miles distant, and yet in full view and seemingly only half a mile away.

In fact here all around the depot are straggling rows of tall stone columns, which once supported grand structures. Storks have taken possession of these columns and crowned them with quantities of brush and straw, out of which they have constructed their nests.

Reader, the impression may have been made upon your mind, as it was upon mine, by reading certain books of travel, that the remains of this old renowned city of Asia were but few, and consequently the evidences of its exact location unsatisfactory.

You may imagine, therefore, my astonishment and surprise, when riding my donkey through and around the city, to find, not a heap of rubbish and stone, the only remains of fallen temples and palaces with scattered columns here and there; on the contrary, very many of the entire outer walls, partition walls, and portions of walls, are standing in situ. The location, character and style of very many buildings can be determined at a glance.

The city was extensive and beautifully located. In

what seemed from the ruins to be near the center of the city is a well formed hill. This hill is detached from a range of small hills which bound the valley on the south. Just west of this hill the range recedes from the valley, allowing it to widen out and extend for miles farther south.

The valley is bounded on the east, in the distance, by a high ridge of rocky hills which lie between the valley and the coast of the Ægean Sea.

This hill, called Mt. Prion, was composed of fine marble, hence it was cut down considerably from its original height to obtain building material.

The city was built all over the hill and into the valley surrounding it. The space or ridge between Mt. Prion and the adjoining hill on the south is considerably elevated above the valley east and west of it. And here was pointed out to us several of the houses mentioned in the narration of the scriptural events which occurred at this place.

We learn that St. Paul taught this people for two years, disputing in the house of one Tyrannus. In passing around Mt. Prion over the ridge separating that hill from the mainland, we find an old stone building with its walls mainly intact. This is said to be the house of Tyrannus, a good-sized structure well preserved.

Further east, in the neighborhood of the same locality, are several tombs built on the surface of the ground; among them a marble tomb about six by eight feet in size, four or six feet in height. On the east stone was engraved an ox with a cross above it. This is pointed out as the reputed grave of the apostle John. Not a great way from it may be seen the area with its stone

floor and part of the walls still standing, of what is said to have been the court-room of Ephesus.

On the west side of the mount some fifteen feet above the level of the plain stood the theater. Some of the massive stone steps which lead up to a broad porch which stood before the entrance in the main auditorium are apparent. Much of the substructure and parts of the stone flooring are still to be seen. This theater was a large structure, erected of massive material and handsomely located.

We read of the destruction of Ephesus at different periods subsequent to the days of the apostles, but I am of the opinion that they referred in the main to the residences of the inhabitants, which were located nearer the mouth of the Cayster river contiguous to the harbor. We learn that Lysimachus, wishing to protect Ephesus from the inundations to which the low lands were subjected by the yearly overflow of the Cayster river, built a city upon a mountain and surrounded it with walls.

Pococke, who visited Ephesus about 1740, says that there was not at that time a single Christian within two leagues around Ephesus. And Arundell says: "The destruction, January, 1824, when he visited the place, was complete." He found one Turk and his Greek servant its only inhabitants. This is the reason we find the ruins of the old city in such a good state of preservation. They have been let lie as they have fallen or been shaken down by earthquakes.

These Turks are regular dogs in the manger. They care nothing for the ruins of these old cities where were located the seven churches of Asia, and they don't want others to care for them. I am not sur-

prised at the Turk's great partiality to the dog, for in very many things the animal characteristics of the two are very much alike.

In the records of our religion, Ephesus is ennobled as the burial place of St. John, who lived and was buried here; also Timothy, the companion of St. Paul, but his remains were subsequently removed to Constantinople and are said to have been laid with the bodies of SS. Luke and Andrew, in what was called the Church of the Apostles in that city.

The scriptures tell us that Paul, while here, was the instrumentality through which God wrought many miracles, and effected many cures of the afflicted, and cast out many devils by sending to the afflicted handkerchiefs, aprons, etc., which he had worn. We are further told that there were certain vagabond Jews here who pretended to expel devils or evil spirits out of people by conjuration, who undertook to cast them out in the "name of Jesus" whom Paul preached. Seva, chief of the priests, had seven sons who were of these, but the evil spirit or maniac said: "Jesus I know" "and Paul I know," "but who are ye?" This maniac, for he evidently was one, and only that, whipped out the whole gang of them "so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded."

This had a tendency to break up the conjuring business for a time. They brought their books of necromancy together to the amount of fifty thousand pieces of silver and burned them.

About this time Paul sent Timothy and Erastus over to Macedonia, and a fellow named Demetrius, a silversmith, raised a great stir, in fact there was a regular riot in the city, which like all such popular excitements

grew and spread until, we are told, the whole city was filled with confusion and uproar.

Ephesus was famed for its great temple of Diana. The statue of the goddess was a block of wood said by some to be of beach or elm, and by others cedar. It was carved into the similitude of Diana (not as the elegant huntress), but like an Egyptian goddess of nature with many breasts; the lower part was an unformed block of wood with the feet below.

"This wooden lady was gorgeously dressed, her garments being embroidered with emblems of symbolical devices. It was believed that the image of this goddess fell down from Jupiter." "She was worshiped and adored not only at Ephesus, but temples were erected and consecrated to her in many other localities in Asia.

The temple of Diana, in which this wooden goddess was worshiped, "was four hundred and twenty-five feet long and two hundred and twenty wide, surrounded by one hundred and twenty-seven columns of Parian marble, each a single shaft sixty feet high. Its building occupied two hundred and twenty years."

It was not only dedicated as a shrine to the goddess, but it was also used as a depository of the fine arts by the masters of the period.

It stood, if I have the courses rightly in my mind, in a rather flat place in the eastern part of the city. It is said a marshy spot was selected in which to erect it, to prevent its cracking, and also to prevent its being shaken down by earthquakes. The foundation was made with charcoal rammed with fleeces.

The valley surrounding the foundation walls of the old temple was sown in wheat, and being wet from a

cold rain which was falling, I didn't tarry long in taking a survey of its ruins.

The foundation walls in some places are now from fifteen to twenty feet high and in a good state of preservation. Demetrius and his fellow silversmiths became alarmed at the success of Paul and his co-laborers in their efforts to turn these people from idolatry, fearing it would cripple their trade, " they being silversmiths and god-makers. Demetrius called the craftsmen together and made a little talk to them, saying " that they knew by their craft they made their wealth, and that this Paul was turning away much people, not only in Ephesus, but throughout all Asia, telling them that " there be no gods which are made with hands."

This made them all mad and they cried out, saying: " Great is Diana of the Ephesians." With this war cry they stirred up the populace to fever heat. They caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia (Paul's traveling companions), and rushed them into the theatre. Paul would have followed them, but his friends prevented him, and some of his friends in the theatre sent him word not to venture to come near.

Finally the town clerk commanded the attention of the excited mob long enough to make a sensible talk to them, telling them that " no one disputed the fact that the city of Ephesus was a worshiper of the great goddess Diana and the image which fell down from Jupiter." He said : " Seeing these things cannot be spoken against, you ought to be quiet and do nothing rashly. These men are neither robbers of churches nor blasphemers of your goddess. If Demetrius and his craftsmen have a matter against any man, the law is open and there are officers of the law, let them settle the matter

lawfully." He told them plainly that there were no justifiable grounds for the uproar they were creating and that they were in danger of being called to account for it. After this he dismissed the assembly and Paul, seeing that the uproar had ceased, called the disciples together, embraced them and left the city.

The reader will remember it was here Aquila and Pricilla instructed Apollus in the way of the Lord more perfectly.

hen St. Paul was at Miletus on his way to Jerusalem he sent to this place and called to him the elders of the church, and we find nothing more beautiful, instructive or more touching than his farewell address to them on that occasion. It was the last time he ever saw them.

The glory of Ephesus has long since departed, but it afforded me inexpressible delight and unfeigned pleasure to think of its former glory and to look upon its grandeur even in ruins. It required no great effort of the imagination to rebuild and repeople the ancient city, and to hear again the fanatical cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

When I left the ruins of this ancient city it was with a feeling of regret that I could not stay longer and wander at leisure through its deserted and untrodden streets and halls. If there be any pharisaism in my make-up I am not aware of it. And as for an idolatrous worship or veneration for places and objects, I had seen enough to disgust any sensible man, and even a fool, so I do not think it was a feeling of this kind that created in me a desire to see more of this, one of the locations of the seven churches of Asia. And yet I

repeat, I had the desire, and regretted having to leave it so soon.

From the depot out to Mt. Prion (three miles) we rode through wheat-fields. The stalks of grain were standing as thick as it was possible to grow upon the ground, and as high as my head on a donkey of more than the average height. I inquired of the hotel keeper at the depot (a Frenchman) what was the average yield of grain from such crops in that country. He informed me that one hundred and twenty-five bushels to the acre was regarded as an average yield.

On our way from Smyrna to Constantinople, the captain of the steamer, a Russian vessel, informed us that from two hundred to two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat to their measure of land answering to our acre (but comprising a larger area, I suppose) was not an unusual yield of grain for some sections of country in Russia, particularly around the Black Sea.

I never saw anything in this country that would compare with the grain I saw growing there. For several years before the late Confederate war I planted wheat, barley and oats, on as fertile land as the valley of Red River affords; but under the most favorable circumstances and during the best grain seasons, neither the luxuriance of growth nor the yield of grain would compare with the crops I saw growing in Asia Minor.

After leaving Smyrna and proceeding on our journey to Constantinople, we coasted along not far from the shore, leaving the islands of Chios and Miletium on our left. Athens is just across the Ægean Sea, west of us.

After steaming out of the gulf at Smyrna, the mainland on our right is the old classical land of ancient

Troas, the land which Homer, in the noblest poem of antiquity, has so beautifully and accurately described, making allowance, of course, for poetical exaggeration.

The site of the old city of Troy is yet, to some extent at least, an open question. New Troy presents a beautiful appearance when viewed from the deck of the steamer. The mainland is high and rolling, and to some extent hilly, bare of forest trees, and but few scattering orchards to be seen on the extended landscape. Judging from the general appearance of the country, I infer that it is now mainly, if not wholly, used as pastoral lands by the restless Bedouins.

Looking at the old historic land reminds one of an incident in the life of the great apostle Paul, which occurred when on a visit here just before going to Jerusalem.

We read that he remained here seven days, and upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached to them, as it was his intention to depart the next day. Paul preached a long sermon that night. We are further told that a young man by the name of Eutychus, who was sitting in a window, went to sleep and fell out. It being a third-story window, he was taken up for dead. I don't believe from the narration of this accident that the young man was really dead, or that Paul performed a miracle in bringing him to life, neither do I think the writer of the incident intended to convey that impression. The young man had a severe fall, and the shock knocked him senseless for a while, but when Paul fell upon and clasped him in his arms he discovered signs of life in him, and realizing that he was not dead said: "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him."

This would be a very frequent accident in the present day if certain members of our congregation were permitted to sit in the windows of our churches. I have now and then been under the necessity of listening to some very uninteresting, long, dry sermons, but for one I determined early in life never to treat a teacher of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ with the impoliteness and discourtesy of sleeping, and it might be of snoring, while he was doing the best he could to tell me something about the teaching of God's word which I perhaps didn't know before.

I give this class of preachers the credit of *trying to preach*, whether they succeeded or not. And if the minister can afford to wrestle and weary with a subject, about which he knows but little if anything, for an hour and a half or two hours, I think even a sleepy-headed Christian ought to endure a little martyrdom now and then, and keep awake, for the sake of the minister's good intentions and the sanctity of the cause which he is trying to advance.

All Christians, I am sure, had rather hear a member of the congregation shout "hallelujah" than to hear him snore. Snoring in church don't fit.

About noon we entered the Dardanelles and have the old land of Thracia, now a province called Roumelia, on our left, and old Troas, called Anatolia, on our right.

The Dardanelles is several miles wide. On the coast of Roumelia is situated the very pretty little town Gallipola. The strait which terminates the Dardanelles, where it enters the Sea of Marmora, is called Hellespont.

All this country presents to me a new and strange appearance. As far as eye can reach the hills and

plains are destitute of houses, fences and forest trees, giving it a lonely, barren and forsaken appearance. The same may be said of Palestine.

The far reach of prospect, an absence of a diversity of objects of comparison, contracts the area of the villages and dwarfs their buildings, so that what few objects there are to be seen have a Lilliputian appearance Houses look like toys, trees like bushes, and rivers like brooks.

When we enter the Sea of Marmara (usually spelled Marmora on our maps), the island of Marmara rises just before us; far enough from the mainland on either side, however, to give steamers choice of routes and ample room. Our pilot chose the left, leaving the island to the right. It is a pretty island, but rocky and barren. Saw no appearance of habitations, still, I am inclined to believe the interior occupied by fishermen. The island is much larger than would be inferred from its representation on our maps, though its exact size by measurement I do not now recall to mind.

Toward the eastern extremity of the sea we enter to the north the Bosphorus, having old Byzantium on the left and Scutari on the right. The bay here is several miles wide, although it does not seem to be so. Our steamer now heads directly north and casts anchor near the mouth of the Golden Horn, which sweeps around in a northeastern direction, separating the old city of Byzantium from the more modern built Constantinople. And now we are here in Constantinople, the heaven of the Turk and his fellow-citizen, the mangy cur.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS city presents a magnificent appearance, but we are not to judge it by external appearances, they are too often deceptive. The Savior drew a strong contrast between the apparent piety of the pharisees and their true inwardness when He said they were like whited sepulchers, pretty in appearance, but filled with dead men's bones. And here, when we come to ride over this noted and favored city, we may find a like contrast—we shall see.

It is not my purpose to deal with the history of this old city whose foundation was laid several centuries before the Christian era, and whose name was derived from a legendary prince of Thrace, named Byzas.

In 323 Constantine transferred the seat of the Roman empire from Rome to Byzantium, and the city took from him the name of Constantinople.

Constantine issued from here several edicts for the suppression of idolatry, and had the churches and property of the Christians restored to them; but for all that, before we bestow too much praise upon the righteous acts of this hypocritical "first Christian Roman emperor," as he is styled, suppose we look beneath his Christian garb and expose some of his inhuman, brutal, murderous acts.

"When his own son Crispus displayed singular military talents and secured victory to the arms of his father in the wars against Licinius," the old brute stifled every paternal feeling and, moved by an

unnatural and shameful jealousy, had his son first imprisoned and then put to death. At the same time he had his nephew, his sister's son, beheaded without accusation or trial, notwithstanding his broken-hearted mother plead and implored him to spare the life of her boy. After which he had Fausta, his wife, strangled to death in a bath-tub.

I see nothing in the life of Christ, nor do I find anything in his teachings, to justify prefixing the word christian to the name of Constantine. At heart he was as wicked, vile and corrupt as the devil wanted him to be. These Romans were simply "educated barbarians," nothing more. The Moslems have held this city since 1453.

We find three principle divisions of the city as follows: Old Byzantium on the south side of the Golden Horn and on the west side of the Bosphorus; modern Constantinople on the same side of the Bosphorus, and on the north side of the Golden Horn, while Scutari and Chalcedon are on the east or opposite side of Bosphorus. The city extends down the Bosphorus by a coalescing of villages on both sides for sixteen miles. The buildings extend from near the water's edge, rising one above another terrace fashion, in many places to the tops of the range of hills which extend down each side of the Bosphorus, from the Sea of Marmara to the Black Sea.

The magnificent palaces of former sultans are built on and ornament both sides of the Bosphorus, which varies in width from six hundred yards to one and a half miles wide.

It is a custom if not a law in Turkey, when a sultan dies to close his palace and give it up to his surviving

wives and concubines, who are never allowed to leave the grounds or to marry again, being maintained at the expense of the government. The deceased sultan's successor in office has the right to bestow the hand of one of the widowed sultanas in marriage or concubinage to whom he pleases; but even this, I was told, was not often done, as they are regarded as a sacred trust. With the great masses of this people the wife or the concubine of a sultan or khedive is about the only position a woman can fill in which she is treated with any consideration whatever.

If the estimation in which women are held, and the treatment they receive at the hands of men be an index of the civilization of a country, or people, and I believe it is so regarded, the Turks and Arabs surely are not entitled to a grade above semi-barbarism.

The old city of Byzantium is in a dilapidated condition. Many of its buildings are wooden, and I saw a great many of them that had to be propped up to keep them from falling down. The Jewish quarters are in a miserable plight. The streets are just wide enough to drive a carriage through and are exceedingly rough and filthy. In fact, this part of the old city seems to be shunned by even the dogs, as we saw fewer of them there than elsewhere.

When in this part of the old city we visited the old horse market on the old Stamboul side; at one end was a mosque containing the tombs of the sultans, and a column dating back to the days of Constantine, which has been burnt so often by the numerous fires which have occurred in its immediate vicinity as to be now called the "burnt column."

Gibbon says: "It was erected on a pedestal of white

marble twenty feet high and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured ten feet in height and about ten feet in diameter; on the summit of which, one hundred and twenty feet above ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. This statue is supposed to have been the work of the celebrated Grecian sculptor, Phidias, and was brought from Athens or Phrygia. The artist had represented the god of day, or, as it was afterwards interpreted, the emperor Constantine himself, with a scepter in his right hand and the globe of the world in his left. On his head was a crown of glittering rays."

The old column now looks as ragged and dilapidated as an old American drunkard. It reminded me of some I have seen in this, my own whisky-cursed country, a curse of the people's own making.

The circus or hippodrome, which was erected by Constantine, was four hundred yards in length and one hundred in width, a stately edifice when first erected, the space between the goals being filled with statues and obelisks. One very singular, and I may say historic, fragment of antiquity still remains to be seen in this locality.

It is a bronze column composed of the bodies of three serpents intertwined. It was made of bronze captured by the Greeks from the Persians at Marathon, where the Athenians gained a very decided victory over a largely superior force of invading Persians.

The triple heads of the serpents once held the golden tripod. This serpentine column was first erected at Delphi, but when Constantine was enlarging and beautifying the city of Byzantium it was removed to its present locality. The hills on the opposite side of



Freight Bearer.

the Golden Horn, where the modern portion of the city is built, are ascended from the Horn by means of an underground railroad one thousand yards long.

The Golden Horn is a magnificent harbor for all medium-sized vessels; it is spanned by several rudely constructed wooden bridges.

While in Byzantium we visited a museum in which were exhibited wax figures representing the costumes of the rulers of Turkey from its earliest historical period. The leading features of the prevailing costumes of the present day have been preserved, but gradually modified from that ancient period to the present time.

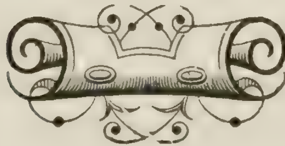
Its exaggerated and grotesque features, such as a turban six feet in diameter, and other peculiarities of garments equally as ludicrous, have been slowly but gradually brought to the more reasonable dimensions now in use.

It seems strange to an American to be driving through the streets of a city with a population of not less than one million and never meet, or see, a dray, express wagon, baggage wagon, omnibus, or any kind of wheeled vehicle for handling the innumerable articles of commerce incident to the trade of such a city. All this is done, however, by a numerous class of burden bearers. These men have a peculiarly shaped pad or saddle which is adjusted to fit the back, and goods, groceries and burdens of all kinds are carried either on their backs or suspended beneath long poles placed on the shoulders of the men. We also note the absence of donkeys and camels on the streets. This is the only oriental city we have visited where they were not a prominent and peculiar characteristic. This

omission, however, is fully compensated for by swelling the population of this cosmopolitan city, by granting special rights and privileges to a larger class of its otherwise useless citizens than can be found in any other city in the known world. I mean the dogs. I would put the population of Constantinople proper at one million. Of this, or over and above this, if you please, I do not think I exaggerate in saying that there are thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three and a-third dogs.

I am told that the dogs constitute a large element of society in Chinese cities. But this becomes commendable, so long as they constitute an element of diet. The Chinee fattens his dog, and then eats him, as we do hogs, sheep and other animals. There is some sense and *taste* in this. We have the sense and the Chinaman has the taste. But where the love of the Turk for the dog comes in I never could determine, unless it be from a similarity of nature. It evidently is not in variety, for of the thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three and a-third dogs, more or less, in this far-famed city, you can't find a pointer, a setter, a St. Bernard, a hound, a terrier, a skye, or a collie. No, not even a childless wife's detestable substitute for the ever coveted baby, the poodle. The whole dog population comprises a sameness that is really monotonous. They all wear very nearly the same mouse-colored garments. The caudal appendix, like the Chinese cue, varies but little in length, color or curl. All have the same sinister, downcast expression of countenance. This, however, is in part due to the manner in which they are raised. Any-way, they are all so much alike that you would take them to be twins.

Whether some of our American parents learned an item of economy in raising their boys from the Turk, or the Turk from the American parent, I am unable to say. I recognize in them a very striking analogy, however. Both, *i. e.*, the boys and the dogs, make their homes upon the streets. Neither have any authority exercised over them. Both become grown soon after they are weaned; both engage in midnight revels and howls; both are an expense rather than a profit to the world. The morals of both are bad, but there is this difference, however: the one never becomes a drunkard, a gambler or a dude The other very often does. The one is what he is by the unalterable instincts of his nature, aided by bad raising. The other is what he is by being practically orphaned from childhood; in fact, not infrequently from infancy.



CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Laying truth in the garb of jesting aside, what reason the Turks have for fostering such a nuisance in their midst is a mystery to the civilized world. They punish by fine any one who kills or injures a dog; and if one gets sick or wounded it is sent to the canine hospital where it is nursed and cared for until it is well enough to be turned loose upon the community again. These dogs claim as their home, and live in certain streets, and woe be to the dog who trespasses upon their territory. It is no unusual sight to see twenty or more of these vagabond curs chasing a stranger dog back to his own ward. Nor is it any unusual thing for a stranger to stop on the street and count as many as twenty-five or thirty or even more of these curs in sight.

They seem to have some kind of organized social clubs, as you find them in companies, usually at the street crossings. So much for this element of Constantinople's society. I must tell you something about a few noted Mohammedan mosques and other celebrated ancient buildings and places to be found here.

One of the finest as well as most spacious mosques in Constantinople is the St. Sophia. It is situated on the most easterly of the seven hills upon which the old city was built. This mosque ranks as perhaps the finest example of the Byzantine style of architecture to be seen. If not built by Constantine it was by him converted into a Christian church. Since the occupa-



Sultan's Palace.

tion of Constantinople by the Turks, that is since 1453, it has been converted into a mosque.

'When one enters this mosque he can not but be impressed by the bold span of arches and the still bolder sweep of the dome. At the same time he is at once bewildered and charmed by the richness and beauty of the decorations, from the many colored pillars down to the rich mosaics and inscriptions which cover its walls. The dome is raised at the center one hundred and eighty feet above the ground and has a diameter of one hundred and seven feet. The curve of the dome is slight, its depth being only forty-six feet. Around the rim of the dome is a row of forty windows."

Constantinople proper has six hundred mosques. But the city and villages contiguous, between eight and nine hundred. The present Sultan's palace is located something over a mile from the Golden Horn down the Bosphorus. The palace and grounds are surrounded by a strong stone wall. The palace is large and of beautiful architectural design. It stands in the midst of an extensive park handsomely laid out and decorated with ornamental trees, flowers and shubbery.

If woman be man's ministering angel and if the society of angels comprises his happiness, the Sultan ought to be that earthly anomaly, *i. e., a truly happy man.* For he has four hundred and four of these ministering angels in his palace whose sole aim and object in life is, or should be, to promote his happiness. If one or more should at any time become refractory or breed discontent in the hive, the Sultan can either trade her off as second-hand furniture or he may dispose of her as he has done his brother, the

rightful Sultan of Turkey, whom he has confined in prison surrounded by a strong guard for the last fifteen years.

The Sultan goes out to some one of the mosques in Constantinople every Friday to say his prayers, at which time he has from two to ten thousand soldiers who act as bodyguard and escort his sacred person to and from the selected place of worship. Upon each of these occasions a new rug is provided upon which he kneels while offering up his devotions to Allah. They use these rugs to prevent wearing out the knees of their pants, I imagine. After the Sultan has once used a rug it is then taken and sold, and I was informed that exorbitant prices were frequently paid for them by wealthy Moslems. When we were in the city, permission was given a limited number of our company to visit the palace on Friday, when the Sultan came forth to start for the mosque. Being Americans, we preferred that our ladies should fill this post of honor, which they did. The greater part of the company, however, were given good positions for seeing all that was to be seen on such an occasion. There was, aside from the soldiery, an immense concourse of people present, every available space in the neighborhood of the palace and mosque being occupied.

The infantry formed a double line on each side of the street four feet deep, leaving a carriage-way between them leading to the mosque. This double line of soldiery extended from the palace gate to the door of the mosque. Besides this there was somewhere between seven and ten acres of a vacant lot in the rear of the mosque covered as closely as could be

packed with cavalry. I suppose this cavalry force was held in reserve to be used in case of need.

Reader, you ask me why all this turnout of soldiers and what danger threatened the Sultan to render this precaution necessary? In answer to this I will say I asked the same question, but I found no one to answer it. It may be that the personal friends of his brother or enemies of the government have talked too freely or perhaps threats of assassination may have been made or something of the kind which, to prevent surprise, renders it necessary that such precautions be taken. Of this, however, I know nothing.

The Sultan is an ordinary looking, dark-complexioned Turk; as far as I could judge, of medium size. They wear such loose, baggy clothes that the size or weight of a man is a hard matter to determine.

As I have before stated, Scutari, anciently called Crysopolis, lies on the east or opposite side of the Bosphorus from Constantinople, Chalcedon being opposite. Byzantium, or the oldest portion of the city of Constantinople, is regarded as a suburb of the city. Its population is estimated at about sixty thousand. "It is a manufacturing city, the inhabitants being largely engaged in the manufacture of saddlery, silk, muslin and cotton goods. It contains also granaries and is prized as a fruit market, especially for grapes, lemons and figs.

Out in the bay opposite Scutari, on a rock which scarcely rises above the water and but a short distance from shore, rises a white tower ninety feet in height. It is called "Leander's tower." The Turks call it the "Maiden's tower." It is now used as a light-house.

The streets of Scutari are not as narrow as in the

same parts of the old city, but they are extremely rough and uneven. What few hacks they have are old, badly worn, one-horse affairs, really unfit for use, and I don't suppose would be used by any other people.

With others of our company I went over to Scutari one afternoon to witness the worship of the howling dervishes. This order of dervishes have a mosque in that city. The mosque is a small, unpretending building, and, like all the houses in that old city, devoid of architectural style or finish. The interior is arranged with a central arena some twenty feet in diameter, which is separated by a balustrade from a gallery which is some six feet wide and raised two feet above the floor of the central arena, and extending around the walls of the building. Visitors, for a consideration, are allowed seats in the gallery during their hours of worship.

Like the dervishes I saw on the mountain of Baalbec, they have a head man or sheik who directs the order of worship and for whom they seem to have great reverence. The evening we were there the gallery was crowded with Europeans beside our little company of Americans. The order of worship of these dervishes was somewhat similar to those I had seen. The service, however, was entered into and carried out with a great deal more zeal and vim. I soon comprehended why this was the case, however. The sheik on the mountain had a lot of new recruits and these were old veterans.

Reader, you know one old, experienced shouter at a meeting can make more noise and shout more artistically and more elaborately and really make a better job of it than half a dozen new beginners. Now I don't want the reader to think I am making fun of



Dancing Dervishes.

people for shouting, far from it, I believe in it with all my heart. If any one gets so full of love to God that they run over, I had much rather see them open the safety-valve and give vent to their feelings than to hold it down till the boiler bursts.

These dervishes sat around on sheep-skins in a semicircle. They used the same kind of musical instruments. Some chanted, others beat time. The old sheik was seated on the floor at the opposite end of the room with a pot of incense burning in front of him. Before the brethren took their seats they went separately to the sheik and whispered something to him and then kissed his hand. He said something to them in return, which I interpreted to be a blessing. All then took their seats and the racket began. The leader of the chant was a light-colored, heavy-set, hard-faced old man with a strong frame and a stronger voice. He would have made a bully hand at a negro meeting. As a rule, I believe the colored people think the more noise a member of their church makes, *i. e.*, the louder one halloos and the longer it is kept up before going into a trance, during which they make a tour of the infernal regions, hang by a spider's web and cook for the devil, see wonderful sights and hear awful noises, etc., this class of worshipers they regard as their most devout and pious members.

Now, reader, don't think I have just made up the above story for the occasion, for I have penned it just as it is related to me by a colored woman now in our employ.

Among the seated membership of the dervishes were two little boys, one of them about six or seven years old, the other a year or so older. During this part of

the performance, unlike the Baalbec dervish, they kept up a regular uniform swaying of the body backwards and forwards while chanting and beating their drums and timbrels.

As the chant proceeded, the music grew faster and faster and louder and louder, dwelling longer and yet longer on certain words until it became a perfect howl indeed.

It is said one wolf can do more howling than half a dozen dogs, and that is true. My father emigrated to Texas in the fall of 1836, when I was a lad (called "kids" now), and I can remember when the wolves gave us nightly concerts. To hear them one who didn't know better would think the woods were as full of wolves as Constantinople is of dogs. But one wolf can do the howling for three or four when he gets lonesome.

There was a long, lean, raw-boned African, as black as midnight, among these brethren, that I think could hold his hand with any ordinary wolf when it came to scientific howling. The wolf could perhaps get away with him on the high, tremulous notes, but when it came to the lion-roaring bass, my favorite dervish could put him to open shame.

After this mode of worshiping Allah had been going on for twenty minutes, I suppose, a little girl of some seven or eight summers came in and commenced spinning around like a top, every few rounds crying out "Allah." This was kept up by the child for nearly an hour without interruption. At the same time the chanters and time-beaters were carrying on their part of the *solemn worship* with an energy and perseverance commendable in any character of enter-

prise. The programme was changed finally, however. The sheep-skins were taken up, the *unmusical instruments* removed, and turbans exchanged for close-fitting white skull-caps. The worshipers then arranged themselves, standing in a semi-circle around the arena, with their backs to the audience, all facing the sheik, who all this while had never changed his position.

One old man now led off, all the others following suit, by swaying their bodies back and forth, crying: "Allah, Allah, Allah, Allah, Allah, Allah." This was kept up until nature became exhausted. On this four-mile heat my African friend proved his powers of endurance to be superior to even the raving Arab. He spelled the whole class down. It made him sweat like a tar kiln, however, before some of the old veterans threw up the sponge.

Now, my brother, on the square, what do you think of your "Palm and Shell" degree, for which you paid five dollars? It came from these Arab and negro dervishes, you know.

Making wooden sandals, baskets, slippers, silverware, embroidery, articles of brass, costly furniture, etc., etc., are largely engaged in by the inhabitants of Constantinople. I bought some articles in a commodious variety store where the proprietor informed us that he kept four hundred hands making the articles which filled his shelves. Some large wholesale houses here do an extensive business, and many of the smaller shops or retail houses have nice storerooms and seem to be in a prosperous condition. By far the largest part of the trade of Constantinople, however, is carried on by foreigners.

"Its harbor is a convenient center of many lines of

commerce. Sheep's-wool, mohair, goat's-skins, grain, etc., being transshipped from the coasts of Asia and the shores of the Black Sea."

Beside the regular steamers of commerce, small boats ply between the city and the suburbs on the Horn, the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora.

We had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with two Armenian Baptist preachers who have been engaged in the mission work in this Mohammedan country for five years, the greater portion of that time in this "dogged" city. Fruits of their labors, ten male converts, two females. These twelve converts were not converted from the ranks of Mohammedanism, however. One of these ministers informed me that he had a mission church at Bothenia, a small place about a day's ride from the city, where, all told, he had a membership of fifteen or seventeen, nor were these Mohammedan converts. The Mohammedan thinks he has the only true religion, and he clings to it like a sticking-plaster. The truth is, the Moslem who embraces any other faith is rarely, if ever, actuated by sincere convictions or conscientious motives. On the contrary, the love of gain being the ruling passion of their lives, they hope to excite the sympathy of tourists and Christian travelers and be more successful in drawing from their pockets the ever-coveted backshee by such professions.

The natural drainage of this city is good, the climate pleasant, and it is said to be healthy. Taking it all in all, it would be a pleasant place to live if the Turks and dogs could be gotten rid of. Since our stay here we have been driven over the principal streets and through the old and portions of the new city. The novelty of the sights and scenes, and the primitive

habits and way of doing things by these non-progressive people have interested us much and rendered our sojourn here pleasant indeed.

It is true, the dogs are a great nuisance both day and night. During the day they take possession of the streets and sidewalks; every one, even to the hack driver, respecting their superior right of possession; and at night they keep up an indescribable uproar at all hours.

The view of Constantinople from the deck of a steamer as it floats down the Bosphorus to the Black Sea is truly grand. As before stated, it is almost one continuous city on both sides for a distance of sixteen miles. Several palaces of former sultans have been located on the beautiful slopes which lie on either side of it. Where the villages do not extend to the summit of the hills the luxuriant foliage which crowns them makes a charming background and enhances the beauty of the scene. As we go through this strait we pass between the two new castles of Europe and Asia which are constructed upon the foundations of two celebrated temples of former times, one of Serapis and the other of Urius.

These castles, erected by the Greek emperors, command the narrowest part of the channel in a place where the opposite banks approach within five or six hundred yards of each other. Soon we take a farewell look at the old city, whose history is long and intricate, and pass into the Black Sea, our steamer being headed for Varna, on the coast of Bulgaria, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, from which point we take train to Rustchuk on the Danube.

VARNA.

Varna is an unimportant town on the western coast of the Black Sea and on the eastern border of Bulgaria. While there is nothing to interest the tourist in the town itself, yet its being inhabited in the main by the Bulgarians, a Slavonic people, we notice an improvement in the manners, customs, etc., from the people whom we have left behind us.

This little town is one of the great shipping ports of Bulgaria. Deep water reaches up near the shore and large vessels can approach near enough to materially lessen the expense of taking on their cargoes. We learned that immense quantities of grain, hides and other products were shipped from this port. I could but notice, however, the disadvantages under which they continued to labor in the manner of loading vessels. The cereal, being transferred from the granaries to the steamers in barges, was then put on board the steamers by being filled into baskets, which the laborers from the barge with peculiar dexterity tossed up to others on the steamer. These in turn were emptied and the baskets thrown back. It is true, it was a pretty example of perpetual motion, as the rapidity and regularity which characterized the performance not only rendered it interesting to witness, but secured the transfer of large quantities of grain in about as short a space of time as could be done by manual labor, to the exclusion of machinery and properly arranged conveniences.

I could see no reason for calling this sea the Black Sea. Its water has the same appearance as other sea water and the lands surrounding it are for the most part red, sandy and gravelly soil.

From Varna to Rustchuk one passes over a very pretty undulating section of country in a high state of cultivation. We notice here, too, an absence of fences and farmhouses. The farmers live in pretty villages well laid out with streets, small parks, etc. The whole face of the country has a neat, thrifty appearance. The extensive wheat fields are dotted with large, flourishing apple and other fruit trees, planted about a hundred yards apart, extending as far as the eye could reach.

Occasionally we pass small herds of cattle. They all seemed to be of one breed and color. They were handsome, mouse-colored cattle, of good size and in fine condition. Now and then we saw a few buffalo cattle, and were informed that the different breeds remained separate even when herded together.

We could not boast of making fast time from Varna to Rustchuk, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, yet the ride was neither wearisome or devoid of interest, as we were crossing a pretty country. At one point we ran alongside a country road for several miles. Here we saw a couple of the wagons used by these people. They are rough and cumbersome. The wheels are rimmed with heavy wooden felloes and are destitute of tires. The sides of the wagon-beds are held in place by bowed braces, which have one end attached to the outer side of the wagon-bed, near the top. The brace then bows outward and downward over the wheel, and the point of the spindle passed through a hole made in the lower end of the brace and secured in position by a linch-pin on the outer side of it.

We saw several of these wagons at this time. They were drawn by one yoke of oxen, not driven, but led.

A rope being put around the horns of each, the oxen was held in the hand, not of the driver, but leader, who walked in the middle of the road, in front of the team. We are continually being reminded that there is more than one way of doing things.

We arrived at the depot, which is nearly a mile distant from Rustchuk, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and learn that we have to remain here until about noon to-morrow, before we can get a steamer ascending the river.

RUSTCHUK.

Now that is a name for you. I have no idea what it means. I know, however, that it has a population of about twenty-five thousand, comprising Bulgarians, Turks, Armenians, Gypsies, Jews, Walachians, Serbs and western Europeans.

It is an old city of Turkey in Europe situated on the south bank of the Danube. On the opposite side of the river, in Roumania, in full view of the city, is Giurgevo, from which point the Russians bombarded this place in 1877. The city has no attractions. Its houses are built of wood and stone and very plain. The streets are rough and, upon the whole, the place is uninviting and devoid of interest. It appears as if it had never recovered from the wounds inflicted by the Russians during its bombardment.

At least one-third of the men we meet are either policemen, government officials, or military officers. I have never seen as large a proportion of the inhabitants of a city uniformed as we find here. Some of these brass-buttoned fellows are custom-house officers who pried into and scrutinized our baggage very critically.

There had been a wedding in town the evening we reached there. The young couple must have been very popular, or weddings were rare occurrences, as it seemed to be a general gala day for the people. Everybody had on his best clothes. Bands of music were out and everybody appeared happy.

Our supper was served on the lawn adjoining the hotel, where several long tables were spread to accommodate the bridal party. The style of dress here is very similar to the European style, and these Bulgarians seem to be a very clever and social as well as an enterprising people.

The scenery up the Danube, although differing from any we had seen on our travels up to that time, was not peculiarly striking or in any way remarkable until we reached the rapids, or the Iron Gate, as it is called. We pass many beautiful towns, some near the river, others back on the high hills which border the river valley.

In one of these towns containing ten thousand inhabitants, I observed a curious custom prevailing among the merchants. On the front of the stores were painted the numerous articles they had within. I also noticed a combination plow. It was triangular like our sweeps, but each point or wing of the triangle was a turning plow. It was intended to be used in turning over rough or sod lands. An immense commerce is carried over this water route. We are meeting many steamers, and passing others having one or more laden barges in tow. We pass many mills run by the current of the river, the driving-wheel being between two barges anchored out on the current.

This seems to be a great hog and cattle country, as

you see large droves of each on the shore. The farmers here are now sowing their spring wheat and planting corn. They use oxen to their plows. Many of their plows have a wheel, some sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, attached to the forward end of the beam. The shores of the river are lined with the cottages of the fishermen. They float down in small boats, using the dip net for a mile or more, and then tow their boats by means of long ropes, one man on shore pulling the rope, and another in the boat to keep it out in the stream, back to the starting point. This certainly is a hard life and a laborious way of ekeing out a precarious living for wife and children.

The peasants dress in long, baggy trousers, over which they wear a long shirt or gown reaching to the knee. For some distance above Rustchuk the valley lands are subject to inundation. Back of the valleys, however, the lands are high and rolling, and said to be very productive.

A few miles above Widen we pass the mouth of a small river which empties into the Danube on the left. This river is the line between Bulgaria and Servia at this point.

We are still in the Orient, and with us it is the 14th day of May. In a few hours, however, we pass into Hungary, *i. e.*, into European territory at Orsowa, and then it will be the 26th of May. The Turks count three hundred and sixty days a year; consequently their times and dates run very different from ours.

The abutments of the bridge which Trajan about the beginning of the second century threw across the Danube when he invaded Dacia are still standing. Also portions of the ruins of the strong fortifications

which he erected at each end of the bridge are still to be seen.

It would be difficult to give the reader a correct idea of the width of this river. Its width and depth vary so much in different places. It being two thousand miles long and having some four hundred tributaries, one would very naturally conclude that for some distance above and below Rustchuk it would be a very wide river.

At Rustchuk and for some distance above, it approximates the size of the Missouri river nearer than any other of our American rivers. Above the Iron Gate it dashes into a narrow channel through a range of mountains, where in many places it is not more than three or four hundred feet wide. Appearances under such conditions, however, are very deceptive. The mountains through which this pass is cut rise in sublimity and grandeur thousands of feet above the river on each side, presenting the grandest scenery the eyes ever beheld.

Every lover of the beautiful has read, time and again perhaps, the efforts of the learned and gifted to describe the scenery presented by the lavish hand of Nature for our admiration on the banks of the blue Danube.

Orators have exhausted language in its praise. Poets, giving full scope to the imagination, have woven wreaths of immortal song recording its yet untold grandeur.

We have for weeks and months been traversing foreign lands and looking with wonder and amazement at the achievements of man in the long ages past. We have climbed to their giddy heights the most stupen-

dous monuments ever erected by human hands. We have seen and admired their colossal statues, their granite obelisks, their huge temples, and delicately chiseled mastabas. Yes, we have looked at the huge stones so nicely adjusted in the walls surrounding the temple of Solomon in the City of David, and again in that great Heliopolis, at Baalbac. We measured these immense stones and wondered by what human ingenuity and power they were taken from their rocky beds and conveyed such distances and placed with such nicety of skill and workmanship at such elevations. All this and more we have seen, wondered and admired, and yet, when we look at these grand old mountains, heaped one upon another, clothed with their rich, varied, tinted, evergreen garments ; here a castle, there a temple, here a lofty spire, there a grand old tower, untouched by the hand of man, all eloquent in the grandeur of their own sublimity, around whose lofty summits the storm clouds have wreathed crowns of immortal glory, whose rock-ribbed sides and hoary summits have been painted in all the delicate tints of the rainbow with living colors and shades, varnished by the bright rays of the evening sun, the work of the grand architect of the universe, we involuntarily exclaim : "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" We boast of man's wonderful achievements and point with commendable pride to his works of art and science. We boast of our culture, of our statesmanship, of our morality and social institutions; many of us often unmindful of the fact that we have been but learning the lessons given us by Him who sayeth : "Without me was nothing made."

"I gave you that brain with its wonderful powers, capacities and as yet unknown capabilities of development of culture. I implanted the principle of love in your being from which spring all the social and moral attributes and enjoyments of your life. I commanded you to love your wife, your children, your friend, your brother, your neighbor, and your God supremely, and gave you the capacity and power to do it."

God has never commanded a creature to do a thing but what he gave him the power and capacity to do that thing and to do it as it ought to be done. We often see the blind leading the blind, and it is to be regretted. But it becomes tenfold more grievous when the leader lays his botch work on the Almighty and says God told him or called him to do this or that work. It must be a bad man indeed who can deliberately tell an untruth upon his fellow-man, but he must be an infinitely worse man who tells a falsehood upon his God.

Why should we boast of our achievements? The earth and the sea are his, for he made them. He made the needle that guides the wanderer through the mountain fastnesses and the mariner over these unknown seas during the blackness and darkness of the midnight storm. God made that subtle fluid that runs silently at lightning speed beneath the angry waves of the storm-tossed sea, enabling nation to speak to nation as neighbor to neighbor. God made the beautiful Danube and laid the foundations of its grand mountains, and painted the undescribed and indescribable beauties of its pictures with his own hand. "Let us praise Him from whom all blessings flow."

As we passed out of the mountain pass of the

Danube into a lake, high up on a mountain to our left we see the ruins of what, during the feudal days, was a grand old castle. It was located on a picturesque spot, and the massive ruins of the castle add to its picturesqueness even now.

From this point we steamed through a succession of lakes and entered the Danube above them; soon after which we reach Bazias, where we left the river and got aboard a special train which landed us at Buda-Pesth for breakfast.

Reader, after leaving Buda-Pesth we had a nice run through a beautiful country in a high state of cultivation, and reached Vienna, the capital of Austria, at 12:50 P. M.

Vienna is the best built city I have seen either in the New or Old World. More uniformity and artistic skill is displayed in the construction and finish of its houses, width and construction of streets, etc.

The population is stated to be one million three hundred and fifty thousand. These Austrians are a handsome people, but that is not all; they are a proud, energetic, enterprising, intelligent people. Every acre of their country, by the free use of fertilizers, which every farmer makes, has been brought up to its utmost producing capacity. Even the mountain sides are terraced and made productive, and the acreage of the country vastly increased thereby.

One of the peculiarities here, which first attracted my attention, was the manner of hitching and working horses to light wagons. Instead of using thils or shafts they use the pole and work a single horse to one side of it. The next thing new to me, and which did my soul good after passing through Jerusalem, Damascus

and Constantinople, was to see the dogs put to honest work. All goods, groceries, furniture, etc., are delivered in small wagons drawn by dogs. All marketing and a great deal of farm hauling is done with dogs hitched to little wagons. So universal is the custom in Austria, that they have a regular market for the purchase and sale of dogs the same as for horses.

The prices range from eight to twenty dollars, owing to size, age and training. Dogs are taxed here as other property, and that I suppose in one reason their owners put them to work. I thought it sensible, just and right.

Our party, by invitation, took tea and spent several hours with Minister Grant and lady, who treated us with that courtesy and cordiality so characteristic of Americans. When Americans meet in foreign lands they have a kindred feeling for each other and are mutually drawn together. They meet, not as strangers, but as members of the same great national household.

A small river, Wien, empties here into the Danube, and as the city is near the junction its German name is Wien, and it is known here only by that name, or perhaps, I should say, commercially, the name Wien is used in preference to Vienna.

We visited while here many places of interest to the American. The first I shall mention was the Capuchin church which contains the burial vault of the imperial family. Here among his imperial family lies the remains of the Duke of Reichstaat, son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise. The Augustan church contains Canova's handsome monument of the Arch-Duchess of Austria, Maria Christina, consisting of nine

figures. This is one of the most beautiful, noted and impressive works of art.

The monument, of snow white marble, represents the front of the residence, including doorway and steps leading up to the doorway. The figures are statues of poor beggars in rags and tatters, including young and old, male and female, seeking charity and blessings at her door. A grand idea nobly and faithfully represented and handsomely executed. The execution, when judged by other celebrated artists, is said to be a most perfect portrayal of the conception of the artist. Among the figures is a child leading a blind man ascending the steps. The doorway stands open. Some are entering the doorway, others near the entrance. These mendicants are faithfully represented

It is said to be the masterpiece of this celebrated artist.

St. Stephen's church is regarded as one of the noblest Gothic structures in Europe. Its tower is four hundred and forty-nine feet high; its interior large and most beautifully decorated.

We visited the art galleries, where we saw hundreds of fine paintings and drawings by Raphael, Rubens, Durer, Vandyke, and other celebrated artists. One of these art galleries contains two hundred thousand drawings and paintings by the most celebrated artists of the past and present age.

One afternoon during our stay in this handsome city we took a drive in the Prater or great park, which comprises four thousand two hundred and seventy acres, and extends four miles between the Donau canal, a narrow arm of the Danube, and the main stream. This park, which is immediately contiguous to the city,

is handsomely laid out in drives and beautifully ornamented, and was the site of the buildings of the great exposition which took place here in 1873. The grounds and buildings were well cared for and were well worth a visit.

I don't think any city in Europe can surpass, for beauty and magnificence of architectural skill, the buildings to be seen by a drive through what is called the Ringstrasse. Here we see the Bourse, containing the oriental museum, filled with oriental articles; the university, with its library, comprising three hundred and thirty thousand volumes; the new museum, Gothic style, tower three hundred and thirty-eight feet high, containing a fine collection of arms and armor; new court theatre; houses of Parliament; palace of justice; twin Imperial museums of natural history and art; Imperial opera house; palace of Arch-Duke William; etc., etc., all grand and imposing structures.

These Austrians may well be proud of this grand old city. For, taking it all in all, it is, in my judgment, by far the handsomest city, built up with more uniformity and architectural magnificence; has wider, better paved and cleaner streets, than any city I visited in Europe.

In addition to this, their turnouts are of a superior order. I never saw as many fine horses in any country as I saw in Austria. Colonel Grant informed me that the agricultural interests of the country were in a good condition, and the farmers, as a class, prosperous.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MUNICH.

OUR ride across the country from Vienna, Austria, to Munich, the capitol of Bavaria, was pleasant and instructive, as we passed through a lovely country in a hight state of cultivation. In the distance, to the left, the Noric Alps, with their lofty summits, covered with snow, formed a beautiful background to far extending plains. The landscape was one of unsurpassed beauty and fertility. I had often read of the beauty and fertility of the plains of Hungary, but it far surpassed my expectations. These plains are very extensive, level, and unbroken by hills, mountains and rivers. Long lines of white turnpike roads, looking like threads of silver stretching here and there across a landscape of green, bordered with trees with luxuriant foliage, added to the beauty of the scene. These far reaching plains are dotted over with villages and towns, made up of the homes of the farmers who cultivate the soil, and manufacturers.

Munich has a population of two hundred and thirty thousand, and although it falls far short of being as handsome a city as Vienna its valuable collections of art rank it among the art centers of Europe. "The commerce and manufacturers of Munich are scarcely commensurate with its artistic importance." It is regarded, however, as one of the largest and handsomest of the German cities.

While in this city we were shown through the various departments of the imperial palace. In one of the

bed-rooms we were shown a bed which was covered over with a spread made of gold thread woven and interlaced to the thickness of one and a half inches. It requires six stout men to remove it from the bed. The curtains which were suspended from the canopy above were also made of gold in the same manner, and weigh four hundred pounds each.

The coverlid and curtains required the labor of forty men ten years to complete them. The bed and tapestry we were told cost four hundred thousand dollars. It has never been used since it was occupied by Napoleon.

In another bed-room we were shown a clock and two candle-sticks which cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

In one of the rooms was a beautiful hand-carved ivory chandelier in which seventy-seven human figures were combined. This handsome piece of handicraft cost the snug little sum of thirty-five thousand dollars. I felt like a little dog in high oats while wandering through these magnificent and costly apartments. The grandeur and lavish show of wealth was so far in advance of anything I had ever seen before that it made me feel uncomfortable. I felt oppressed, I couldn't breath easily. Take a man who had been raised among the pioneer settlers of Texas and had learned to eat cold water corn-bread and drink buttermilk from a tin cup, wear home-made clothes dyed with red oak bark and set with copperas, and surround him with such grandeur and magnificence of untold wealth and splendor. It was more than "human nature" could bear. I was glad I was not an emperor.

We next visited the Bavarian National museum, one of the largest in the world, illustrating the progress of civilization and the arts. The Pinacothek, a perfect

treasure house of ancient and modern art. The royal library, containing more that a million of volumes, is an elegant building. It was pleasant to look through these immense galleries of art, and when taken in connection with drives through the handsome parks, pleasure gardens and public squares adorned as many of them were with historic and other elegant monuments, and in addition to all this a realization that we were once more in civilized countries, made this part of our long tour exceedingly pleasant.

In our run to-day from Munich to Heidelberg, two hundred and fifty miles, one conspicuous feature noticed was the great number of crosses with effigies of Christ nailed to them, which were reared up alongside the railroad track. I had seen this sight before in my travels in these foreign countries, but having been born and raised in Protestant America I had never seen such a sight before I crossed the Atlantic, and I hope I may never see it again.

It may be regarded as a pious act by those who put them there. They may have thought they were doing God's service and performing an act of adoration and praise to the Son. I looked at them and thought, when that tragic event occurred on Calvary, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom by invisible hands. The earth quaked and trembled, the rocks were rent, his resurrection power penetrated deep down into the graves and they gave up their dead. "And there was a darkness over all the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour." All may repeat this scene in which shook a universe and caused our old earth to tremble, by rearing crosses and effigies of a crucified Redeemer along the byways and railroads,

who may wish to do so. I don't feel that way about it. I find no such feeling or desire in my heart.

We find but two things worthy of our attention at Heidelberg—the famous castle, which overhangs the west part of the town, and the university, which is the oldest in the German Empire. This university was founded in 1356. At the Reformation it became a stronghold of Protestant learning. It now has a patronage of from five to eight hundred pupils. A large proportion of these are English and Americans.

In 1703 a new library was founded, which now contains three hundred thousand volumes. I was very much disappointed when I saw this city. It is comparatively a small place, and its buildings offer no attractions to a stranger.

"The old castle before mentioned, though now a ruin, yet its extent, its magnificence, its beautiful situation, its interesting history, render it by far the most noteworthy, as it is certainly the grandest and largest of the old castles of Germany."

In this castle are two large wine casks, made in the form of and like a large barrel. The larger one holds forty-nine thousand gallons, the lesser one about thirty thousand gallons. There is also a fire-place, or stone furnace, in the culinary department of the castle, made large enough to roast the entire carcase of a beef.

In the rear of the castle is a pretty garden, well laid out, the garden and castle comprising eight acres of ground. This old castle is half castle and half fortress, it being three hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Neckar. From its tower one gets a most extensive prospect of the valley of the Neckar and the Rhine,

also a good view of the Black Forest. The mountains in the rear of the old castle can be ascended by a tramway railroad, two hundred feet higher, from which point you get a more extensive prospect than from the tower.

The little city is located in a narrow valley, which lies between the south bank of the Neckar river and the foot of the mountains, consequently it is much longer than it is wide.

Somewhere on the roadside between Vienna and this place we saw a woman and a dog hitched to a small wagon. The train flew by them at such a rate of speed that we were unable to see what was being hauled by this unique team. The greater portion of the laborers in this part of the Old World seem to be the very old men and women and young children.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAYENCE.

THIS pretty little city is located at the junction of the Main and the Rhine and is a much handsomer city than Heidelberg.

The railway from Heidelberg to this place, a distance of fifty miles, passed through a lovely country. Doubtless the country makes a much better appearance, every square yard of the soil being brought into a high state of cultivation.

The number of inhabitants in these old countries being so great, it necessitates the fertilizing and cultivation of every acre of land in that way and manner that will secure the largest yield. Every sprig of grass and every weed is carefully plucked up, and nothing is allowed to grow in the fields except what is planted.

The farms here, as in the oriental countries, are not fenced in, and the farmers live in villages, as they do there. This is a great manufacturing country as well. Since leaving Vienna it has been no uncommon sight to see three, four and sometimes five towns at a sight containing from ten to thirty and even forty thousand inhabitants, all engaged in manufacturing. I have no doubt but that very many visitors from Europe to Palestine and Syria depreciate the fertility of the lands in those countries by contrasting their general appearance and the scanty products of the soil, which couldn't possibly be otherwise than scant under existing circumstances, with their own beautiful, highly fertilized,

well cultivated countries. The one inhabited by an enlightened, cultivated, industrious and thrifty people, who use all modern labor-saving machinery and improved agricultural implements, etc., and the other inhabited by an improvident, ignorant, superstitious, indolent people, who scratch the soil and pretend to cultivate it with just the same farming implements used by their forefathers five thousand years ago, if not the same used by Adam when the Lord told him to get out of the garden of Eden and to make his bread by the sweat of his face. The comparison certainly is unjust and unfair. I think I have been a farmer long enough and have seen as many varieties of soil as the average run of men, and believe myself competent to judge of the productions and agricultural value of a country, and here repeat that I regard Palestine, except immediately around Jerusalem, as a country of rare value for the growth of such articles as are adapted to its climate. Its valleys are extensive and very fertile, and produce fine grain, notwithstanding it has never been plowed to a depth exceeding two inches. The mountain sides are equal to the slopes of the Apennines in Italy for the growth of the olive, the fig, the walnut, the almond and the apricot, etc., etc.

Where this city of Mayence now stands was a Roman camp as early as thirty years before the Christian era, but the foundations of the city may be said to have been laid about 14 B. C., when Drusus built an extensive fortification here He also erected a castle which bore his name. In this castle is a pretty Roman monument, forty-five feet high, erected in honor of him by the soldiers.

There is here a cathedral which has been burned and

restored six times; it is now regarded as one of the grandest in Germany and very rich in monuments. In the chapter house and cloisters may be seen the tablet in memory of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, who was buried here.

Near the cathedral is a statue of Gutenberg, who was born here, and to whom the world is indebted for the art of printing with movable type. In fact, he laid the foundation of an art which has dominated the world, and on the second of February, 1568, died here at Mayence, poor, childless and almost friendless.

In the northeast portion of the city we see the electoral palace which contains, it is said, one of the best collections of Roman and German antiquities to be found in Germany. Here may be seen also a handsome picture gallery. Many of the choice pictures and perhaps the best paintings were the gift of Napoleon; also a library containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes.

Reader, we are now on board of a nice little steamer, and we are about starting down the Rhine to Cologne. The panoramic view of this river has a world-wide fame. It ranks in the list of most beautiful scenery anywhere to be found, *i. e.*, it is one of several of the most beautiful pictures which the lavish hand of nature has painted on this little world of ours. But you will find that, notwithstanding the picture presented has been embellished and added to by the ingenuity and art of man, it may still be described by the free use of the girls' adjectives, such as: charming, lovely, delightful, sublime, grand, picturesque, etc.,—and sinks to the rank of commonplace when contrasted with the picture of pictures, painted and

finished by the hand of God alone, as seen on the Danube.

Two hours after leaving Mayence we come to a very pretty village on the left bank of the river. This is not the first village we reach, however; on the contrary, we have passed many. In fact, the river banks are lined with pretty towns and villages. But the one to which I call your attention has been made illustrious by being represented as the home of the "dying soldier," in that touching poem, "Bingen on the Rhine." This is the little town of Bingen.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears.
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine."

On the wooded height of the Nederwald, opposite Bingen, stands the great national monument commemorating the restoration of the German Empire, in 1870–71.

It stands seven hundred and forty feet above the level of the river, and consists a of colossal statue of Germania thirty-three feet high, placed upon a pedestal seventy-eight feet high, "adorned with historical and allegorical reliefs."

The hills, through which the Rhine winds like a silver band, are from eight to fifteen hundred feet in height, and great numbers of them crowned with the ruins of old castles of former days.

Not far below the national monument and on the same side of the river, we see the castle of Johannisberg, on a hill three hundred and forty feet high. This castle is surrounded by the vineyards which have made it famous. The wine made here is of a very superior quality, and is sold at a very high price. I was told that the hill-side netted the owner an annual income of twenty thousand dollars from the sale of wine alone. A short distance below this we pass a place on the left famous for its red wines, and here we enter a narrower part of the river with higher hills on each side. This is called the "Gorge of the Rhine." We pass on the left the ruins of Ehrenfels, just above which is the "Mouse Tower." A few miles further down the river we pass on the right Bacharach, the Ava Bachi of the Romans. This place is also famous for its wines. Longfellow translates a rhyme in the "Golden Legend," thus:

"At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Wurzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine."

Gliding down this beautiful river we soon reach Pfalz, erected in the midst of the river by Louis of Bavaria in the fourteenth century for the purpose of exacting tribute from passing vessels.

It is an old, unique structure, which has the appearance of rising up out of the midst of a river. Lower down we pass Oberwesel, the Roman Besalia, on the right, situated in the midst of the finest scenery on the Rhine. South of the town stands the church of Notre Dame; below this we come to two mountains on the right which tower far above their neighbors and near each other. They are called the "brothers." Along

this part of the river the ruins of fine old castles crown the summit of almost every hill. Here is an old town with the Marksburg Palace perched upon a hill five hundred feet above it. I do not wish, however, to weary the reader by calling attention to mountains and castles, which, to appreciate, one must see for himself.

Our ride down the Rhine was one of the most enjoyable days we have had during our journey. We find Cologne one of the handsomest cities we have seen in Germany. Aside from the city itself, we find among other beautiful buildings two churches to which I must call the attention of the reader, after giving you a short history of the renowned city itself.

"Cologne was originally the chief town of the ancient Ubii. It afterwards became known as Agrippensis when Agrippina, who was born here while her father, Germanicus, held command in the district, induced her husband, Claudius, to send a colony of veteran soldiers to the place. After this it became the chief town of Germania Secunda, or inferior."

The immense Gothic cathedral is the chief glory of the modern city, and, all things considered, it is the grandest Gothic structure in the world. Since 1816 there has been expended four million five hundred thousand dollars on this building. Its spires are five hundred and twelve feet high. Externally it measures four hundred and forty-four feet in length and two hundred and one in width, or two hundred and eighty-two through the transepts.

I must say, after walking around this celebrated cathedral, I was very much disappointed in not finding a corresponding finish and decoration on the interior. In other words, the interior finish and ornamentation

of the church is not in harmony with its exterior magnificence.

This cathedral, like St. Peter's church at Rome, is regarded as one of the grandest church edifices in the world. In 1795 it was used by the French as a hay magazine, at which time they stole the lead from the roof. The cathedral was then much smaller than it is now, and was in an unfinished condition.

We visited the church of St. Ursula, which is reputed to hold the bones of eleven thousand virgins martyred by the Huns. "These remains are worked into the walls in a species of sepulchral mosaic," and the bones, especially the skulls, brought to view in every available part of the church. The skull of St. Ursula and a few of her favorite companions are stored away in the golden chamber in the interior of the heads of certain gold and silver images.

This church is but another example of the inordinate veneration of certain religionists for saints' bones, pictures, images, etc. How many of these bones or skeletons were the remains of the legendary company of virgins who willingly suffered martyrdom at the hands of the savage Huns rather than surrender their virtue and honor to a barbarian soldiery will never be known. "It is claimed that these virgins had been driven out of the British Isles when those isles were invaded by the Anglo-Saxons. Many of the British christians fled to the continent, some to Bavaria, some to Gaul, expecting to find a safe asylum among the christians in those countries. Of those who went to Bavaria many proceeded further along the Rhine in order to find a refuge in the districts of the lower Rhine, which at that time enjoyed tranquillity under the Roman

government." In this way it is claimed these British virgins, under the leadership of Ursula, a royal virgin, found their way to this place.

"But they did not remain long in peace and quiet here. On the contrary, they were destined to meet a more terrible fate from that which they fled." In the summer of 457 this section of the Roman possessions was invaded by the Huns under their chief, Attila, who murdered the inhabitants and laid waste the country. They were met, however, and defeated near Orleans by the Roman army under Actius. On their retreat they destroyed the cities and murdered all the inhabitants who failed to flee at their approach. On their retreat they destroyed Cologne and massacred the inhabitants, and among others the virgins above named, in commemoration of whom this church of Ursula was erected on the spot where the massacre is said to have occurred.

Before leaving Cologne I must inform the reader of a few things of minor importance, it is true, but yet they show how the customs of countries differ even in minor things. And is it not true that life is made up of an aggregation of small things? A felon upon the finger is but a small matter in reality, and yet it brings with it pain and misery indescribable. A kind word or a kiss of appreciation on the cheek of a wife or mother worn down by the cares and toils of the day is but a small thing, and yet it carries with it new hopes, new aspirations, renewed energy, and causes the whispered "God bless you" to escape from her lips.

The little cares and crosses, the little sorrows and disappointments, the little pleasures and joys, the smile of approbation, and the little words of encouragement

and love all make miserable or happy the minutes and the hours out of which our lives are made.

It is not in the cities that one comes face to face with a country. As a rule, the wealthy congregate in cities and there we meet with and see the manners, customs and habits of this class of the country's inhabitants. But in the hardships, trials and struggles against poverty and want, the ups and downs and realities of life must be sought for in the rural districts of every country.

The law in Germany compelling every son between certain ages to serve for three years in the army, taken in connection with their law of compulsory education, *i.e.*, requiring all children between certain ages to be sent to school for so many months each year, works a hardship upon their women and aged men.

I saw more women doing the work of men such as working on railroads, sawing wood, carrying the hod and working in the fields in Germany, than in any country in Europe through which we traveled.

In the fields through which the railroad ran the old men and women and little children seemed to be the only tillers of the soil.

The reader may conclude that I have a mania for writing of dogs, but you must bear in mind that in different forms they constitute a large proportion of the population in all countries.

Here in Cologne and in the surrounding country the four-footed dogs are hitched to the under part of little carts; they have on a regular set of harness, having a breast strap in lieu of a collar, and are then hitched to the axle of the cart. When not in motion the shafts are propped up by a light wooden rod

attached underneath the shaft for the purpose. Here the streets are full of these little dog carts, and it is surprising to see the amount of work being done in this way. Here goes a lady driving a span of dogs to a little fancy wagon. They trot along very nicely, indeed. I suppose it might be, with propriety, called a "nobby turnout."

Another thing which attracts the attention of the American traveler in Europe is the great number of soldiers he meets with. Saw, yesterday, two donkeys on the street; spoke to one of them and shook his ear, for they looked like old friends and I was really glad to see them.

Here the veritable "Eau de Cologne" is manufactured in large quantities, and there are some forty or more houses in the city in which it is the only article sold. But, as Martha Penny in Hood's "Up the Rhine" says: "The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, there's so many farinacious imposters and Johns and Mariahs, you don't know wich is him or her."

It is the custom to bob or cut short the tails of all harness horses in this stylish city. It must be bad on the horses in fly time.

En route from Cologne to Brussels, passing through a country of more than medium fertility, we see women and children on their knees going over the grain-fields plucking up the tares, weeds and grass.

A few hours' run brought us to the city of Brussels, the capital of Belgium, situated on the small river Senne, about fifty miles north of the Adriatic sea. It is located in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country. It is picturesquely built on the top and sides of a hill which slopes down the river. This part of the city is

regarded as the modern part or the New Town, and here we find nearly all the public offices, the royal palace, the chamber of deputies, principal hotels, etc.

Brussels is noted for its manufactories, especially of carpets, laces and tapestries. These manufactories give employment to thousands of women, who are thus enabled to make an honest living for themselves and those dependent upon them ; consequently in Brussels and other manufacturing cities we saw fewer beggars and less destitution among the poorer classes.

"The Senne is not navigable, but Brussels is in communication with the great Belgian cities by means of canals. It also enjoys the advantage of railway communication with France and Germany and the chief towns of the Belgian Dominion."

The streets are well-paved, well-lighted, and the city abundantly supplied with water.

I was well pleased with my visit to this interesting city, and especially to see here, as I had done in other places, the outgrowth of manufacturing interests. Manufactories make cities, make towns, and make a people progressive and independent. They remove idleness, indolence and paupery, and open up avenues of industry and enterprise, without which no city or country can long prosper.

I visited some of these manufactories and was impressed with the order and system which characterized the entire management of them in the various departments. Near this city is the famous battle-field of Waterloo. This memorable battle was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815. Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and with a force of near a hundred and thirty thousand French troops met Wellington at the head

of thirty thousand English and forty thousand mixed troops. Wellington withstood the onslaught of the French army, and ultimately, in union with Blucher, swept them from the field. This defeat formed the sunset of Napoleon's life. He was banished, by the English government, to the island of St. Helena, where he died May 5, 1821.

The sights to be seen in Paris, France; in London, England; in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland, are so numerous and of such historic interest, and have been so fully and faithfully described by so many abler pens than I can wield, that I now take farewell of the reader, who, I trust, has been to some extent interested and profited by perusing the foregoing pages. Farewell. May heaven's blessings ever be yours, and may you ever remember kindly the *Texas doctor and the Arab donkey.*

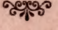
FINIS.

THE

TEXAS DOCTOR

AND THE

ARAB DONKEY



FORD

